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PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.



# PICTURES OF SPORTING LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY  
LORD WILLIAM LENNOX,

AUTHOR OF  
"THE STORY OF MY LIFE," "MERRIE ENGLAND," ETC



IN TWO VOLUMES.

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## THE SECOND VOLUME.

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# PICTURES OF SPORTING LIFE AND CHARACTER.

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## CHAPTER I.

A Sporting Tour in 1857—Manly Games of Merry England—The Windsor Magistrates—What is Sauce for the Goose *ought to be* Sauce for the Gander—An arrival from India—Colonel Westerham, a *bon-vivant* from the Land of Bad Livers—Sayings and Doings of Past and Present Times—A Consultation—Bell's Life in London—A Dinner at the Garrick Club—The Spider's Crib—Sporting Houses—Pedestrianism.

WE do not remember any previous year in which "sport," in every sense of the word, has been greater than up to the present time. Racing, yachting, archery, rowing, pigeon-shooting, cricketing, pedestrianism, quoits, pugilism, bowls, trotting matches, otter hunting, fishing, rackets, and handball have seldom, if ever, been excelled.

Our readers will perceive that, in the above list, we do not confine ourselves entirely to aristocratic amusements, but include those of a more plebeian nature, in which the humbler classes can take part; for, with no wish to advocate a levelling system, we own ourselves to be the uncompromising advocates of the legitimate English recreations among our less fortunate brethren.

While penning the above remarks, our attention was called to the following advertisement, which appeared in *Bell's Life in London* on August 2nd :—

“Borough of New Windsor.—The Mayor and Magistrates, at a Meeting held at the Town-hall, on July the 27th, 1857, took into consideration a memorial presented to them, signed by a large number of inhabitants, setting forth the debauchery and immorality practised at the late celebrations of the Revel in the Acre.

“Resolved—‘That the mayor be requested to issue notices prohibiting the assemblage of caravans, shows, drinking or other booths, and stalls, either in the Acre or on the thoroughfares within the borough, on the 17th day of August next, or any other day hereafter.’

“In pursuance of the above resolution, I hereby give notice that no drinking or other booths, caravans, shows, or stalls will be permitted to stand either in the Batchelor's Acre, or any of the thoroughfares in the borough, on the said 17th day of August (or any other day) without the mayor's permission, and the police are directed to see the above order carried out.

“G. PEARL, Mayor.

“Dated this 27th day of July, 1857.”

Now, it is not our wish to dispute the right of the mayor or magistrates of this royal borough to put an end to the time-honoured revel in the Batchelor's Acre; we are willing to admit that where people congregate in large bodies, "debauchery and immorality" will be practised; but are the "large number of inhabitants," who signed the memorial that led to the above resolution, prepared to put their names to a petition to abolish Ascot races? If not, they "are straining at gnats, and swallowing camels;" for we will take upon ourselves to assert that the revellers in the Batchelor's Acre are not guilty of greater immorality than those who congregate upon the heath during the race meeting, and who, if times are not wonderfully changed, hold their pandemoniac orgies in this highly respectable borough. "Them's my sentiments," as a public-spirited, patriotic tailor remarked at an election in Finsbury, when he denounced, as I have done, the inequality shown in legislating between rich and poor.

Return we to our subject. In order to carry out the assertions we have made with respect to an increase of sport, we cannot do better than give a journal kept by myself and a friend, who, having passed five-and-twenty years in India, returned to his native land early in the present



year, with a constitution unimpaired by eastern clime, and a love of manly games, strengthened, like true devotion, by prolonged absence. It is true that Colonel Westerham—I give a *nom de guerre*—had been foremost among the tiger hunters, and could recount soul-stirring scenes and incidents of the mighty Nimrods who indulged in that glorious and exciting chase; nor had his double-barrelled flint Manton gun been “laid up in ordinary,” as his game-book proved; still he felt a passion for those English pastimes which had been the joy of his earliest days, the delight of his boyhood, and the happiness of the time when, as a young and light-hearted cadet, he aspired after that gallant career which was eventually realized during the most brilliant campaigns in our eastern territory—so recently, alas! the scene of wide-spreading mutiny, combined with all its concomitant horrors of cold-blooded butchery, brutal violence, savage torture, and relentless murder.

Upon Westerham’s arrival in London, he immediately found my residence, and one morning, at a most uncouth, early hour, presented himself at my door. “Take up this card,” said the colonel to the housemaid, who was dividing her time between cleaning the stone steps and carrying on an incipient flirtation with the milkman,

"Your master will be sure to see me." The servant took the "bit of pasteboard," tapped at the door, and, by my orders, speedily returned to conduct the visitor to my bedroom.

"How are you, old fellow?" escaped from both, as we heartily shook one another by the hand.

"I see little change," said my companion, "except in the absence of those flowing locks which occupied so much of your time, and would have made the fortune of any bear-slayer and purveyor of grease."

"Still the same merry fellow," I replied, "who, in eighteen hundred and—

"‘A fig for your dates,’ as that respectable and oft-quoted authority, Mr. Joseph Miller, of punning memory, says," interrupted the colonel.

"Well, we'll drop the year," I proceeded; "but I shall never forget the fun we had when, after passing a first-rate examination at Sandhurst, you drove over to Windsor, and remained three days with me at the barracks."

"I remember it all," responded Westerham, his eyes sparkling with fire. "Never shall I forget the surprise of your jolly old colonel at the quantity of port wine I imbibed; or the sly hit Dickson, who was devouring a black pudding, made at an aristocratic cornet who shirked the

bottle—"Too much *blood*, and not enough suet for my liking.'"

"Despite of his peculiarities," I remarked, "Dickson was a good creature and an excellent soldier. With a rough exterior, he possessed a noble and honourable mind; and when he came into the command of the regiment, no officer ever proved more popular than he did."

"And the lark we had at the Windsor Theatre," continued my former chum, "when some mischievous wag strewed the stage, the chairs, and seats, in the trial scene of the Merchant of Venice, with detonating balls, nearly blowing the whole senatorial tribunal up into the flies—frightening the learned doctor from Mantua—upsetting the gravity of the debtor and his surety—scaring the lawyer's clerk out of his, or rather her, wits—and causing the greatest consternation among the officers of the court and the assembled nobles."

"We had better drop the curtain over that act," I responded.

"And hurry on to the afterpiece," said he, "'The Devil to pay,' with a vengeance; for if I have 'writ my annals right,' we took down every sign in Windsor, including a golden canister, a red boot, a barber's pole, a wooden Highlander, a huge cocked hat, and a painted sugar-loaf, all of which we placed in the balcony of your adjutant's



house, much to his surprise and horror, when he saw a crowd of idlers collected in front of his domain early the following morning. And the fight at Moulsey Hurst," went on my visitor, without giving me a chance of getting a word in edgeways—"a regular slashing mill (I forget the names of the fistic heroes, but they were game to the backbone); no manœuvering—no dodging—no retreating—no flinching—no contemptible trickery; a real stand-up affair—foot to foot—front to front, in which manhood, skill, knowledge of the art, and undaunted courage were combined. Blow followed blow in sledge-hammer style, counterhits were returned with lightning rapidity, and after a contest of five-and-forty minutes, an accidental fall placed one of the men *hors de combat*. Two braver aspirants for fistic fame never before entered the arena of the P.C."

After a slight pause, in which the colonel recovered his breath, he continued, "And the run with the king's staghounds over the Harrow country; not to omit the splendid scurry with Sir John Cope, killing in the open after a burst of thirty minutes, when you and I, with a chosen few, set them at an awful bullfinch. Ah! those were happy times."

"And more, I trust, are in store for you," I replied. "With robust health, and a well-stocked

purse, you will still enjoy the sports of 'Merrie England.'"

"And what are you up to now?" inquired my friend, eyeing me closely. "You can no longer ride ten stone, as you were wont to do 'in the days that we went jockeying, a long time ago.'"

"You are right; I have given up race-riding and hunting; fourteen stone is a great drawback to field sports, unless the purse weighs as heavy as one's self."

"By the way, I read of your nautical proceedings—as the owner of a yacht, and a competitor for the vice-commodore's cup at Southampton."

"For the last five years I have had a cutter of eight-and-forty tons—the Loadstar—as nice a craft as ever floated, and that official letter contains a cheque for the amount of her. I sold her last week to the Board of Admiralty as a surveying vessel; she is now on the western coast of Scotland."

"And what induced you to part with her? Did you get tired of reversing the order of nature in guiding the mariner's star?"

"No; I was very loath to lose her," replied I; "but the anxiety, trouble, and expense were more than I could put up with. In the first instance, the difficulty of getting a good captain is very great; a man that has raised

himself to be a mate thinks himself competent to act as master, and in many cases (I might quote my own) he is, so far as sailing is concerned; but the great drawback is the little control he has over the crew, who, having been 'hail fellow! well met!' with him over a glass of grog and a pipe, do not, or will not, understand his new position, and treat him as one of themselves. The men, too (of course there are many honourable exceptions), adopt a principle which may be very satisfactory to themselves, but is not of equal advantage to their employers, namely, that of asking the very highest wages for the least possible work. With respect to the amount demanded, one could easily be reconciled; but, unfortunately, the more you give, the more will be expected; and I have known many yacht-sailors receiving five and twenty shillings a-week, an excellent suit of clothes, perquisites from the table, gratuities from visitors, a present of the produce of the trawling-net, a good wind-up supper, and two or three sovereigns at the end of the season, who appeared dissatisfied, and made a grasping attempt to obtain more."

"I see how it is," responded the colonel. "As the old apple-woman used to say at Bagshot, 'It han't for the valuation of the thing, but I hates as how to be *composed* upon.'"

“Exactly,” I renewed ; “and, generally speaking, the tradesmen charge the most exorbitant prices to every yacht-owner. The system, too, that they adopt is radically wrong. A captain, on the strength of his gold-lace cap and club-button jacket, orders right and left, seldom, if ever, asking the price of any article ; the result is that, about the months of November and December, innumerable bills pour in, at a period when your vessel is laid up, your crew dispersed, and you have no power of testing the quantity or quality of the goods furnished.”

“You are right, my old friend,” agreed my companion. “Economy and regularity ought to be the life and soul of the army and navy, more especially so when you are acting amateur sailor.”

“The fact is,” I proceeded, “yachting, under the most favourable circumstances, is a heavy drag upon your funds, and the least you can expect is to have a captain who will keep up entire discipline, men who, if they partake of the rapacity of the sharks, will at least work cheerfully, and consider their time as much at the service of their employers as if they were on board a merchantman or North Sea fishing smack, and tradesmen who will send in their account on delivering the goods, making, as the expression runs, ‘quick returns and fair profits.

One word more in explanation, as the legislators say in St. Stephen's; the above remarks apply more to craft under forty tons than above it; in the latter the captains are universally navigators—men of character and practical experience, who, without unnecessary harshness, maintain the discipline of the vessel entrusted to their charge: the crew soon ascertain this, and, knowing that skulking or idleness would be attended with dismissal, readily give a willing hand upon all occasions. Before I finish this long yarn, let me advise all yacht-owners to select their own tradesmen, and never allow a bill to be contracted without their owner's signature. I have had dealings with Inman, Camper, John Lee, of Leadenhall Street, Lankaster and Wolf, of Southampton, Morgan, of West Cowes, *cum multis aliis*, whose straightforward conduct has been most conspicuous; of course there are legions of others equally honourable."

"Happily," remarked Westerham, "I am not looking out for a yacht, or your remarks would have disheartened me. I have an offer of a berth in the Mermaid during the Southampton, Cowes, and Ryde Regattas, which will quite satisfy me, as far as nauticals go, after a four months' passage from India. Since my return to England, I have felt ten years younger; and my



passion for the sports I enjoyed a quarter of a century ago is as strong as ever. You will find me as keen for any sport as I was when a beardless cadet."

"You cannot do better," I rejoined, "than study *Bell's Life in London*, where every manly British game is chronicled. You will find articles upon racing, hunting, shooting, deer-stalking, angling, and salmon-fishing, that would do credit to the talented pens of Beckford, Delmé Radcliffe, Vyner, Grantley Berkeley, the late C. Appleby, Hawker, Scrope, and old Izaak Walton."

"I will pay every attention to your recommendation," answered the colonel; "and what say you to a visit to Tattersall's?—a walk through some of the dealer's stables? I fear all my old allies are dead—the Elmores and Mat Milton. A turn in the park; and we can then dine at the Blue Posts, or anywhere else you like, and drop into the theatre half-price, according to the old routine."

"Agreed," I replied; when my companion continued:—

"But the arrangement I must leave to you, for I find Covent Garden is razed to the ground,\* the Lane no longer the 'Old Drury' of my day

\* Written in 1857, since which period one of the most splendid Opera-houses in the world has, through the liberality and public spirit of Mr. Gye, been erected.

—‘a plague on both their houses’—and the Piazza Coffee-house in the hands of Messrs. Robins, to be sold off, ‘in consequence of the unlooked-for demand of the premises for the new Royal Italian Opera House.’ Why, it’s enough to make the ghosts of Garrick, the Kembles, Edmund Kean, and the great patron of the Piazza, ‘Jockey of Norfolk,’ rise from their graves.”

“The revolution with respect to dinners, during your absence, has been wonderful,” I remarked. “Clubs, and latterly the Wellington, on the site of old Crocky’s, have monopolized all the *bons vivants*; and, instead of paying a guinea for soup, fish, a steak, and a condensed bottle of red-hot port, you can have an excellent dinner, with the best French or Oporto wines, for three-fourths of the money. I will wait until you have got over your predilection for the Blue Posts, Richardson’s (now Clunn’s), Limmer’s, and the Hummums, and then give you a dinner at the Garrick and the Wellington which will surprise you; not that I mean to disparage the first-mentioned houses.”

“Let us strike a bargain,” cried Westerham; “I will give you four dinners at my ancient gastronomic haunts; and you shall furnish the same number at your modern *salons*, holding the Clarendon neutral ground, where we can have a joint-stock affair”

“Done!” I replied; “and at half-past six I will be your guest in Cork Street. You will find the beef ‘in as beautiful cut’ as when you were last there.”

The colonel then took his leave, after promising to call for me, soon after one, in a hired tilbury; for he could not forget that, in the “days of his young blood,” every aspirant to fashion drove that then universally-admired vehicle.

Despite of my companion’s former prejudices, he could not refrain from admitting, as we looked through Anderson’s and Quartermain’s yards, that the breed of hunters and carriage-horses had not degenerated; and when, on the second day, after dining with me in the visitor’s snuggerly at the Garrick, surrounded by the portraits of old familiar theatrical faces, the dinner and the wines selected with the utmost judgment and taste by the obliging and invaluable steward, to whom I had left the somewhat difficult task of ordering the feast, my companion yielded the palm to the modern establishment by declaring it to be perfect.

Upon comparing our bills, I found, for the same dinner and equal quantity of wine, a balance of twenty-five per cent. in my favour. “Prodigious!” as the Scotch Dominie says.

After a week’s enjoyment of my old chum’s

society, during which we visited many scenes familiar to our youthful days, I was obliged to leave London to pay a long promised visit into Kent. During my absence, the colonel found himself quite as much out of his element as a fish on dry land, for few of the companions of his youth had been spared; and his Eastern friends preferred the luxuries of a warm bath, tiffin, a mulligatawny and curry dinner, and a hookah, at the Oriental or East India Clubs, to a visit to Tattersall's, Aldridge's, the Tennis Court, Lord's Cricket Ground, the Cider Cellars, or the sparring *soirées* at Harry Orme's, Alfred Walker's, Jemmy Shaw's, Ben Caunt's, Nat Langham's, and Jem Burns'. The result was that I received a petition, signed "Alfred Westerham," urging me to join him in a sporting provincial tour—a proposition to which I gladly acceded, being anxious to quit the metropolis before the time arrived when, according to the authority of the late Beau Brummell, it became vulgar from "hackney coachmen eating strawberries." By the colonel's special desire, we kept a diary, the principal points of which, agreeably to his request, I venture to publish. It will fully bear out the assertion I made at the commencement of this chapter—that the manly games of Old England have not fallen off.

My first intention was to have given the diary

as noted down; but upon mature reflection, I came to the conclusion that a narrative of events, interspersed with dialogue, would be more entertaining, and perhaps more instructive. As a matter of course, I allude to the colonel's remarks, which I trust the reader will agree with me in saying are extremely happy and apposite. A diary, too, with the exception, perhaps, of that of the inimitable, quaint Secretary Pepys, becomes dull and tedious; and as, in the present instance, I do not propose to preserve the red-tape routine of a regular journal-keeper, preferring to diverge from one subject to another, interspersing each with some characteristic anecdote, I trust that the form I am about to adopt will be palatable to the general reader.

With this preface, I proceed to lay before the enlightened public "The Sayings and Doings of Two Elderly Gentlemen in Search of Sport." We read of Journeys from Cornhill to Grand Cairo, from Boulogne to Babelmandeb, from Bermondsey to Belgravia; why should we not add a cruise from the Isle of Dogs to the Isle of Wight; a Stroll from St. James's to St. Peter's, Margate; Wanderings from the West-end to Whitechapel; or a Trip from Hungerford to the Essex Marshes?—all of which places, and many more, we shall refer to in our rambles.



The evening was delightfully serene, and groups of both sexes clustered together, draining the massive tankard, spinning yarns, conversing on affairs in general, or singing songs in a boisterous tone, when the arrival of two strangers in the snug tap-room of a quaint old hostellerie caused a temporary sensation. The moon shone with a crystallized clearness; its beams came streaming through a narrow lattice, lighting up a dingy portrait of that honoured monarch, the founder of our rights and liberties. Or, to drop from the height of romance, it was a splendid night in early spring, when Colonel Westerham and myself entered the bar of the old King John, Holywell Lane, Shoreditch—the following advertisement having struck my friend's fancy :—" Mr. Hoile's (The Spider's) select sparring school for private instruction in the art of self-defence. Select Harmonic Meetings every Tuesday. '*Fistiana*,' and '*Fights for the Championship*,' kept at the bar." The latter part, like a postscript to a lady's letter, contained the pith of all, for Westerham delighted in looking over the records of battles of by-gone days, and was not a little gratified at finding that, during his absence, a most talented writer had produced a truly graphic work, in which the courage of John Bull is shown in its true light; which describes the gallant bearing of

those brave men who have entered the lists for the envied belt, and enumerates the contests for the championship, with a vigour and originality quite refreshing in these days of mawkish sentiment and hypocritical cant. We allude to the last work referred to in the Spider's advertisement. Although I was never myself devoted to the prize-ring, even in its most palmy days, I cannot but think that England will rue the day when the fist gives way to the stiletto. The sturdy old principle, "Let us fight it out, and then shake hands," is one worthy of the hardy sons of Britain; and to the indomitable courage of our islanders may be traced the glories that have ever attended their deeds of arms in every quarter of the globe, whether by sea or land. The boundless ocean, the burning gorges of the rocky Indian passes, the well-wooded pine forests and wide-spreading lakes of North America, the bush and rivers of Africa, the mountain scenery of the Pyrenees, the citron-groves of Portugal, the vine-clad hills of Spain, the smiling valleys of France, the harvest fields of Belgium, the pestilential clime of China, the rugged steppes of the Crimea, have all borne testimony to the unconquerable prowess of our sailors and soldiers, men who know but one rule—to go in and win, and never trample on a fallen foe.

From the hero of Magna Charta we proceeded to other sporting "cribs," and as it would be invidious to select one from the number that exist in London and its suburbs, I will merely say that they seemed to be all upon an equality with respect to entertainment, and that the attention of the respective landlords and landladies to their customers was all that could be desired. The "bill of fare" was made out to suit a variety of tastes; there was singing for the lovers of music, ratting for the fancy, sparring for the amateurs of the fistic art, gymnastic exercises for the athletic, calisthenic feats for the military aspirant, shows of spaniels, terriers, and bull-dogs for the Corinthian order, a friendly squeeze for old "palls," a capital bottle of wine in the cellar, a famous draught in the bar, and a hearty welcome to all. The company consisted of patrons and professors of the fistic art, pedestrians, dog-fanciers, novices about to enter the ring, and amateurs of fashion. As my companion had paid his footing most liberally, by purchasing portraits of Nat Langham, Bob Travers, and others, distributing sundry glasses of brandy-and-water, taking tickets for at least a dozen sparring benefits, subscribing to the Pugilistic Association, adding his mite to a charitable collection for a poor widow, and ordering sundry "bird's-eye" handkerchiefs, the colours of a

recent brave though vanquished man, he was speedily surrounded by a host of individuals anxious to form his acquaintance. The names of some of them would have appeared eccentric on the colonel's visiting list, and great would have been the surprise of his "clerk of the visits" (had he followed the example of the *bon ton*, and kept an out-of-livery servant for that especial purpose) at finding the cards of the following distinguished individuals:—The Wychwood Forester, The Enthusiastic Potboy, Jack the Barber, The Hackney Stag, Northumberland Bill, Little Tommy, Heavy and Handy, The Mite, The Tipton Slasher, Frome Bob, The Tiney, The Jolly Trump, The Chelsea Snob, Young Sambo, and The Flatcatcher. The sweeps (we allude to those of the chimney, not the owners of the betting-houses, although equally black in their transactions) had commenced their daily avocations before we reached home, somewhat fatigued in body, and suffering not a little in our heads from rank tobacco and adulterated spirits.

Our next visit was to the well-known running grounds of Mr. Sadler, Garratt Lane, Wandsworth, where the spirited proprietor had offered several prizes, of considerable pecuniary and *bona fide* value, to be competed for. The first was a handicap, distance 440 yards, 3*l.* 10*s.* for

the first man, 2*l.* for the second, and 10*s.* for the third. The weather was extremely fine, and the assemblage of professional velocipedists and amateurs was considerable. The first heat came off at three o'clock, when the following appeared at the starting points: Littlewood, of Marylebone, 30 yards start; Pearce, of Greenwich, 40; Andrews's Novice, 45; Barb (*alias* Shaver), 45. The latter beat Pearce by a few yards, the rest being nowhere. After the above race a handicap of one-mile heats came off, for prizes similar to the foregoing, during which a most dastardly un-English proceeding was perpetrated. When Mahoney was in the act of winning the third heat, a cowardly ruffian in the crowd made a kick at him, which nearly threw him down. The greatest indignation was manifested, and a ducking in the nearest horse-pond would have been the result, had not the police interfered. How sad it is that every sport is marred by some miscreant! Villainy has long been prevalent in the betting-ring and upon the turf; if it once gains ascendancy in pedestrianism, the sooner foot-races are put an end to the better.

While upon the subject, I cannot refrain from giving an account of a match for a hundred sovereigns, between the writer of this volume and a gallant officer, formerly of the 9th Lancers. I



was dining at Old Crockford's in the month of July, and had indulged in all the luxuries of the table—turtle, venison, punch, champagne, and claret—when the above-mentioned “light weight” made his appearance. During the time he had been in the army, he was known as one of the fleetest runners of his day, and having dined early, was likely to prove a formidable competitor to any, more especially to one who was slowly undergoing the process of digestion. After a slight pause, the new comer commenced the subject of Pedestrianism, and finally offered to give any person present ten yards in a hundred, and run him for the same number of pounds. The challenge having thus openly been made, I was urged to throw down my gage, which, after another glass or two of claret, I did, and the match was drawn up and signed by the respective parties. It ran as follows: “100 sovs. each, p. p., to come off in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, at 12 o'clock p.m., J. Spalding, Esq. to give Lord W. Lennox ten yards in a hundred. Colonel Standen and Lord Fitzhardinge to be umpires, Count D'Orsay referee.” No sooner had our names been affixed to this document, than the odds rose to six to four against me, which were finally increased to two to one. The condition and age of the competitors had been taken into

consideration, independent of which, a report gained ground that I had been beat in a trial. The fact was, a very knowing gentleman had proposed to both of us to run to the bottom of St. James's Street. He first started off with Mr. Spalding, and found him to be not only a fast runner, but in excellent wind. He then tried me; and as I was wary enough to see through the "artful dodge," I of course went at half speed, puffing and panting like a broken-down poster.

For the next hour I took gentle exercise, and five minutes before the clock struck midnight I was at my post. There had been a shower of rain, and the ground was so slippery that one of my backers fell when measuring the ground; this was looked upon as an unlucky omen, and five to two was offered in rouleaux in favour of the young one. "I shall give the words, One, two, three, and away," said the starter, placing me ten yards in advance; "and at the latter you will both be off, running between the two umpires." While the course was being cleared (for so novel a sight as a foot-race in this aristocratic neighbourhood had attracted a crowd of idlers), determined not to throw away a chance, I quietly divested myself of my shoes. In the meantime my opponent's friends were not backward in the cause, and a noble lord, who had invested a couple

of hundreds on the match, gave a hint to his *protégé*, viz., to cross to the pavement, which was dry, to avoid the chance of slipping upon the wet macadamized road. This generally clever backer either forgot that in following the suggestion the distance given to me would be increased in a trifling degree, or considered that the advantage gained would counterbalance the drawback. No sooner had the word been given than I shot off like an arrow from a bow. My opponent was even quicker upon his legs; but unfortunately, in running for the pavement, he came in contact with the very individual who had tendered the above advice, and the concussion, though not severe, threw him out of his stride, and I was pronounced to have won in a canter. My feet were cut by the sharp stones, my shoes lost or stolen, my silk-stockings sacrificed; but the balance was in my favour, for the following morning I received sixty pounds as my share of the original stake and odds that I stood on this sporting event.

## CHAPTER II.

Aquatics—The “Silent Thames”—Boat Races—“The Ship” at Greenwich where “the Waterman ever will meet with Good Fare”—Trip to Margate—A Breeze on the River—And One with the Captain—Margate Swells, *per Mare et Terram*—Landing—Pier Dues—A Pair of Ducks—Lodging Hunting—A Farm-house at Kingsgate—Donkey Drivers—Where are the Officers of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals?—Martin Tupper—Ashford—“Change here for Hastings”—“We want no *Change*; and least of all such Change as you can give us—Hastings and St. Leonards—Lodging Houses—Mrs. Mouser—The New Hotel—Reform your Tavern Bills—Gipsy Fête—Irish Anecdote—Pyrotechnic Displays.

ALTHOUGH, for reasons which I have given at the commencement of this narrative, neither my companion nor myself proposed giving up much of our time to nauticals, the colonel felt anxious to ascertain the progress that such amusements had made during his absence. Great, then, was his

surprise to find the enormous increase of river sports and regattas. In Westerham's day, a silver tankard on the Thames, the winner of which had to appear at Vauxhall Gardens to receive the gift, and a gold cup in the Solent, were the principal prizes contended for, and these sailing-matches were generally confined to some half-dozen small craft. At the present time there is scarcely a spot in the river, from Twickenham to Gravesend, or a port from Sheerness to the Land's End, that cannot boast of a regatta: nay, in the very heart of the west end of London we find a model yacht club on the quiet waters of the Serpentine. Devoting three days to what the writers of old called the "silent river," an appellation no longer applicable, we attended sundry rowing matches of four-oar and pair-oar gigs, outrigged and not outrigged wherries, gigs, and skiffs, for silver rudders, sculls, cups, and tankards, all of which were ably contested by amateurs and professionals. Not the worst part of the entertainment was the dinner that followed these morning recreations, at the Star and Garter at Richmond, the Ship at Greenwich, or the Falcon at Gravesend—houses which we strongly recommend to the lovers of good fare. A slight scratch, as the colonel called a rather severe wound that he had received in India, having given him some little pain, he was advised to try



sea air; and, after much discussion as to the merits of the different watering-places, we selected Kingsgate, within a mile of that earthly cockney paradise, Margate. Our object was perfect quiet; and as I remembered, upon a former occasion, being struck with the beauty of this picturesque hamlet, I strongly advised Westerham to try it. After packing our portmanteaus, we drove in a Hansom to Fenchurch Street, where we took the rail to Thames Haven, and from thence the steamer to Margate. A tolerable breeze from the east, as we met the ebb tide, caused a little bubble of the sea, and a scud of rain coming on, the passengers of the *Cygnets*, with few exceptions, found themselves in that awful state of prostration and sickness when the services of the steward are so pitifully called into requisition. The colonel and myself feeling rather hungry, we went below into the main saloon, where a remarkably good cold dinner was prepared. While enjoying this repast, we, to our great dismay, overheard a conversation upon deck. "No Margate to-night," said one; "the captain tells me it will be impossible to land at the pier, so we shall be taken on to Ramsgate." "I trust not," replied another; "for I am half dead already, and it will be awfully rough off the North Foreland." "What can the skipper mean?" I exclaimed, rushing on deck, when, upon making

inquiries from some of the passengers, I found the statement to be too true. Approaching the wheel, where there was not the usual notice, requesting that no one would talk to the steersman, I addressed a fine, tall, handsome, weatherbeaten tar, enveloped in waterproof trousers, jacket, and nor'-wester.

"Is it possible," I asked, "that we are not going to run into Margate?"

"Quite out of the question," responded the man. "Why, in such weather as this, we should be sure to carry away the paddle-box; it blows half a gale of wind. I never seed the like."

At first I thought this timid specimen of a helmsman was poking his fun at me, and that his object was to frighten another landlubber, he, as I then thought, having nearly scared to death two or three timid ladies. As "chaff" seemed (as I then thought) to be the order of the day, I entered largely into it, being determined to shame the captain and his crew into risking the dangerous navigation.

"I hope there are some life-boats on board," said I, with intense gravity, "and the new apparatus for lowering them." The helmsmen looked at one another, when I continued:—"Of course, as a matter of precaution, everything will be battened down, and men ought to be placed near the

masts to cut them away, in case it is necessary to lighten the ship. Is the gun loaded?—that we may fire a signal of distress. Why, it blows in a way to need two men to hold one man's hair on his head." By this time, many of the passengers began to see the drift of my remarks, and heartily joined in the smile I created. "You will of course bend the ensign, and hoist it union down. Only look at that brig; she is pitching bows under;" this remark was made to a vessel running before the wind; "if they don't shorten sail, she'll carry away her spars and every stitch of canvas. As a precaution, you had better lash some lads to the pumps, for it will be all up with us if we strike on those breakers off the bathing-machines." A loud laugh followed this remark, when I continued, "And whatever you do, steer clear of the heavy Margate *swells*." I know not whether the above sallies produced the object I had at heart; but certain it is that, after a few moments, the joyful news spread abroad that the weary passengers were to be landed at their original destination. "All right," I responded. "Why, Margate would be ruined if visitors were deprived of one of their principal amusements—that of seeing sickly passengers arrive by the steamers." In less than a quarter of an hour the good ship Cygnet was alongside the pier, while the usual crowd of idle

gazers was stationed upon it; licensed and unlicensed porters were rushing about; "touters" from the small inns and coffee-houses were recommending their respective houses; the Londoners, who had so gallantly braved the dangers of the sea, were congratulating one another upon reaching their port; the mariners, divesting themselves of their storm apparel, were spinning long yarns of the fearful gale, of how the old craft sent the water aft into the quarter-deck scuppers, of how her deck load and bulwarks were nearly swept away, of the *tremendous* white foaming sea breaking over Herne Bay pier, and of how all the shipping that was anchored off Sheerness, the men-of-war and a revenue cutter excepted, had struck adrift or dragged. Westerham and myself, having engaged the services of a sturdy porter, landed, and "walked the gauntlet" of the assembled crowd who lined both sides of the pier, leaving a very narrow path for the new comers to pass through. "How ill she looks! poor thing!—Why, he's wet through with spray! a perfect case of jaundice!—Look at that lady's feathers! did you ever?" and sundry other remarks of a similar nature escaped the lips of the Margate belles and beaux.

"What a strange concourse!" said the colonel, in an under-tone. "Look at that female—fat,

fair, and forty—with short petticoats and a Leghorn wideawake, tastefully trimmed with pink ribbons; and that elderly spinster with the green dress, tartan flounces, light blue scarf, fancy straw bonnet, richly decorated with a profusion of artificial fruit and flowers, black bugled veil, white kid gloves, which have evidently seen at least one city ball, and the buff-coloured shoes of that form and make so extensively patronized by the sea-bathers in the Isle of Thanet.”

“You must not be too severe upon the fair sex,” I responded. “Look at that group of young men—would-be-thought yachtsmen—decked out in oilskinned hats, tri-coloured ribbons, blue jackets, white duck trousers, black neck-ties, anchor breast-pins, pocket handkerchiefs with the flags of every nation upon them, cigars or a short pipe.”

“White ducks?” responded my companion. “That fellow in the dirty pair reminds me of a circumstance that took place in the Dublin theatre, when an actor, dressed for Tom Tug, in the Waterman, made his appearance in a very soiled specimen of the same. ‘Sure now, Tom,’ shouted a voice from the gallery, ‘ought you not to be after giving your *ducks* a swim?’”

After threading the crowd on the pier, we were assailed by numerous idle boys, “cads,” shoeblacks, fly-drivers, boatmen, perambulating vendors of

fish, and omnibus conductors, all of whom were anxious to carry our umbrellas, show us to the best lodging-houses, clean our boots with the most brilliant Day and Martin's blacking, furnish us with a fast-stepping trotter to any of the neighbouring places, give us a sail or pair of oars to the wreck of the Northern Belle, sell us a pint of fresh shrimps, or convey us for sixpence in the 'bus to Ramsgate, or to Canterbury and back, thirty-four miles, for two shillings. Declining all these proffered civilities, we left our luggage at the steamboat office, and proceeded in search of apartments, little imagining the difficulties we should have to contend with.

"Have you a quiet sitting and two airy bedrooms?" I inquired at a house facing the sea.

"Yes, sir," responded the owner, showing us into a small parlour—a back dormitory about twelve feet square, and an attic of rather smaller dimensions. "Our garden wall rather darkens that room, sir; but the shade of the trees is very pleasant." I looked through the window, and saw a patch of burnt-up grass, two stunted laburnums, almost leafless, and a diminutive border of marigolds, tastefully ornamented with flints and shells. "Only three guineas a-week, and sixpence a-day for the kitchen fire."

Tempting as was the offer, at least in the eyes



of the landlady; we did not feel disposed to accede to it, and tried another house, where the drawing-room and bedroom floors were unoccupied.

"A party," said the maid-of-all-work, "are about them, and offered missus five pounds a-week, but she won't deduct the shillings."

"Why, what on earth's that noise?" inquired the colonel.

"Only the young gentlemen at play," responded the servant; "they occupy the parlours and attics, and of course never think of coming up-stairs, except to go to bed." This assertion was immediately belied, by a rush of eight noisy brats into the drawing-room, shouting, hallooing, and bellowing "Follow my leader," which game was practically carried on by a youth in full chase, hotly pursued by his juvenile comrades, who, perfectly reckless of consequences, scrambled over the sofa, upset the table, and very nearly tripped up the colonel. "Playful creatures," said the maid; "so full of spirits!"

Westerham looked daggers, and was about to apply his light bamboo cane to the hindermost urchin, when I appeased his anger by remarking how fortunate we were in discovering the noisy propensities of the inmates before we had engaged the lodgings. House after house did we visit, seeing many eligible apartments; all, how-

ever, had some drawback. In one instance we had nearly concluded our arrangements, when a double perambulator attracted our attention, and two splendid twins, with lungs that would have done credit to one of Wombwell's wild beast showmen, began to scream in the highest note known in the infantine gamut; this was quite enough for us, who hastily, and rather uncereemoniously, quitted the premises.

Disgusted at last with the incumbrances, the exorbitant demands, the extras, and the flippancy of the landladies, we ordered a fly, and, calling for our luggage, desired the coachman to drive us to Kingsgate and Broadstairs. Upon reaching the former place, which is one of the prettiest spots in the Isle of Thanet, we were told of a farmhouse, near the North Foreland, which was to be let. Hastening there, we found a very comfortable rural cottage, with garden, barns, piggeries, and straw-yard, and at once secured it for a month. Bailie Nichol Jarvie remarks, "When you leave hame, ye canna' expect to tak the comforts o' the Sautmarket wi' ye;" and agreeing with the saying of that worthy Glasgow body, we made up our minds to rough it, when, to our great delight, the advantages of this rural dwelling greatly predominated over the disadvantages. It is true, we were nearly driven crazy by

swarms of buzzing insects that pestered us in our evening walks, which bore the ominous title of July bugs; but then, as a set off, our beds were free from their phlebotomizing namesakes. If we were awakened at an early hour by the crowing of the cock and the cackling of the hens, we were amply repaid by the new-laid eggs for breakfast; if the geese treated us with those sibilations so unpleasant to the ear, the prospect of one stubble-fed at Michaelmas quite consoled us for their hissing propensities; if the flies would try to sip our cream, what a comfort to know it was worth sipping, and that no cow with an iron tail had furnished it! There was one great delight in our country quarters—the facility of bathing at all times without the aid of a rumbling machine; the sands all about Kingsgate being perfect, and recesses in the chalky cliffs forming admirable retiring nooks for dressing. My only wonder is that some spirited individuals have not established a joint-stock company for the improvement of Kingsgate. With ample means and good management a harbour might be made, new houses built, hotels erected, and baths opened, rendering this spot, so highly favoured by nature, one of the most perfect watering-places in England. An occasional drive to Margate, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate tended to pass our time agreeably.

While upon the subject of these visits, I cannot refrain from referring to a practice which is a disgrace to humanity, and which, unfortunately, is carried on to a frightful extent; I allude to the cruelty of the donkey-drivers, and those who employ them. Indeed, the greatest blame is attributable to the latter, who, from their position in life, ought to know better. How often have I seen a party of fat, bloated, vulgar-looking people, with their lanky sons, scraggy daughters, and obese babies, crowding a heavy phaeton, with one jaded, galled, over-driven, illtreated quadruped drawing them—umbrellas, whips, and pointed sticks being used by the passengers and driver to goad the wretched creature on! How often, too, have I witnessed a troop of asinine cavalry, mounted by gaunt, long-legged youths and flaunting misses, flogging, spurring, kicking, pricking the naturally patient animal, and scampering along the high road, to the imminent danger of Her Majesty's liege subjects, and, what was a minor consideration, of their own necks! This unfeeling conduct of these modern Balaams ought to be brought under the notice of the magistracy; the brutality of the drivers ought to be taken cognizance of by the police; and should the local authorities decline to interfere, it then becomes the imperative duty of the humane portion of the in-

habitants and visitors to raise their voices against this crying evil, and, if necessary, to call in the aid of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals.

While here, I met with the following lines ; and they are so joyous and spirit-stirring that I cannot deprive myself of the pleasure of quoting them ; they prove that one of our best writers, Martin Tupper, is as great a poet as a philosopher :—

“At five on a dewy morning,  
Before the blazing day,  
To be up and off on a high-mettled horse,  
Over the hills away.  
To drink the rich sweet breath of the gorse,  
And bathe in the breeze of the Downs,  
Ha ! man, if you can, match bliss like this,  
In all the joys of towns.

With glad and grateful tongue to join  
The lark at his matin hymn,  
And thence on faith's own wing to spring,  
And sing with cherubim.  
To pray from a deep and tender heart,  
With all things praying anew,  
The birds, and the bees, and the whispering trees,  
And heather bedropt with dew !  
To be out with those early worshippers,  
And pour the carol too.

Then off again, with a slackened rein,  
And a bounding heart within,

To dash at a gallop over the plain,  
Health's golden cup to win,  
This, this is the race for gain and grace,  
Richer than vases and crowns ;  
And you that boast your pleasure the most,  
Amid the steam of towns,  
Come, taste true bliss on a morning like this,  
Galloping over the Downs."

After a brief sojourn at Kingsgate, we proceeded, *viâ* Hastings, to Goodwood ; but we must pause on our journey, to indulge in an Englishman's privilege—that of grumbling at the arrangements of the South Eastern Railway ; for, between Margate and Hastings, we changed luggage and carriage twice—once at Ramsgate, and again at Ashford. The talented authoress of "Unprotected Females in Norway" would, we opine, have been put out at the latter place, despite of her patience and good humour, especially if it happened to pelt with rain, as it did upon the occasion I refer to. But to begin with the first annoyance. Within a quarter-of-an-hour of settling yourself comfortably at Margate, the stentorian voice of a porter, or the squeaking notes of an urchin, inform the travellers that "all change at Ramsgate." Then commence the rush, the scramble, and the cry for your luggage to be transported from one train to another. No sooner is the latter accomplished, than the old adage



"First come, first served" is fully realized ; for the last arrivals find all the best places engaged, and are literally thrust into the carriages, amidst the puffing of the engine, the ringing of the departure bell, and the shrill whistle of the guard. Upon reaching Ashford, which you generally do half-an-hour after the appointed time, you find the platform crowded. "Passengers change for Hastings" is now the cry ; and then recommences the struggle for luggage. No sooner is it handed out, than you are informed you have to cross a narrow wooden bridge ; and, upon reaching the opposite side, a train arrives. Struggling, and calling for a porter to bring your luggage, you run the chance of finding yourself in a Ramsgate train. If, however, you take the precaution, and are fortunate enough to find an official in the way, to give you an answer, you are told that the Hastings train is the next. While waiting anxiously for its arrival, you see your trunks still on the up side, with two strong, and, I am bound to add, most willing porters, transporting them leisurely across to the down side. As the shed only covers a portion of the platform, the chances are that your carpet-bag and hat-box are exposed to the pitiful storm. At last the train arrives, and being (as usual) late, not a moment is to be lost ; so your baggage is left to the tender mercies of

an overworked porter to stow away in the van, and you yourself are pushed into the carriage, where, with good luck, you reach your destination an hour after the time specified in the company's books. Arrived at this town, whose name is so greatly identified with the history of our country, you find carriages of every description, trucks, and barrows, ready to convey you and your luggage to an hotel, house, or lodging, the majority of which are extremely good, both in Hastings and its fashionable west-end neighbour, St. Leonards. If money is no object, we strongly recommend an hotel, where a single man may live comfortably in the coffee-room, including three excellent meals and a pint of wine per diem, for 7*l.* a-week; an additional daily charge of 5*s.* is made for a private room. A drawing-room apartment, with two bedrooms, varies from 45*s.* to 3*g**s.* a-week, with attendance, which, including living and wine, would amount to 9*l.* or 10*l.* a-week for two. Of course, if the strictest economy is carried out, the amount would be greatly reduced; so the lodger has to determine between comfort and discomfort—between (reversing the proverb) a pound wise and penny foolish system. Upon one side, you have ample attendance, plenty of baths, towels, clean and well-aired beds, tidily-swept rooms, boiling water for breakfast, country-

washed table-cloths, and a nicely-cooked dinner. On the other, you find a close, dark, dirty apartment, beds alive with insects, and a slatternly maid-of-all-work, who bangs the door, soils the clean linen with her grubby hands, never answers the bell, omits to fill the jugs in your bedroom, brings tepid water for tea, forgets to order the bread, buys salt instead of fresh butter, under-boils the fish, overroasts the meat, smokes the vegetables, stews the mushrooms in rancid butter, informs you, after the shops are closed, that you are out of candles, and that one of your dressing-case cut glass bottles "came to pieces in her hand," that the parlour lodger had packed up your boots by mistake, and who herself wastes many a ten minutes by gaping out of the window, or idling with the perambulating purveyors of fish, vegetables, bread, and meat.

Every medal has its reverse, and Hastings is not free from drawbacks : the principal one, which might easily be remedied, is the defective state and unsightly appearance of the drains, which, at low water, protrude themselves upon public gaze, and give the idea that the briny element, used for sanitary and lavatory purposes, is as much impregnated with their foul contents as the air is, should you happen to get to leeward of them. We are bound, however, to add that the Local Board of

Health is employed in improving the condition of the town, and we trust, ere long, the above nuisance will be removed. A company, too, is about to erect a large hotel, in a most commanding situation, facing the sea, which, if conducted on a fair and liberal principle, will be a great boon to the visiting public. To ensure deserved success, let the proprietors draw out a tariff of prices for board, lodging, and attendance; let the cooking be kept up, and the bills down; let there be a *table d'hôte* every day at two and six o'clock, with especial care that the dinner is well-dressed, properly served, and the wines unexceptionable. Let the coffee-room be well furnished with newspapers and periodicals, and not, as is too often the case, with one *Times*, a county *Herald*, a torn *Army List*, an old *Bradshaw*, a mutilated guide book, and an odd volume of "Tom Jones." Above all, let the flagrant abuse be discontinued, of charging port and sherry at the rate of 72s. and 84s. a dozen, and last, not least, let full measure be given, and the far-famed bottle trick of conjuring a quart into a pint be withdrawn from the entertainment.

While upon the subject of the grape, we will give our readers what is called a wrinkle—one for which, should they avail themselves of it, we think they are bound to drink our health in a bumper

of sherry, for to that wine do we at present confine our remarks. The majority of persons who do not keep large cellars think that if they give 48s. a dozen for dark or pale sherry, they do all that is liberal and right towards their guests, and we frankly admit that such is the case. Let us, however, consider in what manner the money could be laid out with equal advantage to their friends, and greater profit to themselves. Wine at the above mentioned price, in bottle, would cost 20*l.* the quarter cask (containing thirteen dozen) in the wood; so, according to Cocker, thirteen dozen in bottle would cost 31*l.* 4*s.*, in wood, only 20*l.*, thus leaving a balance of 11*l.* 4*s.* in the buyer's favour, with the advantage of having no corked or broken bottles. Should the consumption amount to a butt a year, a saving of 44*l.* 16*s.* will be gained. Two objections have been made to the system; one, that the remains at the bottom of the cask would get thick; the other, that there would be no check over the butler. In admitting, in a modified form, the truth of the former, we would remind the consumer that, for culinary purposes, the remains of the cask would be of great avail; and, with respect to the cellarman, the employer has the remedy in his own hands. All he has to do is to have a star engraved on the decanters, marking a

pint and quart, and an account of the wine drawn will be as easily kept as that of bottles consumed, and any discrepancy quickly found out. The prejudice against drinking sherry from the wood, "two hours in bottle," as the clever author of the "Scattergood Family," Albert Smith, calls it, will be, or ought to be, got over, when we remember that the produce of the grape is generally supposed to improve in large quantities—witness the feeling in favour of "magnums" over quarts—besides which the greater quantity of wine drunk and approved of at hotels has never had a crystal tenement until transferred from the wooden walls into the polished cut decanters a few moments before it is drunk.

The sport that this town furnishes during the summer season is on an average with other maritime places. Sailing boats and rowing wherries may be hired by the hour, and twice every day the "British Lion" and "Rose," two well-found and manned yawls, go out on excursion cruises at 1s. per head. It is curious to watch the difference between the embarkation and the disembarking of the passengers. In the former, with gay "youth at the helm—pleasure at the prow," they talk of the delight of the dark blue sea, the rapture of a "wet sheet and a flowing sail," and the magnificence of the rolling



billows. See them on their return, with pallid looks, ghastly countenances, dishevelled hair, and curls draggling over their shoulders; mark their dresses drenched with sea water, and their bonnets saturated with spray, and listen to their protestations never again to face the stormy elements. Of course these remarks apply only to rough weather; for, on a fine, calm day, nothing can be more beautiful than the view of the ocean—Beachy Head in the distance, to the west; the bluff cliffs to the east; the numerous large vessels of every rig in the offing, forming an agreeable contrast to the small craft near the beach. A bright blue sky, and the clear, transparent, rippling waters, wherries and skiffs filled with well-dressed ladies, sailing vessels freighted with the fairest daughters of the creation, enjoying the *dolce far niente* under the shade of graceful parti-coloured awnings, flags and pendants floating gaily in the summer breeze, render the scene thoroughly eastern, and bring to the mind of the spectator the aquatic pageant of Cleopatra's galley on the Cydnus. A regatta takes place annually, in the month of August, and ranks as high as any other on the coasts of Sussex and Kent. The Hastings' and St. Leonards' races have been abolished for some years; the line of railway now intersects the course; the whistle is

now heard where once the shouts of "I name the winner!" "Two to one against the favourite!" reverberated through the air; the panting, struggling "plater" has given way to the smoking, puffing engine. Upon the site of the "run in," near where the Grand Stand once stood, a cricket ground has been formed, and is constantly the arena for contests in this truly English game. St. Leonards also boasts of a second cricket-ground on the Green—a pretty rural spot, about a quarter-of-a-mile from the town. Upon Quarry Hill the Queen's Royal St. Leonards' Archers carry on their toxopholite meetings, and the public are admitted upon these occasions at the charge of 1s. each; upon other days the grounds, which are extremely pretty, are open at a trifling entrance. The Subscription Garden is extremely well kept, and forms a most shady walk in the dog-days; it boasts of a valuable relic—Harold's stone dining table; assuredly the Saxons could not talk, as a popular public preacher is supposed to have done, of "tucking your knees under a friend's mahogany." Riding-horses, pony, donkey, and goat carriages are extremely well turned out; and ladies, who do not object to follow the "untidy" habits of others, may hire "hats and riding-habits" for the small sum of 1s. We own

we should prefer a new eighteen-penny wide-awake, and the coarsest Welsh stuff skirt, to the finest second-hand beaver or best cloth habit; but tastes differ.

One morning, when we were enjoying a real sea-side breakfast—boiled soles, mackerel, and prawns—a placard was placed upon our table.

“Why, what have we here?” said my companion, taking it up. A gathering for the people—an entertainment for the humbler classes. That ought to be encouraged. As a matter of course you will go.”

“As yet you have not informed me to what you allude,” I responded.

“Read this,” he replied. “The spirited *entrepreneurs* deserve our warmest thanks.”

The bill ran as follows :—

“Grand Gipsy Fête, and Rural Dance.—E. Holmes and J. Wilson beg respectfully to inform their friends and the public generally, that they intend, weather permitting, to hold the above in a field adjoining the West Hill, opposite the Plough Inn. The Royal Victoria Dancing Saloon is engaged for the occasion, and will be brilliantly illuminated. A superior band for quadrilles and country dances is retained, and will be in attendance at 4 o'clock. As caterers to the public on many occasions, E. H. and J. W. pledge themselves to carry out the intended amusements in a manner to ensure general satisfaction. Marquéés for the ladies, and ample accommodation for rural sports, will be provided. Tea

at half-past five. Admission, including hot water and milk, sixpence each. Parties to bring their own refreshments."

"Hot water provided!" continued Westerham. "That reminds me of a story they told against old Mullins of 'ours.' When quartered in Dublin, he was devoted to the fair sex, and had grown grey in their service. One day, seeing a handsome young Irish girl filling her teapot at the pump, he exclaimed, 'How I should like to go home and drink tea with you.' 'Fait, yer honour, we should do very well together,' replied the laughing daughter of Erin. 'If you'd furnish the taa, I'd keep you in hot water the rest of your life.'"

Business having detained me at home, the colonel proceeded alone to the scene of the rural festival. In a meadow, on a rising eminence near the castle hill, where a splendid panoramic view of sea and land might be seen, a space, about the size of a cricket-ground, had been enclosed with booths, and within its canvas walls the green sward, and the celebrated Victoria dancing saloon, were prepared for the rustic merrymakers. According to Westerham's description, nothing could exceed the admirable manner in which the *fête* was conducted; sobriety and decorum prevailed. The lads and lasses of the neighbouring

hamlets; the toilworn mechanic of the borough; the seafaring man, with his sweetheart or wife, assembled in social intercourse to enjoy a meeting such as Sir Roger de Coverley would have delighted in. The band was very efficient, and played the country dances with a spirit that showed their hearts were enlisted in the service. Of the hot water and milk deponent did not speak; but he bore testimony to the excellence of some refreshments which he procured from The Plough, and administered to some of the rural party.

The following week a *fête champêtre* was held at Hastings Lodge, the seat of F. North, Esq., M.P., in aid of the funds of the Mechanics' Institution. Herr Grimm's German band attended, and the proceedings terminated with a grand display of fireworks, consisting of red, blue, purple, emerald, ruby, and green pyramids; rockets, with brilliant, variegated coloured stars; mines of saucissons, crackers, serpents, and snakes; flights of tourbillons, jets of brilliant fire, rainbows, triangular and double triangular wheels, poly-luminary designs, pyramidical devices, diamond lights, golden rain, revolving suns, Roman candles, gerbes, shells, mine bags, bouquets, colash pieces, and other wonders of the pyrotechnic art, as elaborately laid forth in the programme. Inde-

pendent of the above, there were occasional entertainments at the Tivoli Gardens, St. Leonards. On the gala nights the bills announced "a splendid display of fireworks, representing the siege of Sevastopol, and the taking of the Malakhoff by the French; the ascent of two balloons amidst the brilliant and variegated sparks from a thousand rockets; a grand ball, with two bands—'one for quadrilles, and the other for single dances;' superb illuminations, Chinese games, bowls, skittles, swings, &c."



## CHAPTER III.

Close of the London Season—Purchasing a Yacht—Unexpected Expenses—A Ship on the Gridiron—Necessary Repairs—Amateur Steering, and its Consequences—A Squall off the Needles—Misfortunes in the Tidal Basin of Dieppe—The Meeting of the Emperor Napoleon and Prince Albert at Boulogne—The Old Proverb Verified, “Misfortunes Never Come Single”—The Difference between Selling and being Sold.

“The sea! the sea!”

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE London season, as it is called *par excellence*, was about to be brought to a close—the fashionable arrangements of the week, as chronicled in the *Morning Post*, had dwindled down to a few dinner-parties and balls—the foreign nightingales were preparing to take their flight from the dense atmosphere of Covent Garden and Drury Lane,

to seek more sunny climes—the last farewell notes of that Queen of Song, Grisi, were about to be heard, when a mania for change of air and scene came over me. I pored over the advertising columns of the *Times*, to make myself acquainted with the departure of the different steamers, from the excursion one to Herne Bay to those that ply to Norway, Sweden, and the Baltic fleet. At one time I made up my mind to visit the lakes and beautiful Trollhatta Canal, between Gottenburg and Stockholm, winding up my expedition with a trip to the fleet under gallant old Sir Charley Napier; at another, I thought of transporting myself to Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, Leipsic, or Dresden; Lisbon, Oporto, Gibraltar, Malta, Constantinople, and Varna then took possession of my mind; and I determined to shape my course to the East. The Channel Islands, Cherbourg, Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne, and Calais next presented themselves to me, and I saw their beauties in my “mind’s eye.” Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, held out inducements for an excursion through the Highlands; in short, the handbooks for travellers pointed out so many delightful jaunts that I found myself surrounded by an *embarras des richesses*. While ruminating over the subject, a friend stepped in, and suggested a yachting expedition,

pointing out the delights of the sea, and quoting Byron's beautiful lines upon the subject:—

“Oh! who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
The exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?”

Carried away by the idea, I lost no time in inserting an advertisement in that excellent sporting journal, *Bell's Life in London*, to the following effect:—

“Wanted, a Yacht, cutter rigged, from 25 to 30 tons o.m.  
Apply to W. P. L., 23, Bolton Street, London.”

No sooner had the above appeared than I was inundated with applications from almost every yacht-owner and ship-builder in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Many of the documents would furnish interesting matter for the curiosities of literature. One letter ran as follows:—“Sir, I have a cutter of 40 tons for sale; price 400*l*. She has no sails, rigging, or ballast.” The writer might have added, “nor is she coppered.” Upon a hasty calculation, I found I could turn out a new vessel for about the same sum the above would cost me. Another wrote to recommend a yawl of 30 tons, which *merely* required a new deck, upper works, and spars. In order to expedite the busi-

ness, I got a printed form of questions struck off, and by that means ascertained the particulars of some half-dozen vessels, out of which I determined to make a selection. After due consideration, I made choice of a cutter of six and twenty tons, which was described, not alone as a clipper, but as one of the most wholesome vessels afloat. The inventory of stores included everything a man who studied comfort could require; the price asked was 375*l*. As the name was rather an old-fashioned one, the Rover, I altered it to one that hit my fancy, the Sandfly, a small stinging specimen of that insect tribe well known in the tropics. Having laid in sea store, and provided myself with nautical habiliments, consisting of sailor's jacket and trousers, a pea-jacket, glazed hat, and waterproof clothing, I proceeded, accompanied by a friend, to Portsmouth, *viâ* South Western Railway. I had written to *my* captain—how grand that sounded—to have *my* boat off the Point at twelve o'clock on the 24th of July, and to be himself at the Blue Posts. Upon reaching the terminus, I ostentatiously ordered the flyman to drive me to the Blue Posts; upon reaching that spot, immortalized by Marryat, in his best work, I found, to my utter consternation, that no one was in waiting for me. "Want a boat, your honour?" shouted some half-dozen

watermen. "Please to want a wherry to take you off to any yacht?" I curbed my rising passion, after sending my tormenters to a place—"Oh, no! we never mention it"—and proceeded to the Point; but no yacht was within sight, nor could I ascertain that any one had lately arrived in the harbour. I was, therefore, compelled to go back to the Blue Posts, and from thence to the Quebec, where I made up my mind to remain until the craft made her appearance. To describe my mortification would be impossible. I had provided myself with a cold dinner to eat on board, and now saw the hamper stowed away, the contents of which were likely to eclipse my own *mortification*.

"Please to order dinner, gentlemen?" said the waiter, addressing me.

"Yes," I faintly responded; "for three, at seven o'clock."

At the hour named the dinner was served, and fully kept up the culinary reputation of the snug hotel. No sooner was the meal finished, than I called for pen, ink, and paper, and was about to indulge in a most violent epistolary anathema against the captain of my yacht, when a waterman, who had witnessed my anxiety of mind at the non-arrival of the "craft," announced (through the waiter) that the Sandfly was anchored off

Gosport. Paying my bill, and ordering a *quantum suff.* of Bass's Pale Ale and Stout, I embarked my friends and luggage, and was soon alongside of the lost vessel.

No sooner on board than I ordered the moorings to be slipped, boiling over with anxiety to top the briny wave in my own, my own yacht! The blank, perturbed countenance of the captain, who, instead of proceeding, as I expected, with alacrity, to execute my first order, staggered, without alarming me. I saw something had gone wrong.

"Please, sir," said the skipper, "the upper pintle of the rudder is gone; and the lower one, I fear, strook the hawser of that 'ere man-of-war just come in—caught her keel, and forced the rudder on one side."

"Well," said I, "what then, eh?"

"Why, sir, the necessity of the thing obligates us for to put the ship on the gridiron."

"Ship on the gridiron!" I mentally exclaimed. "Are they going to broil her?"

He continued—"And the tide won't turn for four hours, for to lay her there; and then a whole ebb must fall afore the heel of the rudder can be got; and if so be the damage ain't much, and the smiths is sharp, we might possibly get it all to-rights that 'ere tide; but then we must



wait again for high water afore she will float, because if so be as you puts a ship on shore at a particular time on one tide, she can't come off till the tide comes back to what it was when she was gridironed, or elsewise grounded, or about twelve hours a'ter."

"Tide!" I exclaimed, *sotto voce*—"there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the ebb, leads on to fortune;' but mine seems at the flow."

"Why," inquired a friend—an excellent boon companion, better versed in army lore than the poetry of England's dramatists—"who are you quoting?"

"Shakspeare," I replied.

"Pooh, pooh!" said he; "the late Mr. Shakspeare knew nothing of tides or yachting; deer-stealing was more in his line."

I could not reply to this censor of the Bard of Avon; so, turning to the captain, I said, "Well, then, before the time comes for putting her ashore, we may as well try her about the harbour, and look at all the lions."

"About the harbour!" said he—"among the shipping, where a vessel requires to answer her helm and spin about, in and out, here and there, like a duck, with that 'ere rudder, fixed and jammed as it is hard a-starboard! Why, it's

a non-impossibility, setting aside safety. Besides," he proceeded, after a pause, "that 'ere windlass bean't safe for to heave the anchor up with. Two of the pawls is broke, and the other not trustworthy; and my belief is, the bitts is rotten."

"Well," said I, making up my mind to appear independent about trifles, "let it be put to rights at the same time as the rudder."

"Lor love 'ee! Put to rights! why, mayhap the bitts have to come out after the barrel is unshipped, which must go ashore for repair; and when the bitts is out, I think more than one plank of a side in the deck must come up, judging from the quantity of water as comes through the seams below, all about the windlass; and if it don't turn out as bad as I fears, it will take two or three days afore the iron-work alone can be finished and the windlass stepped."

"And now," I continued, "if anything else requires repairing, you had better have it done at once."

"There ain't very much," responded the skipper. "One of the crosstrees is in rather a bad state; the mainstay is stranded in two places; foresail a good deal worn-- not likely to stand a breeze; the blocks are somewhat too small for the ropes, which makes the difference of a

man in the work ; the bowsprit is sprung ; the shrouds in very indifferent order."

"What next?" I muttered between my teeth.

"There ain't no lamps to the binnacle, nor no charts on board."

"Well," I exclaimed, in a fit of desperation, "see that everything that is necessary be immediately procured. Upon sending for a shipwright and sailmaker, I ascertained that the captain's fears about the state of the above defects were correct. The body of the windlass was rotten, two of the pawls gone, and the other going; the hoops deficient, ends falling off, and the teeth broken in three places; independent of the standing and running rigging and the canvas being considerably the worse for wear and *tear*."

On the third day after joining, and after paying some dozen bills for repairs (the amount of which I care not to mention), my vessel was pronounced ready, my mainsail hoisted, and only waiting for my august presence for a start. It was the first day of the Southampton Regatta; and the wind and tide suited leaving Portsmouth so as to arrive in time for the Club Cup, for which, previous to my unfortunate mishap, I had entered, and paid the entry of my cutter. Many, however, are the slips between cups and lips. I had promised to take a party of ladies with me

to Southampton; and greatly did I feel exalted at the idea of showing them my accommodations—ladies well accustomed to nauticals, who knew the names of almost all the yachts of the South-Western, Victoria Clubs, and Royal Squadron, and who were anxious to sail in my cutter—my very own cutter. We were in a shore-boat, my own “dingy” not being equal to so large a party; I was pointing out the beauties of my craft, as I had learned to prate about them—her clean run, sharp entrance, raking counter, slender rigging, light painted spars, beautiful lines, white canvas, and well-dressed crew. We lay on our oars, for them to admire, and I to extol, about three boats’-lengths from her, when my captain roared, “Schooner ahoy! look under your lee! Where be ye coming to so hard a-starboard? Mind your eye! Fend off there!” “Let go the anchor!” Alas, alas! it was all too late; for before we got alongside, crash! smash! tear and grind!—a row—a stop—a dead silence—and over our heads, before we could get out of the boat, came a jibboom, a bowsprit, and all the head-gear of a large yacht-schooner, right through the belly of my beautiful mainsail; and at the same time a crash of breaking of timber, and her stem not only through my bulwark on the starboard side, but through the water-way and two

planks of the deck, before the horrid schooner's way was lost, with us adrift right athwart her hawse. It turned out that the owner of the schooner, a member of one of the clubs, chose to steer himself past the battery and Her Majesty's ships; that he was told to put the helm hard a-starboard. "Hard a how?" said he, and put it hard a-port—the right wrong way—and in the confusion of lowering the sails, with too much way, ran right into my precious pearl of price, without having seen her until too late. The ladies, in the confusion, all got on board, I know not how; and I, concealing as much as possible my annoyance and disgust, philosophically tried to calm their fears, called it a mere *bagatelle*, explained how accidents of this kind would happen in spite of the best arrangements, and how impossible now it was to prosecute our intentions.

"Pump, pump, pump! quick, the pump!" cried my servant. "The water's up to the cabin-floor—rushing up the companion!"

"She'll sink!" said the captain.

"The boat!" screamed the ladies, pushing one another over into her.

"Run her ashore!" said I.

"Ashore!" said the captain; "ben't she locked hard and fast, and hung up by the schooner, like a hotter at the end of a spear?"

“Up with the helm!” cried the schooner’s captain. “Slip our cable: let it run out. Hard a-starboard! Aft fore-sheet!” And so, with a fine stiff breeze, he managed to shove my vessel and his own ashore, just clear off Portsea-head, before she filled enough to sink.

I then turned my attention to the schooner-yacht and her owner. “I presume,” said I, “there is no kind of doubt you are responsible for all this damage.”

“If it is so decided,” said he, “of course; but I have my doubts.”

“Doubts!” said I; “what doubts? I was at anchor; I could not run into you. You ran into me.”

“True,” said he; “but you had no business at anchor in the fair way.”

“Time and the hour wear out the longest day.” My yacht was repaired, the expenses divided; and I was once more afloat, and again doomed to experience the dangers of the sea.

It happened on the third trial of my cutter that I was caught with a sudden squall, half-a-dozen miles outside the Needles. It had been blowing, and there was some sea up. Reefing and shifting jibs was the order of the day, and with the fourth jib set, the foresail reefed, and three of the four reefs of the mainsail down, we at



last filled, and began to do our best to regain our port, for the sea was too high to venture further on our course to Weymouth, whither I was originally bound. For my own part, I was for proceeding; but my captain advised her being kept to the wind, as her scudding qualifications had not been tried, and represented that if she were overtaken by a sea when in the hollow, while running before it, it might prove fatal. I needed no other reasoning for tacitly yielding to his opinion. So at it we went, with a weather tide, the Needles bearing about east, and a strong wind two points to the southward of east, *nauticè*, a dead beat. The little vessel stood only tolerably well up to her canvas, throwing the water, however, in such masses clean fore and aft, and into the body of the mainsail, that it was positively unsafe to keep her clean full.

She was pronounced a tender vessel, carried lee helm, and whenever we tried to tack, frequently refused; once, when tolerably near the shore, we were obliged to down mainsail and wear her short round, and in so doing shipped a sea that stove in the companion, washed the captain from the helm, and half filled the cabin. It was pronounced better to keep her under the mainsail and jib, with her head off and the fore-sail down, and to let her jog with her head off

shore for a couple of hours, until the flood-tide took her to windward of our port. I of course exercised no voice on the subject, but, steeped in the "briny," assisted, as far as I was able, to bale out the cabin, and to save from destruction such of my kit and household goods as I most valued, and which by this time had taken possession of the cabin; with every plunge, toss, and roll, battering my own and my servant's shins, and every now and then, as we ourselves fetched away, and fell among them, damaging our bodies. While so employed, I heard the words, "Stand by!—lower the main!—dip the peak!—higher up with the tack!—ease off the mainsheet!—run the fore-sail up!—hard a weather the helm!—stand by!—hold on!"

The vessel was wearing. Crash—bang went the mainsail over, without shipping a sea, as the captain had judiciously watched a smooth; but Oh, that crash! That great gunlike sound can never be forgotten by me, who had previously, quite exhausted, thrown myself on what then was the sofa to leeward, which for an instant or two became upright, and then all at once the weather or upper side, with a lurch that I am certain must have all but upset my little craft. Such a one shot me like an arrow from a bow, carrying the lashed table with me right over to

the opposite sofa, where, but for the break caused by the table in the way, I probably should have fractured my skull. As it was, I recollect nothing that occurred until the captain came down, and shook me, all bleeding at the nose and head, to inform me we were safe within the Needles.

Nothing daunted by the adventure in the squall off the Needles, and being extremely anxious to redeem the character of, and still believing in the sea-worthiness of, my vessel, I determined to cross the Channel, and "fixed," as the Yankees say, for Cherbourg. But hearing that the Emperor of the French was expected at Dieppe previously to proceeding to the camp near Boulogne, I altered my mind, and made sail for that port, with a fine breeze from the north-west, which took us in twelve hours from port to port, the vessel never having gone less than eight-and-a-half knots all the way. It was, in point of fact, in every sense of the word, a pleasure-trip; the water was smooth, the moon at the full, the breeze steady, and neither rain, fog, nor mist to interfere with vision, or to cause anxiety.

We arrived at high-water, and taking a pilot on board, shot between the piers, which were crowded with well-dressed company. No sooner were we well between them, than the wind left us

—we were, in fact, under the lee of piers and high houses. The pilot's boat ran a line on shore, which was laid hold of by two or three dozen old women, in high Norman caps, who tramped away with us in their wooden shoes, and safely hauled us alongside the wall of the outer or tidal basin, and deposited us alongside, immediately in front of the Hôtel de Victoria. I declined going into either of the floating basins; not merely on account of the dues, but on the plea of being ready for a start at any moment.

I found the emperor had passed either through or by, on the road to his army.

The pilot, thinking we none of us understood French, talked about "great big vave rompeying de bottom."

"Nonsense!" said I; "bottom too strong for wave to hurt; fine vessel!"

"Bon!" replied he. "You vill see parhaps!"

Finding all the hotels full, I determined to sleep on board, where everything appeared so quiet and comfortable—so encouraging for that object; but, alas! how deceitful did the appearance prove! A gale had sprung up, and the clouds were flitting fast overhead from the westward. No wind, however, could reach anything but now and then the upper third of the topmast, which had not been struck. The yacht was, as the tide fell, not only

snug under the quay wall, but above that, at about twenty yards distant, towered houses of five or six stories. Near us lay what I soon learned was called a dredging-machine, of enormous size and powerful dimensions, with a squadron of barges as long and wide as herself, all built of iron, waiting in rotation to be filled with the stones from the beach, which I afterwards was told were washed in from the sea in the heavy winter gales, right up to the half mile of the entrance into the tidal basin in which we were moored. Everything about the dredge was iron; the vessel was iron, the engines were iron, the barges were iron, the shoots were iron, the buckets were iron, and the rakes were iron; the hearts, too, of the captain, engineers, and crew must have been iron, for they had no kindly feeling for the unhappy individuals who wished to sleep along the whole frontage, or in the vessels in the basin, of which we were one, at about twenty yards off. Oh! the noise of those stones regularly tumbling into the iron shoots, one on each side, and thence avalanching into the barges every four seconds, with a regularity much admired, no doubt, by those who worked the infernal machine, but with a grating quite indescribable on the nerves of myself and crew, who had been on the *qui vive* the whole night before.

About two A.M., we took the ground, or rather

our legs (for sea vessels have harbour legs, be it known to the uninitiated); and shortly afterwards the machine, to our great relief, grounded also, and stopped work for want of water. We now began to settle ourselves for a snooze, exhausted in body, and worn out in mind; but as though the nervous system had not had shaking enough, before balmy sleep had visited (I think I may say, answering for my crew) any of our eyelids half-an-hour, crash! crash! began two new thundering noises, not quite so hollow or thrilling in sound as the former, but quite as loud as the roll of half-a-dozen drums in one's very cabin. Before turning in, I had on the quay noticed two piles of sea-pebbles, one on our quarter, the other on our bow, and had observed carts before sunset adding to the heap. Little did I dream what was in store for me when I contemplated as a geologist the formations, and ascertained they were flint. Two *chasse-marées*, or fishing luggers, bound on a herring voyage, had moored themselves close to the quay, the one ahead, the other astern of us, and by means of a wooden trough or shoot were all these stones to be shot from the quay to the hold of each. The fall was probably twenty-feet; the stones were shot from baskets, and the angle of the shoot about 75 degrees. No one whose fate it has not been to hear the sound can form



an adequate idea of the noise. These basket-loads were also, like the former ones, thrown at pretty regular intervals; and great, so great was the trial to the nerves, that after listening for an hour in hope of a change, and finding no possibility of standing it longer, I got on my legs, and began to dress; when all at once I felt myself, vessel and all, lifted into the air, and dropped on the ground with a shock that set my very bones aching, and the vessel's timbers groaning, and her planks and bulkheads creaking. A second lift, a thump, and a lurch, and down I fell on the lee sofa, fairly pitched there with my head against the side. The vessel was on her beam ends. I heard a great scuffle on deck. Righting and rolling went the vessel at intervals of half a minute; and at every third kick or so, down again as low as she could lie; and when lowest, down came water by the companion. I made an effort, and reached it in a sort of shower-bath (for it rained heavily; and there I saw my crew getting ropes on shore; the harbour-master and his men, with lots of volunteers, men and women, all at work to catch her when upright, and to steady her to the quay. Tyro as I felt myself to be, I easily comprehended what had happened. As the gale rose, so rose the swell and sea outside; as the tide rose outside and over the bar, so rose the

before placid water in the tidal basin; with the rise of tide came the rise of sea; and at last the body of water was enough for lifting my vessel off the ground and her legs. Once afloat, she started on end, broke the after-stops of the legs, and, as the swell receded, fell on her beam ends, and, being remarkably sharp, with several planks of her deck in the water; and this game went on for full half-an-hour, until, in fact, the tide was high enough to keep her from striking: and well it was she struck no more, for the rollers were then several feet in height. At high-water we made our escape from the tidal basin, and were soon safely moored in a fine floating dock; and ere the fall of the tide, shut in with gates. To what extent the damage was, remained to be found out. We took in water, which, although not considerable, was enough to show we had come to some sort of harm. At low-water I cast my eye over the area of the tidal basin in which I had passed so horrible a night, and the result of which I was thinking of as one of the greatest misfortunes that had befallen me. I had soon, however, reason to be angry with myself; for what were mine compared to the misfortunes of others from similar causes? These reflections came home to me with tenfold force when I calmly contemplated the effect of the gale. Here was I, able

of course to afford it, seeking mere amusement in an almost selfish way, groaning over the probable cost and trouble arising from an extraordinary outbreak of the elements—believing myself to be the mere butt of fortune; while on the harder parts of the bottom of the basin lay from forty to fifty *chasse-marées*, or fishing boats, of other rigs, each having a crew of from eighteen to twenty persons dependent upon their success in their calling for their daily bread, and on these twenty, perhaps, of old and young, other twenty in the background. Not one of these vessels but had received more or less damage; false keels knocked off; main-keels shaken, garboards started, stern-posts split, stems twisted, rudders unshipped, pintles broken, and masts and hulls in many instances damaged. None of them, however, happily had been on their beam ends, being all flattish floored; but all were more or less injured, and Dieppe, essentially a large fishing place, supplying even Paris with the choicest fish, was for the time quite *hors de combat*. Fortunately for their peace of mind, the gale still continued, and the surf on the bar was too high for any vessel to venture out; so they were relieved of one great anxiety. But the tears, the wailings, of the women surrounding the quay walls, the despondency and groans of the crews, as the damage was

pronounced by the shipwrights, who by dozens were at work on the Hards, were dreadful to witness. My misfortunes seemed light as air in comparison; and I was not, neither were my crew, among the last to aid the general subscription for the thousands who for the time were thrown out of bread.

I went to the pier to watch the weather, got drenched as the sea broke over the lighthouse with the flowing tide; and believing there was no chance of a present change, took the rail to Boulogne, whither, it was ascertained, the emperor had proceeded the day before, without calling, as expected, at Dieppe. I made one memorandum before starting, as a general yachting rule:—Never lie a-ground when you can lie afloat; and henceforth, if there be an inner floating dock, no craft of mine shall lie in a tidal basin.

In the meantime, I had left orders with my captain to get out as soon as the weather moderated, and to follow me to Boulogne.

Judging, when there, of the state of the weather, which had become fine and moderate, I watched two floods from the pier, and on the rise of the second, was gratified by seeing my vessel at anchor off the bar, waiting for water.

The emperor on that day received Prince Albert; and Her Majesty's yacht and attendant

steamers were moored to the quay. All Boulogne was on the alert. The royal yacht, after the first ceremony was over, had been thrown open to the public. The quays were crowded. It happened that high-water was at sunset; and it also happened that more than an ordinary supply of fish being required, a more than ordinary number of fishing vessels from all the adjacent ports and places had resorted to Boulogne. It was an amusing sight to witness the inset of these vessels, which, being light, commenced early on the flood, and for hours had I watched the arrivals, and the landing of their cargoes of fish; and, at about the time I thought the pilot would bring my craft in, I was watching the outlets of the then numerous vessels, nervously hoping my craft might keep out until they were all clear, for there was an immense fleet of them.

The captain, to do honour to the occasion, had crossed his spread yard, and hoisted all the bunting he had on board—two complete sets of Marryatt's signals, and numerous Burgees and ensigns; among the rest, parallel with our own British colours, floated a new tricolour I bought at Dieppe. There she sat, like a swan on the water, graceful and elegant; the cynosure of numerous glasses, and the admiration of thousands, principally English. She weighed; and under main-sail, with tack well up, and jib, began

to thread her way over the bar through the fishing craft.

For a time all went well; but many were the shaves I witnessed as she approached the pier, close to which, in avoiding two vessels, one on each side, she took too broad a sheer, and smash went the bowsprit against the pier, into which the end made a hole.

"Monsieur will pay de damage!" said the harbour-master, to whom I had been talking.

Losing her jib, which was fast to the pier with the end of the bowsprit, and the gear of both of which was hastily let go or cut away, the vessel flew up in the wind, and across hawse of two luggers, one on each side. Away went the spread yard in three pieces, the yard-arms foul of either lugger; and the last I saw of all my beautiful flags was their being towed by the luggers clean away to sea. Boats went to the assistance of my craft; mainsail down, and the foresail up, she again paid off, and in she came, looking more like a vessel just out of action, than one prepared to take a part in a pageant which will long be remembered in the annals of our country.

Great then was my annoyance at the untoward event which occurred to prevent my yacht taking part in the splendid pageant that attended the disembarkment of His Royal Highness



Prince Albert at Boulogne, where he was received with all the honours due to his exalted station. I had mounted four brass swivel guns, intending to have fired a royal salute, had engaged a veteran of the artillery for the sole purpose of loading my ordnance, and had procured an additional number of flags and pendants, ready to dress out my craft, when the accident I have recorded took place; and so crest-fallen was I, that I had scarcely the heart to enter into the magnificent spectacle that awaited me around, more especially the meeting of Napoleon III. and the consort of Victoria I.—a meeting which, in the history of the world, has no parallel. If this interview was not attended with that splendour which was so prominent a feature in the celebrated one which took place between Henry VIII. and François I., on the 7th of June, 1520, in the “Field of the Cloth of Gold,” it was doubly interesting from the circumstances in which France and England were then placed, fighting hand in hand against the common enemy, the rapacious autocrat of Russia. The French chronicler of the day thus describes the latter pageant, “On Thursday, the king of France and the king of England met in the valley of Valdoré, between Ardres and Guines. The king (François I.) was mounted on a beautiful charger, dressed in a doublet of cloth of gold, with a cloak

of the same material, studded with the most brilliant jewels, the sleeves of which were ornamented with the largest and finest pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. His bonnet of velvet was mounted with feathers and glittering stones. The king of England appeared in a suit of silver, enriched with precious gems; while his huge white plume fluttered gracefully in the summer breeze. As they entered the valley, accompanied by their constables, they checked the pace of their coursers, and with drawn swords approached one another. Upon nearing one another, they clapped their spurs into the sides of their steeds, as if they were about to cross swords in combat; when, in an instant, they simultaneously doffed their bonnets, and embraced one another most cordially."

That Francis I. resembled in many respects the present Emperor of the French will readily be granted, as they were both noble and gallant. As a protector of the arts, the former fully merited the title awarded him of the *restaurateur des lettres*; and those who have watched the career of the present ruler of France will render him equal justice as a supporter of *les beaux arts*. Between the two English sovereigns, "Bluff Harry" and Victoria, not the slightest similarity can be traced; the former, according to the histo-

rian, "possessed the worst qualities incident to human nature." Violence, cruelty, profusion, rapacity, injustice, obstinacy, arrogance, bigotry, presumption, caprice, were the prominent features of the monarch's character; while the only redeeming points were that he was sincere, open, gallant, liberal, and capable, at least, of a temporary friendship and attachment, possessing some talent for letters, and an encourager of them in others. Let the difference between the two nations not be overlooked. In Henry's reign we waged war against Louis XII., and twice, through the jealousy of our sovereign, against this successor, Francis. England and Scotland were divided against one another, as many a bloody field can bear witness to. In Victoria's happy reign, France and England are united.

We have digressed, and must return to our personal adventures. The result of the untoward affair I have recorded was to make up my mind to sell my yacht and buy a larger one. I immediately turned my attention to Gestar, a celebrated builder — carefully abstaining from finding fault with her qualifications, and simply saying I wanted a vessel with greater accommodation; he, of course, knew exactly what I wanted, and was sure he would suit me exactly. He showed me over three cutters and two schooners;

named the price of each; had the sails spread out of the one I most liked, the Billow, which my captain pronounced as being in good condition; and all was settled, except the single little question as to taking back in part payment the sweet little vessel he had previously so highly lauded on selling her to me—not only as possessing all the finest sea-going qualities, but as being just the size that would find the readiest purchaser whenever I determined to dispose of her.

“Take her back!” said he; “what can I do with her? She will be on my hands for ever! It’s not a saleable size—too small. People don’t like, you see, to be half drowned in a breeze; indeed I can’t think of it—unless, indeed, you are prepared for a great sacrifice. Besides, sir,” he continued, “I have heard that she did not steer well in the breeze you were caught in, and that she was not stiff. Now, sir, after that, I shall have somewhat to do to get rid of reports that will spread to her prejudice. I must alter the place of her mast, restore her ballast, and go to considerable expense to make a saleable cutter of her.”

I looked amazed. He proceeded—

“Besides, she is too small for the market, and people will have longer vessels, and faster ones; and she is slow as well as short for the times.”

I will not dwell upon Mr. Gestar's specious argument. To make a short story of it, I succeeded in getting rid of my craft to him for exactly half the sum on account that I had paid him ten days before; and a good riddance I thought it. Well satisfied did I feel until the Sunday following, when, in a conspicuous place in my *Bell's Life*, I read the following, which I copy verbatim:—

“YACHT FOR SALE.

“The fast sailing cutter Rover—28 tons. This unequalled vessel for speed and the highest sea-going qualities, as lately proved in a heavy gale in the Channel, when she worked herself off a lee shore, rarely shipped a drop of water, proved herself an admirable sea boat, never missed stays, steered wonderfully, and scudded as dry as, and like a bird before a heavy sea, has again come into the possession of Mr. Gestar, who built her after the lines of the celebrated ‘America.’ She is nearly new, and was only parted with because her owner requires larger accommodations for his increasing family, and having in prospect a voyage to the Mediterranean or India. N.B.—She is admirably adapted for either the Thames or Channel sailing, being extremely handy, and drawing for her tonnage but little water. Five tons of lead ballast to be disposed of, recently replaced by iron in the Rover yacht.”

“So,” said I, “I am done in every way; and the lead, which I forgot was in her, is worth almost all the money allowed me on account.”

I tried to philosophize, but felt disgusted and mortified. My mortification, however, was not

complete until the evening, when I met my friend Hargreaves in Mr. Gestar's yard.

"What are you doing here?" said I.

"Come to buy a yacht; Mrs. Hargreaves saw an advertisement, and has been advised by Seymour and Bright to try sea-air afloat, and I have just bought the very nicest little cutter I ever saw—The Rover."

My recent purchase; and Hargreaves, a tip-top sailor, the authority *par excellence* on all questions regarding yachts. "Pray," said I, "if it is not a secret, what may you have given?"

"Three hundred and eighty pounds," he responded. Exactly half I had taken on account.

"Gestar says for that sum, however, he means to restore the ballast, put some lead in, and shift the mast one foot farther aft—all of which he assures me he can do for about 5*l.* expended on labour only. She will be quite ready for us tomorrow; and I have already been offered 50*l.* for my purchase. How very elegantly and luxuriously she has been fitted out!"

"Elegantly, indeed," said I, groaning over the sums I had expended upon her.

As the yachting season had scarcely begun, I tried to console myself with my new purchase, hoping that my future adventures would prove more satisfactory than the ones I had met with.



While upon the subject of yachting, I cannot refrain from alluding to one who is about to secede from a business which for many years he has carried on with the greatest satisfaction to the public at large, and whose loss as an upright, conscientious, and highly-gifted tradesman will be felt by all who have ever had any transactions with him. I refer to Eversfield, the sail-maker—unquestionably one, I will not say more, of the best of his craft. In retiring from the canvas into the corn trade, we wish him every success; he will leave behind him many brilliant mementos of his science; for as long as *The Pearl*, *The Arrow*, *cum multis aliis*, remain afloat, they will bear testimony to the truth of what we have stated.

“There is no kind of mistake about the cut of Eversfield’s sails,” said an old sailor-friend of mine. “You can always tell them by their setting.” Only give him the true dimensions of your spars, and it is rare indeed that even the slightest alteration is necessary. His mainsails sit like boards, and require no Yankee lacings at the foot, so doing away with one of the grand desiderata in cutter sailing—the speedy raising of the tack. His jibs and foresails are perfect; no girting, no strains in wrong places. His canvas is sure to be of the double-milled best Coker, and sewed with first-rate twine, dipped in a mild composition of

turpentine and oil; and not soaked in bad and burning tar, making the whole yacht redolent of that perfume whenever a new sail is brought on deck, or the scuttle of the sail-room is opened on shifting a jib, or getting out smaller canvas.

In conclusion, I would venture to recommend all purchasers of yachts to be extremely wary in their proceedings; many are advertised for sale that are in so unseaworthy a state, and so badly found in stores, that they would cost more than they are worth to make complete. A coat of paint to hide weepings—a few yards of chintz, at sixpence a yard—a showy carpet—often cover defects which are not found out until the bargain is complete. I would therefore advise any friend of mine about to purchase, to have tons of water thrown upon the decks and over the skylights (unless he chooses a rainy day for inspection), if he is not permitted, or if circumstances do not allow of, a fair trial in a sea way, in a stiff breeze—a thing that rarely can happen with yachts on sale, because of their being usually unrigged when laid up, and of the time and expense of attaining that end, to say nothing of the counteracting inclinations of the seller. If, however, the buyer insists, and agrees to pay the piper for the trial, and the seller refuses, it may fairly be suspected that there is a screw loose somewhere—just the same

as if he declined to let her be proved by a shipwright, or her bottom examined when dry.

To the seller let me add one word. Many a yacht remains "on hand" from the fact of the enormous prices that are asked: but that I will pass over, as every one has a right (to follow the Newcastle principle) to do what he likes with his own; but what I find fault with, is, that in too many cases, a sum is named to the secretaries of clubs and shipowners, far above the price the vendor intends to take, and far above what he has previously stated to be his terms; the result is, the agent is blamed, a long correspondence, generally ending in smoke, ensues, and an opportunity is thus lost. A written instruction, mentioning the lowest figure, would not prevent a higher being asked and given, and would save an infinity of trouble, by bringing about a sale in a business-like manner. Sincerely do I trust that the above remarks may prove of some service to those in search of a yacht.

## CHAPTER IV.

Owning a Yacht—Purchase of the “Highland Lassie”—The Royal Thames Yacht Club—A Series of Misadventures—The Attractions of Cowes—The Late Earl of Yarborough, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron—A Trip to the Needles—More Mortifications and Mishaps—Splicing the Main Brace—Arrival at Cherbourg—Appearance of the Town and Docks—The Stores of Mahièu Frères.

“My bark upon the sea.”

BYRON.

HAVING already given my readers a chapter entitled “Wanted a Yacht,” I now proceed to point out the delights and miseries I experienced when I found my name entered in the list of the Royal Thames Yacht Club as owner of the “Highland Lassie,” cutter of forty-five tons.

The “Highland Lassie” had been built in the Clyde as a wager-boat, albeit, fortunately for me, the shipwright had united strength with speed;

and, notwithstanding her crankness from being overmasted, no vessel proved herself more seaworthy than did this little craft, after I had bought my experience at some little cost, and reduced her spars and mainsail by many feet and cloths. My sailing master, called *par excellence* the captain, had donned a new suit of nauticals, and, with a gold-laced cap, strutted the deck as proud as any peacock I ever beheld, as the gig, containing my own dear self, and manned by two athletic young sailors, pulled alongside the yacht. "Weigh enough, in bow!" I exclaimed in a pompous tone, but not in time to save my yacht's copper from a severe blow from the stem of my boat. The "skipper" gave a look of horror, and, shrugging up his shoulders, seemed to imply "What a land-lubber!" In a minute, however, he recovered his self-possession, and took off his cap, as for the first time I trod the well-cleaned deck of my own vessel.

"Well, captain," I said, somewhat vauntingly, "I hope you have found the 'Highland Lassie' answer the description I got of her from her late owner."

"There's no denying, my lord, that she is a very fine vessel," he replied; "but there are yet many things to be done before she will be perfect."

“How?” I eagerly inquired.

“Why, at present she’s overmasted, and her boom is large enough for a yacht of nearly double her tonnage. By reducing both she will become a wholesome vessel, while at the present time she is so crank that I should not like to trust myself in her outside the Isle of Wight. In the least bubble of a sea she’s rail under; and it was only yesterday, when I brought her from Lymington, that we were under a close-reefed mainsail and storm jib, when the ‘Lively,’ of five-and-thirty tons, was standing well up under a whole mainsail and gaff topsail. That ain’t altogether right.”

“In other respects I trust she is all you could expect.”

“Pretty well, my lord,” responded he; “her decks are rather thin; and the starboard bulwarks, which were stove in last season off Greenwich, have been shockingly repaired—all paint and putty. The chain cable, too, is so choked with rust in the locker that it must be put in the fire and be galvanized; for woe betide us if we get alongside a barge or collier in the river, and wish to let go our anchor with any range of cable.”

“I’ll see to those things, captain,” I responded; when he proceeded—

“The standing and running rigging is very defective, and the main-sail won’t stand a puff.”



“What do you mean?” I inquired. “I understood her stores to be in perfect order.”

“Why, the truth is, my lord, she’s been very badly looked after; everything was put away in a hurry, and the sail loft was rather leaky. I don’t think she could have had a breath of air let into her during the winter, and the gig and dingy have been most scandalously treated. You will have, I fear, to order two new boats.”

Whilst this conversation was going on, the truth of the statement was made apparent to me; for one man was employed baling out the gig, while the other two hands showed me the thin parts of the mainsail. Disgusted with what I had seen on deck, I dived below, and there found I had only escaped from Scylla to be wrecked on Charybdis.

“The after-cabin leaks a little,” proceeded Captain Miles; “and the bull’s-eye in the state-room has got damaged somehow. It’s a sad pity; but by rights she ought to have been thoroughly caulked before the new chintz was put up.” I looked round, and found my beautiful new lining covered with mouldy marks. “The painter, too, has not made a good job of it; he ought to have scraped off the old coating and ironed it down; you see the stains show through the white; and the bulwarks and companion, to which I forgot to

call your attention, are full of blisters; they had not time to dry, so the least touch or chafing will ruin them." I looked aghast, as I saw the white-and-gold after-cabin speckled with buff-coloured marks of iron, giving the appearance of one of Batty's best-trained skew-bald horses. "The china door-handles don't exactly fit, and one of the plates was cracked in putting on; they ought to have had a lining of thin wash-leather."

I was dumb-founded at the catalogue of grievances, when my tormentor continued—"I have made out a sort of list, and an estimate of what is necessary—"

"Read it," I petulently interrupted.

"An eighteen-foot gig of elm, copper fastened; four ash oars, boat hook, mahogany back-board, stretchers, brass crutches, head and stern sheets, oak grating, six fenders, brass yoke, white lines, and iron davits; lug sail, mast, and yard—say thirty-five pounds. A twelve-foot dingy complete—say twelve more. Touching the davits, we could manage to do without them, by hoisting the gig up to a tackle to the shrouds for the stem, and another to the runner for the stern rings; but they'd be very handy, and give a handsome appearance if galvanized. Mainsail coat—ours is completely worn out, and is as black as a collier's—say a five-pound note; two new oval eight-

gallon breakers, galvanized iron hoops, and water-funnel, copper nozzle—about thirty shillings; about five hundred-weight of rope at three pound fifteen—eighteen pound fifteen; by the way, if we could run over to Cherbourg, we should get better rope at a little more than half the price; a new lamp to binnacle—that's a trifle; starboard bulwarks and companion-door want looking to; chain cable ditto; two cork fenders required, and a new warp. As for the painting, it will of course last this summer; but it does not look well. The decks and sides must be caulked; and with a few yards of chintz and an oil-cloth, we can manage pretty well."

I groaned aloud at this statement, not alone on account of the expense, but because I felt I should be detained for at least a fortnight in the Itchin river, Southampton, where my yacht was lying, and the above conversation took place. At last, "screwing my courage up to the sticking point," I sent for a boat-builder, sail-maker, painter, caulker, carpenter, and joiner, and gave the respective orders.

"We shall make a little noise, I fear," said the caulker; "but we can commence with the forepart, so as not to disturb you early."

"Never mind the noise," I replied, thinking it would be little worse than that of holy-stoning

the decks, and not liking to run up an hotel bill at the not over-reasonable town of Southampton.

Dawn broke the following morning, and with it came the workmen, when I was awoke with the most discordant sounds I ever had the misfortune to hear; fifty anvils at work at the same time would give but a faint idea of the process of caulking, which, to adopt a phrase of the fast men of the present day, was perfectly "stunning." To sleep was impossible; so, hastening over my toilet and breakfast, I landed, ordering dinner to be got ready the moment the work was over. Twice during the day I pulled alongside the yacht, and what with the hammering and scraping, and the pulverized materials that came from the deck and bulwarks, my ears as well as eyes were in a most awful state. For four days was I subject to the above infliction, and on the fifth the painters made their appearance to give the first coat; this was followed by a second and third, when the oak graining commenced, and I was congratulating myself upon the thought of having the job finished, when the barometer fell, and, true as a needle to the pole, a shower followed. "We had better rig out the awning," said I, "and get all the old sails over the new painting." This was accordingly done, and we managed for a few hours to keep everything nice and dry; the wind,

however, got up, and a regular squall ensued, so much so that the painters took their leave, and I was driven below. "Well, it's lucky," I exclaimed, "that the caulking is finished, or with this pitiless storm we should have had more shower-baths than would be agreeable." But I had reckoned without my host, for upon entering my state room (as the fore-cabin was ostentatiously called) the water was dripping down the bull's-eye. I then proceeded to the after-cabin, which I found still leaked in two places. Sending the caulkers, as far as wishes went, to a place said to be paved with good intentions, I sat down and indited a very angry epistle, requesting the work might be made good the following morning. While signing my name, huge drops of water fell upon the paper and blotted out nearly all I had written. A leakage had appeared in the skylight, to keep out which I was compelled to cover it with a tarpaulin.

"You may light the lamp, and bring dinner," I said.

"Beg your pardon," replied my culinary artist, thrusting his head into the cabin, "but we have had an accident with the funnel; one of the ropes that fastened the oil-cloth over the newly-painted bulwark got foul of it and carried it away, and all the soot has fallen into the saucepan and oven;

the broth, fish, and beef are not fit to send to table."

"Then I must be satisfied with the pickled salmon and the cold lamb."

"I'll serve it immediately," said the cook, taking his leave. "Why, what has happened to the fish and the joint?" he exclaimed, as he unlocked the door of the safe on deck, in which I kept my cold provisions. "I declare they are all spoilt."

Remembering the old adage that "misfortunes never come singly," and feeling extremely hungry, I rushed up the companion ladder, and there saw such a scene as almost baffles description—my bread, butter, cheese, pickled salmon, cold lamb, and currant tart were immersed in green paint, which the cook was in vain trying to get rid of. The cause of it was soon explained; the safe being made of perforated zinc, had been "touched up," as the lad called it, with two coats of paint, without the precaution of removing the contents; so every dab of the brush which was meant for the out found its way in-side, and completely destroyed my provision for the day. Knowing from the able statement of that enlightened friend to humanity, Doctor Hassall, that there is always enough "death in the pot" without the aid of additional poison, and fearing the men might be tempted to take parts that might not be deemed



affected, I ordered the food to be thrown over-board.

"Man the boat," I said, and hand up my waterproof cloak."

"You forget," responded the captain, "that, as you said you would not want her this afternoon, we gave her a coat of paint, and she won't be dry until to-morrow morning."

Cut off from all communication with the land, I was about to give myself up to despair, when a collier's boat passed within hail, and pulling towards us, I soon got a passage to the landing stairs.

"I fear you have damaged your jacket a little," said one of the men; "there's a nail that I did not see when you sat down."

"And your trousers," remarked another, "are a trifle the worse for the pitch. I thought it would have dried up sooner."

A huge rent and a large stain proved the truth of the assertion, and upon reaching the wharf, my piebald nether garments and torn jacket gave me more the appearance of a ship-wrecked mariner than a yacht-owner. Fortunately I had left a cloak with Payne the boat-builder, and borrowing a basket from him, and securing one of his gigs to take me off to the yacht after I had catered for my dinner, I proceeded to the High

Street. Few towns can exceed Southampton in shops, and having purchased some excellent pickled salmon at Miles', a cold chicken and tongue at the pastrycook's, and other eatables at the baker's and grocer's, I hastened back to the wharf, and with appetite for sauce, enjoyed as good a dinner as ever I sat down to.

"Just bring me that small hamper which came down from London yesterday week," said I, intending to enjoy a glass or two of Randolph Payne's best claret.

The man went upon his mission, when a loud groan, and an "Oh! dear!" soon showed some accident had happened.

"Why, who'd have thought it?" muttered he; "that land-lubber, the glazier's boy, used it as a stool to stand upon, when he was putting in a pane of glass in the after-cabin, and more than half the bottles are broken. There's one consolation," continued he, "the young rascal must have grazed his shins nicely. And only to think of his slyness in hiding the hamper away under the companion-ladder.

The breakage proved more than I expected; there was not one sound bottle left out of the three dozen. So, what with the loss of the Château Lafitte, the fumes of which ruby liquor trinkling down the floor tantalized me not a little,

I was as miserable a dog as any in the kingdom, and seriously thought of giving up yachting.

The morning that succeeded the day upon which my misadventures recorded in the commencement of this chapter took place, broke forth in unusual splendour. A clear blue sky, a light breeze from the southward, and a hot scorching sun pronounced it to be everything that a yachtsman—at least one who confines his sailing inside the island—could wish for; so, as the tide in the Southampton waters favoured me, I ordered the captain to get under weigh the moment after breakfast. My destination was Cowes, than which, for amateur sailing, no more perfect spot exists within an easy distance of the metropolis, for a man may breakfast in St. James's and lunch at the club house of the Royal Yacht Squadron. It possesses other attractions, the first and foremost of which is a safe anchorage, either in the roads or harbour; then the beauty and brilliancy of the scene, combining all that is picturesque by sea and land. The fleet of noble merchantmen from all parts of the habitable globe;—the stars and stripes of America floating proudly from some New York "clipper"—the meteor-flag of Old England fluttering gracefully to the breeze, over a magnificent vessel freighted for the East, emblem of the mercantile wealth of our "tight

little island"—the heavy-laden timber-ship from Canada—the collier from Newcastle—the Billy-boy from the North—the brig from Bremen, with its heavy stern—the Dutch galliot so picturesque, though slow of foot—the flat-sided Swedish bark—the bluff-bowed Dane—the "ship-shape" Sardinian—the raking schooner from the New World—the fishing-smack from Portland—the oyster-vessel with its Apician luxuries—the lobster-boat from Yarmouth—are all anchored in the roads, awaiting tide or wind, or orders. Then, within range of a good telescope, may be seen Portsmouth, Spithead (crowded with shipping), the New Forest, Calshot Castle (erected towards the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., about the same period that East and West Cowes Castles date their origin), the West Channel, Beulah, and Lymington; while Newtown, Yarmouth, Alum Bay, the Needles, Freshwater and Chale Bays, Black-Gang Chine, the rampart rock of St. Catherine's, the Undercliff, the dark Dunnose (the once-famed haunt of the smuggler), Bembridge Point, St. Helen's Roads, Ryde, King's Key (where tradition places King John among the fishermen), are all within easy distances by sea or land. Appledurcumbe, also, the residence of the late truly popular commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the lamented Earl of Yarborough

(whose ancestor, Sir Richard Worsley, governed the island, and wrote its history, freighted a ship at his own expense, and gathered from Italy, Spain, Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, and Tartary an unrivalled collection of articles of virtu and antiquities), is in view.

To resume my own adventures. Having invited a party of friends, including some ladies, to sail with me to the Needles and back, I gave my captain directions to make every preparation for lunch, and to have the after-cabin neatly arranged with flowers, in case any of the fair sex should be driven below by rain, sickness, or any other ills that human flesh is heir to.

"I'll do my best," he responded; "but the painter's boy upset his varnish-pot over the chintz curtains and carpet, and I doubt much whether the stains will ever come out."

"If you can match the pattern in Cowes," I replied, "you had better replace them, and the old ones will do for bad weather."

"A yard or two of silk, to keep out the sun," continued my skipper, "would be an improvement; and four nice brass rods, to hang it on, would complete the job."

"Get the silk—dark blue will suit the crockery; and Atkey can furnish the rods."

"Oh! that reminds me, my lord, that the

caulker who went below to find out the cause of the leak met with a trifling accident, and broke the jug and soap-tray; we've kept the pieces, so, perhaps, they can be cemented."

"That will never do," I rejoined; "and if I cannot get a pretty set here, I will go over to Southampton this afternoon, and bring them back in the steamer."

"To set out the luncheon handsomely," he proceeded, "we ought to have a new table-cloth and some napkins. The former is a little singed from being held too near the galley-fire; and we used the latter to mop up the claret that was spilt the first day we got under weigh."

Giving the order for the above requisitions, and fearing that more might be required if I remained, I shortened my visit on board; and, getting into the steamboat, proceeded to Southampton. Just as the captain of the "Ruby" had (from the paddle-wheel) ordered the warp to be let go, my gig, my own new gig, pulled alongside.

"Stop her," cried the skipper, with that deference which is always paid to yachts' boats.

"Out fenders," shouted the man at the helm; "keep her off, or she'll be stove in."

"Unship your rudder and your port crutches," I exclaimed in a voice of agony; "that shore-boat will foul you."



Before the order could be obeyed, a violent crash took place, and I was minus a brass yoke and two crutches.

"One word, my lord," said my captain, scrambling on deck; "we shall require two new campstools, without you have the table shifted to one side, close to the sofa."

"Shift it to the starboard side, and I will get the stools; they will always be useful."

Between these two stools, as will be eventually shown, I realized the truth of the old proverb, and came to the ground.

"One turn astern," said the captain of the steamer, somewhat disappointed at finding no addition to his passengers, for my "skipper" had dropped down into my gig, and with some difficulty kept her out of the bubbling cauldron caused by the paddle-wheel of the "Ruby," now in full play.

Upon reaching Southampton, I sallied forth into the High Street, where I made my purchases and returned in the afternoon laden with chintz, silk, crockery, napkins, yoke, crutches, and table-cover.

"Have everything ready to-morrow morning by eleven o'clock," I said, as I went on board the "Highland Lassie;" "the tide will suit us admirably, and if this breeze continues, we shall

have a soldier's wind, fair to the Nab Light, and back."

The captain promised obedience to my orders, and I returned to Aris's Hotel, where I was in the habit of taking up my quarters.\*

The hour had arrived when I was to meet my party in front of the Club-house, to take them on board. My own gig and a shore boat were in attendance; the ladies were punctual; the sea was without a ripple, the sky cloudless, and we all anticipated an agreeable day. Whether such expectations were to be realized remains to be proved.

"What a beautiful gig!" exclaimed one of the fair ones, who was a thorough yacht-woman.

"Yes," I responded, imagining the remark applied to mine; "it pulls light, and does great credit to Payne, the builder, at Northam."

"I thought," she continued, "it had been built at the dockyard; but wherever it comes from, it is a splendid specimen."

"We had better divide our party," I remarked, "Lady Heston and the young ladies can come in my gig, and Captain Hinchinbroke and Mr. Gladstone can follow in the other."

\* Since writing the above, the death of Mr. Aris has taken place. His loss will be severely felt at Cowes, where he was highly respected by all classes, as an honest, obliging, civil landlord.

"No, that is not the boat," said Miss Maria Heston, the former speaker, as her servant placed her cloak in the stern sheets of my pet pair-oared. "I should not like to trust myself in such a cockle-shell."

I looked perfectly horrified, and turning round saw the boat that had attracted so much attention; it was one belonging to Her Majesty's yacht, beautifully modelled and painted, and manned by six as fine young fellows as ever I cast my eyes upon.

"And will you, too, desert me, Lady Heston?" I imploringly asked.

"Why, to speak candidly, I should prefer going with Joseph Clarke, for your gig is rather small for so large a party.

Somewhat crestfallen, I handed the ladies in, and placing myself by their side, requested the two gentlemen to pull off in the "Highland Lassie's" boat. As we got on board, I saw my captain looking anxiously over the rail.

"The gentleman is pulling the wrong line," he exclaimed; "he'll run foul of that schooner; and there he goes; the bow stove in, and the oar broke."

A crash and an imprecation proved that my skipper was right, as he muttered to himself, "It's all along with trusting the rudder to a land-lubber."

"What is to be done?" I asked. "We cannot go to sea without a boat, and that is filling fast."

"Clarke had better tow it ashore," chimed in my captain, "and hire one from Hanson, while ours is repairing."

To this I agreed; and after an hour's delay, all was ready, and slipping our moorings, we got under weigh, and with a light breeze from the southward steered for the Nab. For the first two hours no adventure worth recording occurred, except that, in passing under the stern of a frigate, I shaved one of her boats too closely, and nearly capsized it, much to the astonishment of a weather-beaten tar, who, looking aghast at me, exclaimed, "Who the devil taught him to steer?" a remark which caused a smile from the ladies, and a general titter from my men.

The breeze had now freshened a little, and fearing that the bobble we were in would increase, I proposed luncheon, a measure that was unanimously seconded by all present. Lady Heston and her daughters went below to take off their bonnets and cloaks, when all of a sudden a loud crash and a piercing scream told me some mishap had occurred, and upon rushing down the companion ladder to inquire the cause, a scene presented itself that almost baffles description; on one of the sofas Miss Maria was sitting, terrified

almost to death, the swing table actually pinning her down, and the contents of it deposited in her lap. Chickens, tongues, lobsters, salad, jellies, fish sauces, crockery, glass, decanters, wine, bottled beer, were all mingled together; while Lady Heston was in vain attempting to pull the table back to its proper equilibrium.

"I hope you are not hurt," said the latter.

"My side pains me a little," replied the young girl, "but it might have been much worse; happily the fall of the table was broken by the camp stools, and if the leaf had not given way, I should have been seriously injured."

"I fear your dress is completely spoilt," I said, "but that can easily be replaced; the luncheon, I fear, will prove the most serious loss."

In the meantime the cook, who acted as steward, was busily employed in extricating the young lady from her awkward position, and having accomplished that object, set to work to save the remnant of the feast. The party, after arranging their dresses in the after-cabin, came on deck, and were obliged to content themselves with a few hard biscuits and a bottle of sherry. Not wishing to appear inhospitable, I invited the gentlemen to dine with me, having ascertained that by a little management the luncheon could be made available for dinner. To this proposition

they gladly agreed ; and after an agreeable sail back to Cowes Roads, I landed the ladies in safety, having previously assured Miss Maria that in less than eight-and-forty hours a new dress from Hardinge's would reach her, as also a Leghorn bonnet for her sister, her own being damaged severely, the contents of the ice-pail having completely saturated it.

Anticipating a good dinner, which I had taken especial care to order before I went on shore, I returned at seven with my friends, and springing up the side, called my servant to serve.

"Please, my lord," said he, "we no sooner got the boiler to work than it began leaking, and every minute got worse and worse, and the bottom of the fireplace wont hold coals. We had no occasion for to try the stove before, but now we finds it completely worn out—worn, in fact, past repair ; for if we were to be caught in a breeze and sea, and have much motion, it is pretty certain the lashing handles would draw, and if we was a cooking at the same time, why, the consequences might be setting fire to the vessel, and at sea that might be attended with danger."

Finding that ill-luck had set in against me, I was obliged to apologize to my friends for changing the venue, and we proceeded to the Fountain Hotel (Aris's being completely full), where we



enjoyed a very fair dinner, albeit the landlord had not followed that excellent advice offered by the author of "London at Table,"—"Keep your cooking up, and your bills down." The day's sail had proved untoward and expensive—the extras consisting of a lunch spoilt, breakages, a silk dress, a Leghorn bonnet, and a dinner for three—total, £20! As the Scotch Dominie says, "Prodigious!"

As the misadventure I have just recorded was talked over in the Club-rooms, gathering like a rolling snowball sundry additions, and being at last so highly coloured that I should scarcely have recognized the original, I felt it prudent to absent myself from Cowes until the affair had blown over; and having appeased the just anger of the ladies, by presenting them with the most fashionable silk dress and bonnet of the season, I ordered my captain to prepare for a cruise to Cherbourg. "I shall sleep on board to-night," said I; "and as the bedding may be damp, have the stove lighted in the main cabin."

"Stove—main cabin," repeated the skipper.

"Yes," I responded.

"Have you got the inventory, my lord?" inquired Miles, hesitatingly.

"To be sure I have; here it is."

He took the paper from my hand, and conned it over.

"Here it is, sure enough: Iron stove—'not quite complete,' written in pencil."

"That's my remark. The late captain of the yacht, when I looked over the stores—rather hastily, I own—told me the stove was not perfect."

"Perfect! why, it's a dummy, a make-believe one. The fact is, when the mast was shifted, the funnel was removed; and if so be as we were to have another, it would be right under the boom."

"A dummy!" I exclaimed with horror.

"Yes, my lord, a sham one. I was some little time discovering it, as it was always filled with gilt-looking shavings."

"Well," I replied, somewhat ashamed at my want of acuteness, "we must lose no time in ordering a small iron stove, and have it fixed without delay."

In less than six hours the job was completed, and with a favourable breeze, we got under-weight for Lymington Creek, intending to anchor there that night, so as to start at daylight the following morning for our foreign port. In due time we reached the "Jack-in-the-basket" that marks the entrance of the river; but not before taking the ground, and here again I discovered how defective were my stores. In running a warp out, to keep the vessel in the stream, as the tide rose, and heaving what appeared to me to be a small

strain upon it, snap it went in the middle ; and upon examining the strands, I found that the whole life of the rope had departed, leaving nothing but dead yarns. The remnant was speedily coiled in the boat, and despatched to Lymington. After a delay of three hours, during the latter part of which I was anxiously looking out for my boat, the wind having freshened, I caught sight of her with the two men, but only one sculling ; and upon nearing the yacht, which she never would have done but for the ebb tide, I learned that all the thowle-pins had been carried away, and some of the wooden ends started ; so, while one man was sculling, the other had enough to do to keep the boat free, by baling with his hat, the baling kid having been cleverly stowed away under the new warp, which, upon fresh thowles being put into the boat, was carried out to the post, despite of a huge injunction, that vessels moored to these posts would be cut away, and the owners prosecuted as the law directs. What law that may be I never discovered—probably *main* law, which no one regards, at least in our land of liberty.

At daylight the following morning, at nearly the top of high-water, having made our boat tight enough to cast the rope off, and the anchor being up, we hoisted her in, and made sail with a nice breeze from the north-east, shaping our course for

the Needles. The wind gradually freshened as we neared them; but being off the land, it did not affect the smoothness of the water, or disturb my passengers, who were still, as the novelists say, "wrapped in the arms of Morpheus." No sooner, however, did it open, than we found ourselves in a bobble of a sea, caused as much by the flood tide running against the wind, as the strength of the wind itself. What my passengers below thought of the noises that ensued—for reefing and shifting jibs was all at once the order of the day—I know not; but certain queries addressed to the helmsman from pallid countenances, which, like the spirits that appeared to the tyrant Richard, popped their heads up, and almost as quickly down again, satisfied me that there was considerable inward commotion below, keeping pace with the confusion and motion on deck.

"Bear a-hand," exclaimed the captain, who was standing on the boat, tying the points of the mainsail; "she's adrift, lay hold." At that time the worthy skipper suspended operations in every sense of the word but one, for he was himself suspended from the points of the mainsail, the boat having slipped from under him, and the lee bulwark at this moment being, from the press of canvas, level with the water.

"Down with the helm," roared the captain,

still himself in the air. The cutter flew to the wind, the mainsail gave one shake, and down he went on his back on what was the weather side of the deck. The vessel filled, the skipper picked himself up, shook himself, and, aided by another hand, very soon made all snug.

“I wish them was in limbo who left that old rope here; one can’t tell it well from new, until it gives way, and then one finds it rotten to the heart’s core: it’s a wonder to me the boat did not carry away the bulwark, or go clean away herself, for she was afloat, and, for the matter of that, I might have gone in her.” With this soliloquy, he shook the water off the “nor’wester,” and went below—I suppose to “splice the main-brace,” or, in other words, to take a nip at the brandy bottle. The tide now began to change, and being the same way as the wind, the sea very soon went down; but the breeze still remained fresh and favourable, and we went gallantly across the Channel, at the rate of eight or nine knots, so that in about five hours we were tolerably in with the French shore. While anticipating the delights of landing in another hour, our attention was called by the man at the helm, singing out “the rudder’s gone;” and sure enough there was the tiller jammed taut down on the deck, both pintles having given way, and

the rudder being solely suspended by the tiller ; the vessel, of course, flew to the wind, we hauled the fore-sheet up, and she lay-to quietly enough, while we got ropes over the stern, unshipped the tiller, and got the rudder on board. As we had no means of making a substitute, we tried the boat, by getting her out, and towing her astern, one of the men steering her ; but although we succeeded in getting her before the wind, we failed in keeping her so, for she gibed and came round on the other tack, proving herself, like an unbridled steed, her own master. A fishing *chasse-marée*, seeing we were in trouble, came within hail, and being himself bound in with fish, cheerfully took us in tow ; in less than half-an-hour, in this inglorious situation, we got within the breakwater, passed under the stern of the guard-ship, dipped our burgee, and came to an anchor. After presenting the skipper with a couple of sovereigns, one for himself, and the other for his crew, I went on shore to make arrangements for the vessel to be put into dock.

The two next days were devoted to putting on new rudder-pintles, repairing the boat, and laying in a fresh store of running rigging ; and here I must digress, with a view of enlightening my fellow yacht-owners as to yarns in general ; I speak practically, not figuratively. At the time I



left Southampton, English rope was three pounds seventeen a hundredweight; while that I procured at Cherbourg, equally good, if not better, was only sixty francs, *id est*, two pounds, ten shillings. This fact speaks for itself, and my astonishment is that every yachtsman who studies economy, and all ought, does not fit out his vessel in the French ports. It may seem very unpatriotic in me to state so; but in the present day, when the rage is to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, I only fall in with the current opinions of the day. I ought to add that Cherbourg has peculiar advantages, from vessels being allowed, without charge, to use the inner basin, where they are always afloat, not subject to port dues, save and except a trifling payment to the watch against fire.

Cherbourg is, to my fancy, the best maritime port of the Channel; the absence of any direct communication from England has kept it free from the visits of the masses of our countrymen who annually migrate to foreign parts; and, therefore, instead of being jostled by the Browns, Jones's and Robinsons, decked out in fancy shooting jackets, gaudy neckcloths, eccentric waistcoats, *outré* chequed trowsers, and unbecoming "wide-awake" hats, you meet the genuine

natives, in the respective forms of military men, sailors, shipwrights, mechanics, tradesmen, and peasants. The town itself is beautifully situated. To the north may be seen the noblest break-water in the world, with its snug harbour, in which innumerable vessels, from a twenty-five ton cutter of the Royal Thames Yacht Club to a French three-decker, lie snugly at anchor. To the west may be heard the busy sounds of the dock-yard, the shipwrights building and repairing, the noise of their tools, and those of the anvil, the vibration of the steam-engine, with its herculean and multifarious operations of pumping, punching, and sawing, while near it the heavy booming of a four-and-twenty pounder, the sharp *rat-a-plan* of the drum, and the spirit-stirring notes of the bugle rend the air. The harbour is dotted with boats, intent on business or pleasure, adding much to the gaiety of the scene. There may be seen the dark dirty boat of an English collier, towing the dismantled vessel into the inner harbour; by her side the well-appointed gig of one of the Royal Yacht Squadron dashes by, manned by four stalwart sailors, with its proud owner carelessly lounging, with the yoke-lines in his *couleur-de-beurre* kid gloves, and mild Havanna; the admiral's barge, with its neat white awning, skims through the water, pulled

by sixteen weather-beaten tars, in dress and appearance like our own, forming a striking contrast to the tiny "dingy" of a Southampton pleasure cutter hired by the week. Government "lighters," pilot vessels, fishing-smacks, merchantmen, yachts, and steamers give constant life to the "silent highway." The inner basin, already referred to, is the snuggest birth that a vessel can lie in; it is approachable at half-tide, with water enough within to float a vessel of any reasonable draught. The constant influx and reflux keep it clean; being situate close to the quay, it combines the advantages of town and sea side. The shops at Cherbourg are extremely good and reasonable, hitherto not spoiled by the prodigality of our islanders; and the fish, flesh, vegetable, and fruit markets are excellent. As a true-born Englishman, I have a natural prejudice in favour of native beef; but I am bound to confess that I never ate finer steaks than I procured at Cherbourg, with two advantages over a similar article in our over-taxed country—the butcher would cut from whatever part you liked, with a cheerful smile instead of a surly growl, and the price was but a trifle more than half a fashionable "purveyor" would charge on the north side of the Channel. A visit to the stores of Mahièu Frères, No. 14, Rue du Château, will

amply repay all who land at Cherbourg, as they will not only meet with the greatest civility and attention, which is ever extended to strangers, but will be put in the way of seeing all the sights of the town, having their letters of credit cashed; and last, not least, be enabled to lay in a store of the best French wines and brandy, at a reasonable rate, taking care, however, that, before landing them in England, a declaration is made to the Custom House authorities.

## CHAPTER V.

Historical Interest of Cherbourg—Anecdote of Henry III. of England, from Froissart—The Marine and Military Arsenals—Magnitude of the Breakwater and Docks—Loss of Lord Alfred Paget's Yacht "Alma"—Increase in the Number of Collisions at Sea—Yachting Waters—A Sudden Squall at Brighton—The Independence of a Yacht Owner—The Cockney Paradise Margate—Chase of a Smuggler—Scarborough—The Luxuries of Yachting—Its National Importance.

IN an historical point of view, Cherbourg claims much interest, for which we must refer the reader to the pages of Froissart; we cannot, however, refrain from giving, upon his authority, an anecdote of Henry III., upon his landing in France.

"When the fleet of England was all safely arrived at La Hogue, the king leaped on shore first, but by accident he fell, and with such violence that the blood gushed out at his nose. The

knights that were near him said, 'Dear sir, (sire, we presume), let us entreat you to return to your ship, and not think of landing to-day, for this is an unfortunate omen.' The King instantly replied, 'For why? I look upon it as very favourable, and a sign that the land is desirous of me.'" The French chronicler then proceeds to describe the advance of the armies by sea and land; the capture of Barfleur; adding, "They advanced until they came to a considerable and wealthy town called Cherbourg, which they burnt and pillaged in part; but they could not conquer the castle, as it was too strong, and well-garrisoned with men-at-arms." It is also famed as being near the scene of the battle of La Hogue, in 1692, between the English and French combined fleets, under Admirals Russell and Rooke, and the French fleet commanded by Admiral Tourville, in which the former gained a splendid victory, burning thirteen of the enemy's ships, destroying eight more, forcing the rest to fly, and thus preventing a threatened descent upon England. At a later period, the fort, arsenal, and shipping were destroyed by the British, who landed here in 1758.

In the "Geographie Universelle," by Malte-Brun, we find Cherbourg described as a fortified city, and sea-port of France, on the northern coast of the department of Manche, and one of



the principal stations of the French navy. It is situated at the southern extremity of the bay and roadstead of La Manche, opposite the Isle of Wight, a hundred and ninety miles west-north-west from Paris. Cherbourg is of great antiquity; Froissart states it to have been founded by Cæsar when he invaded Britain; but by others it is denied that he ever visited this portion of Gaul. In 1418 the city was besieged by the English, to whom, after six months' resistance, it surrendered; but in 1450 it was retaken by Charles VII., who finally expelled our islanders from the coasts of Normandy. Its castle, in 1680, was demolished by Louis XIV. For a more detailed account the reader is referred to the works of Expilly. The population of Cherbourg, in 1842, was 18,443 inhabitants, but it has since increased greatly. Cherbourg contains several capacious arsenals for marine and military stores; but that which is most remakable in the great digue, or breakwater, and the excavated dock for the navy. The latter, which was made by Napoleon I., was opened in 1813, and is scooped out of the earth and solid rock, a little to the west of the city. It is a thousand feet in length, seven hundred and seventy in width, fifty in depth, and occupies about eighteen acres. At low water it has a depth of five-and-twenty feet, and is capable of receiving sixty

ships of the line; there is also a commodious commercial dock, distinct from that for the navy. The cost of both was about two hundred thousand pounds. The breakwater is to the north of the port, and extends from east to west four thousand and ninety-five yards, so as to leave a passage at each end. It was commenced under Louis XVI., and although continued at great expense by Napoleon I., it is still not completed; it remains, however, for the present emperor to finish the work, and as he does not (to use the old proverb) allow the grass to grow under his feet, we may shortly expect a completion of this grand undertaking. The work was begun by the submersion of enormous conical frames of oak, having at the base a diameter of a hundred and forty feet, and sixty at the summit. These, and the intermediate spaces, were afterwards filled, by dropping in large unhewn blocks of granite and sandstone; this rade, thus formed in the southern side of the rampart, is sufficiently spacious for the anchorage of a hundred vessels. Cherbourg has a school for navigation, a college, an imperial academy, a board of trade, a theatre, public baths, and a promenade. The houses are of stone, and roofed with slate, of which there are several quarries in the neighbourhood. The church was founded in 960. The streets are narrow, irregular, and not over cleanly,

although water is abundantly supplied from several public fountains. There is some trade in corn, cattle, cheese, butter, and bacon, the produce of the neighbouring district, and a small manufactory of coarse cloths and druggets. The environs furnish an ample supply of esculent vegetables and flax. In the adjoining forest of Tour la Ville, there is a very extensive manufactory of glass. The temperature of Cherbourg is very mild for its latitude, the thermometer being constantly five degrees higher than at Paris.

In the "Memorial de Sainte Hélène," by Count de Las Casas, some interesting remarks are given respecting the views of Napoleon I. upon this important naval position. Nothing could be more courteous than the authorities were to me, through the kindness of an old and valued friend, the English consul, who not only opened his hospitable doors to me, but obtained permission for me to see all the sights of the town. Armed with this authority, I visited the dockyard, barracks, hospital, gaol, courts of law, and every other public building worthy of note, and was amazingly struck with the order, neatness, and regularity that prevailed throughout. The prison especially attracted my attention, from its cleanliness, and system of discipline; the keeper of it, who was a fine open-hearted man, good-tempered, yet firm, entered into

every minute detail of the system of management, treatment of prisoners, diet, and punishments, all of which differed only in a slight degree from our metropolitan places of detention; the perfect understanding that existed between the prisoners and the gaoler showed that the latter was in every way calculated for his position. His plan may be expressed in a few words, founded on the English drill-sergeant's maxim, "First I tries civility; then I tries severity." But I must linger no longer at Cherbourg.

At eight o'clock, A.M., we left the harbour, with a light wind from the westward; about two o'clock our lines were over the stern, and we caught some splendid mackerel, having previously requested the "honour of their company to dinner." Shortly afterwards a breeze sprung up from the north-west, which enabled us to fetch St. Katherine's on the port tack. The whole flood being against us, we made but little progress in beating towards the Needles; but when the ebb turned, we were enabled to pass those dangerous but most picturesque of rocks, whose beauty is about to be sadly marred by levelling the highest and most striking for the erection of a lighthouse.

Upon reaching Southampton I heard of the loss of Lord Alfred Paget's yacht, the "Alma,"

and congratulated myself on my escape, for within a few hours of the time the accident occurred, I was in the same track, and might as easily have been run down, despite the good look-out kept on board the "Highland Lassie." The increase of collisions at sea deserves the attention of foreign and home legislators, and we cannot better conclude this chapter than by giving a most able extract from the *New York Times* upon the subject:—

“ ‘Star-r-board your helm! Har-r-d a-star-board, I say, or you’ll be into me,’ shouted Jack, as, trudging up the road, he made out a bull bearing down upon him under full speed. Jack, being close-hauled, knew he had a right to the road; and, though he foresaw a collision in case he kept on his course, he had no idea of wearing ship to get out of the way of the animal who had the wind free. So he stood on steadily, satisfied that he had done his duty in hailing the bull. But on came the monster, under full sail, roaring and bellowing, and heedless of whatever might be in his path. A collision and crash ensued. Jack’s bowsprit was carried away, and his head-timbers considerably shattered. ‘There, you land-lubber! I told you so!’ he cried, as, gathering himself up, he squinted his surviving eye after the bull, who was streaming off to leeward, unmindful of stubborn Jack’s misfortune.

“In this homely illustration we have the philosophy of collisions at sea. Maritime law requires that a sailing-vessel with a free wind shall give the right of way to the vessel that is close-hauled, on the principle that the free-sailing ship can be more easily handled than the ship which is ‘jammed on a wind.’ For the same reason steamers are required to give the right of way to sailing-vessels on all courses. The ship running close-hauled is consequently indifferent to the actions of the ship whose approach threatens a collision. Like Jack, the close-hauled skipper stands on his legal rights, and is so stubborn in maintaining them that he loses all regard for self-preservation, and subjects himself to destruction in case the approaching ship does not deviate from its dangerous course. Each one, instead of looking out for his own safety, looks out—the one for his rights, and the other for his convenience; and the result is that both ships are shattered, or perhaps destroyed, with many lives. The ‘Wreck Register’ of the British Board of Trade, for 1855, states that the total number of wrecks and casualties which have occurred to vessels on the coast of the United Kingdom, during the twelve months, is 1,141, representing a burthen of 176,544 tons. In examining the various causes of these disasters, it is observed that collisions at sea are frequent,



and steadily increasing in number. In 1855, 247 collisions are reported in the 'Register,' as follows:—Ships totally lost in collision, 55; ships seriously damaged in collision, 178; ships slightly damaged in collision, 14. In 1854, only 97 collisions were registered by the Board; in 1853, only 73; and in 1852, only 57. If we go still further back, we find that, according to *Lloyd's List*, 12,363 wrecks and disasters occurred to vessels on the shores of Great Britain during the four years previous to 1850, and of these 2665 sailing vessels and 146 steamers were wrecked, or put into port in a sinking condition, in consequence of collisions at sea. Of American ships we have no similar statistics. There is no American Board of Trade, to whose record of shipwrecks and disasters at sea we may refer for that information which we have respecting British vessels, and in our poverty we cannot help suggesting that our New York Chamber of Commerce could not better show the utility of its organization than by abandoning its 10,000 political and sanitary hobbies, and imitating in this country the honourable labours of the British Board of Trade. In Boston, where they manage things in a practical and very respectable way, the Board of Trade has a 'Standing Committee of Inquiry into the Causes of Shipwreck;' but it takes cognizance

only of vessels owned in Boston, or trading to, or insured at that port. This committee reported, for 1855, that 351 vessels were wrecked or damaged at sea during that year; and of these 47 were in collision. In what number of cases the collision was fatal to the ship is not stated. From all these facts it is very evident that stubborn Jack has learned nothing from his experience with the bull. Public attention has been called to the frequency of collisions at sea, and their fatal consequences, by many recent disasters which have occurred on our own coast. That terrible collision of the steamships *Arctic* and *Vesta*, in the fog off Newfoundland, will never be forgotten; nor will the more recent destruction of the steam-ship *Lyonnais*, with nearly two hundred lives sacrificed to the stubbornness of the captain of the barque *Adriatic*, who, expecting the steamship to keep out of his way, ran blindly down upon her before the wind, and struck her a death-blow amidships. In contemplating these dreadful disasters, the inquiry arises—Are these collisions accidents which are unavoidable? Is there no accountability for them—no remedy, and no end to them? Every dictate of justice requires that they be investigated by a legal tribunal, and every dictate of humanity demands that something be speedily done to stop this wholesale slaughter on the sea.

“It has been observed that collisions at sea are constantly increasing in number. We might naturally expect that, as the highways of the ocean are now closely crowded every year by the messengers of commerce, and lives and property embarked on the sea are placed in greater jeopardy, our navigators would increase their watchfulness, and sail with greater caution than before. But facts seem to contradict every expectation of this kind. With an increase of the risks incident to navigation, many shipmasters seem to increase their recklessness. Fairly at sea, they seem to have no thought of any dangers except those which may arise from the winds and the waves. Sail is not shortened because the night is dark, nor is the vigilance of a sleepy watch stirred up, except by that ceremonious growl of the officer of the deck to ‘keep a sharp look-out forward there,’ which means nothing unusual, and is generally answered by a gruff ‘Ay, ay, sir!’ from under the weather-rail. The man at the wheel is so situated that he can see no object about the ship’s head; and even in clear weather his sight is obstructed by the houses, boats, and hampers which lumber the decks of our modern ships. In fact, as vessels are sailed now-a-days, an escape from a collision is a matter of chance, and according to reliable statistics, even this chance is becoming smaller every year. Every

shipmaster who makes a collision at sea should be held accountable to a legal tribunal. In almost every instance it will be found that the collision was the result of gross carelessness or stupidity. It cannot be considered merely as an accident; for it might have been avoided by proper care and precaution. It generally occurs at night, and as often on a cloudless as on a dark night. The watch on deck is drowsy; there is no look out on the forecastle; the helmsman's eyes see nothing below the weather-leech of the topsail; there is no light either on the bowsprit or in the rigging; and the ship presses on her course as if she was sailing alone on a shoreless ocean.

“What is there to be troubled about, as long as the weather is fair? In nine cases out of ten, these are the circumstances of every collision at sea; and yet nobody is held accountable! There is one method which will tend to stop the increase of these disasters. It is, a law requiring every sailing vessel to carry a bright light every night at sea. There is no such law now; but in a few well regulated ships a regard for safety has established the custom of carrying a light, which, however, is not obligatory. This light should be a strong reflecting lanthorn placed on the bowsprit-cap, which, though it might not infallibly determine to others a vessel's course, would always show to others that

danger was approaching, and would warn them to avoid it. Lights in other parts of the ship would be useless. The sails and rigging would partially conceal them, and their rays falling on deck, would blind the eyes of a faithful watch, and prevent objects being distinguished beyond the line of the ship's rail.

“The barque *Adriatic*, which recently ran down the steam-ship *Lyonnais*, had no bow lantern; and though Captain Durham saw the steamer's lights, and knew what course she was steering, he, showing no light himself, did not think it worth while to take measures to avoid a collision! If he had made his ship visible by a brilliant light in the bow, the steamer would have known exactly where he was, and how he was standing, and she could have sheered out of his way when she found that he continued to bear down upon her before the wind. Captain Durham has not been severely blamed for this collision, because, light or no light, he had legally the right of way in preference to all steamers. But if he had paid as much regard to the value of human life as he did to his own legal rights in the case, that dreadful disaster would never have occurred. There is a universal law for steamers' lights at sea—a bright white light at the foremast head, a green light on the starboard-side, and a red light

on the port-side; the coloured lights constructed to reflect outward upon the water only. Why should we not have a similar law for lights on sailing-vessels at sea? It certainly would tend to prevent those fatal disasters, which all who 'go down to the sea in ships' have now great cause to fear."

On my return from Cherbourg, in July, I made up my mind to take my yacht clean away from what has been—for the last fifty years or more—proverbially called Yachting Waters, *i.e.*, the Isle of Wight and its dependencies. My captain opened his eyes wider than usual when I told him I had made up my mind to explore the labyrinths of the German ocean.

"I'm not acquainted, my lord, further than Margate Roads; leastwise not on t'other side of Thames mouth; I have heard it's very dangerous; heaps of sands, and all out o' sight of land: and, for the matter of that, the mast-heads as we see away to the eastward, like signposts on a common, sticking above the sands, as we go up and down the river, tell sad tales enough. Forewarned, forearmed, they say, my lord; better keep to the westward, my lord; lots of harbours there, all the way to Plymouth and Falmouth."

"Why," said I, "may I not go to other places



besides Cowes, Ryde, Portsmouth, Southampton, Weymouth, and Cherbourg? You captains are all for sticking about where you can anchor every night; but that will not suit me; a yacht's a vessel—as safe at sea as other vessels, and better found; and to sea, down away out in the open, I am determined to go; we can come in for the land when we like; but cross the mouth of the Thames I will, danger or no danger—sands or no sands.”

Seeing that I was determined, he replied, “Well, my lord, as I am not acquainted with any of the landmarks, or sea ones either, for the matter of that, I hope you will any way take a pilot till we get the land aboard t’other side; unless, indeed, we do as, I am told, some do—go up on one side to the Nore, and down the other, always having the land aboard. It’s not a fit sea for gentlemen’s yachts; it’s not frequented by any as I’ve heard of, leastwise south and east of Harwich; it’s only a sea fit for colliers and the like—barring, of course, steampackets; no anchorage except in wild roadsteads; no harbours, except, perhaps, just at top of flood-springs, for vessels of our draught; no rise or fall to speak of—only eight or ten feet; and no natural help for a vessel.”

“But,” said I, “if we cannot get in where we

may wish, we can surely keep out in deep water like other vessels."

"True enough that, my lord, all the while it don't blow; and when it does, even a double reef breeze, the sea ain't not long in getting up thereabouts; it's nasty, short, hard, and chopping-like, bad for small craft."

"We can heave-to," I replied, "and take it easy."

"Take it easy," said he, "in the track of all those light and loaded colliers—three or four hundred a week, each way, and mayhap sometimes all in a lump, and no room betwixt them, always running and beating—hundreds in sight at a time—to say nothing of the mackerel, and, a little later, herring boats, with their miles of nets, out all night! No, my lord, it isn't a sea for a gentleman's yacht."

"Well, be that as it may, go I will; I can easily take a pilot from Margate. And now let us see what charts we have; there are some mentioned in the inventory."

The chart was brought—merely the general one, beginning at the North Foreland; a well-thumbed one it was—showing that weary eyes, doubting fingers, and dirty ones, too, had been often at work; it smelt like something between bread and cheese, red herring, and a wet dirty

towel lost for a week, and lugged out of a corner, and it was nearly as damp.

“Faugh!” I exclaimed; “burn it; come away.”

Upon landing, we proceeded to Mrs. Woolf’s in the High Street, where we soon found all we required in the chart way, accompanied with full and clear descriptions in books, the study of which, I felt satisfied, would enable me to manage my own vessel when once I reached the Suffolk coast. Having laid in everything necessary for a week, and filled up our water and coals, we started with a light westerly wind and the first of flood, and in due course, without any event worth recording, reached Brighton. Here, being desirous to see a solicitor on business connected with a friend’s yacht—a running down case—I landed in my own boat, the new gig, and no small swell did I think myself as I passed the crowded pier, scorning it, or perhaps liking to be seen its whole length, and took the beach, then as smooth as glass.

The conference with the man of law occupied me an hour longer than I expected, and, as I sat in his office, I once or twice fancied I heard wind down the chimney, or some noise I could not account for, and sure enough, when I started from the house, it was blowing a strong squall from the south east, dead on shore, and a sea was every moment getting up. The captain, cook (the

latter a cripple from an accident that occurred two days before), and a boy who acted as steward, the only hands on board, could not attempt to reef or lower the gaff, because the yacht was literally on a lee shore, and the ebb tide running. The tack of the mainsail was at its highest: my men said it was a bad job; they did not think they could pull the boat off, even if the captain could succeed in stopping her way, and have her under command for the boat to get on board.

"What will happen," asked I, "if it blows harder, and he cannot get more help?"

"Why, my lord, I think he may just manage to make a leg of it on the port tack, and trail along shore like, and weather away into Portsmouth, if so be the wind don't southern on him. Poor, poor thing, how she do lay down to it, gunwale under! The captain has got the foresail down, but he can't manage the jib; see how it be flapping; she's about right enough, and nothing split; there goes something up; it's a whiff for the boat."

"I'd give a good deal," said I, "to be on board, and you two with me."

"Well, my lord, we can but try; and if so be we can't reach her, why we may beach the boat again, although that's more dangerous than getting her off through this top."

"Bless my soul," said one of the men, "she won't weather the pier, and the captain is coming as close as he can to look for help."

"What will happen," again I asked, "if she does not weather the pier?"

"Why, my lord, she must take a stand off, but may miss stays."

"What then?"

"Why, she'll come bang agen the pier; and if he can't make her fast stern foremost, she must come on shore, a-grinding her sides agen the pier the whole way."

"Come along," said I, as she got near, "let us try and get off." The boat's bow had been turned to the sea; the men begged me to sit in the stern, and, indifferent about a wetting on each side, launched her half her length, and then stood stock still, placing the blades of their oars forward and ready over the gunwale for instant use. "What next?" said I, seeing two tiers of nasty curling rollers, each, as it broke, threatening to embrace me; they broke, however, with impunity, as far as I was concerned, their extremes merely reaching abreast of the after-thwart, and washing up to the men's knees where they stood. "Well," said I, anxiously, "what next?"

"We be watching a smooth, my lord; we counts three good un's, and then tries: one—two

—three; now, Bill,” and away they walked the boat, going easily down the incline, and a good-natured beachman, to whom I chucked half-a-crown, shoving at the stern with a long sprit of a boat’s sail, we got over the home roller pretty well, merely shipping spray as the men jumped in. Before, however, they could get their oars fairly at work, her bow (she was very slight and light) fell off to starboard; the starboard oar, on which all then depended, broke above the blade, from the nervous and vigorous exertion of the puller. Off she went—broadside to the breaker—in a twinkling; and, as it broke, it nearly filled her, although luckily it did not turn her over, which it might have done, on top of us. Slip slap came the breakers; my men had jumped out, and were struggling with the painter for the shore—the water above their waists. The same man, I was told (for by this time I was up to my middle in water, and blinded by the spray), who used the sprit to help to launch us, now brought a boat-hook, to which the painter was made fast. There was plenty of help; for all the seafaring and bathing-machine men had assembled, and behind and higher up, were all the fashionables from the pier, among whom I was hauled, sitting like a drowned rat, in most undignified state.



"Your yacht won't weather this puff if she bean't better handled," said an old pilot. "Why don't he reef, and set a smaller jib?"

"There's no help on board," said one of my men.

"Then the sooner there be some the better."

"What had I best do?" said I.

"Why, go off in this large boat with a dozen of us; we'll take you and your men for five pounds."

There was no help for it; truly or falsely—or purposely, as I now think, being more initiated in sea mysteries—everybody would have it my beloved treasure would come ashore, and I inwardly groaned as I recollected that I had not, as I intended, insured; so "Agreed," said I.

In next to no time, they placed my gig in a great broad boat, and myself again in the stern sheets, and, with the help of as many people as could line her sides, away we went. In jumped ten hands, including my two, pulling strongly, without shipping a drop of water, and once outside the beastly two tiers of rollers, which were nothing to a large boat, but crushing evils to my little gig, we found the water comparatively smooth outside, the sea there not having had time to rise, and soon reached the cutter, got the gig in, dropped the Brighton boat astern with two hands,

while the other six came on board to help, before I paid my five pounds, and, in next to no time, three reefs were drawn in the mainsail, the foresail reefed, and fourth jib set. The yacht was well under command on the port tack, and looking to weather away; the shoremen paid, the boat gone, and the foresheet drawn, away she went in gallant style, at the rate of seven knots, close hauled.

Summer gales are proverbial for not lasting long; but while they do last, they often blow harder than winter ones; this was the beginning of one which lasted all that evening, and until sunrise the following morning. My captain augured ill to come from the fiery setting of the sun; for the weather was clear—the sky cloudless up to sunset; after that, clouds began to rise, rather to the west of south than otherwise; and scarce had the sun dipped, when the vessel broke off three points, literally fulfilling the prediction of my man, “If the wind don’t southern on us.” We were now dead on a lee shore, and with the wind momentarily freshening at about south, not more than half a mile from the beach.

My captain said, “We ought to take another reef down, and set a smaller jib; but I’m most afraid we be too close in to try it, if anything should happen and make us long about it.”

“Better crack on,” said I, grown reckless, “she’ll stand it.”

“Why,” replied the captain, “the lee bulwarks is under now, and there is wind enough now for the trysail and spitfire; and when the flood now making comes up, won’t there be a sea? that’s all!”

We dared not shorten sail, and, with the beam swell, we did nothing whatever toward hauling off shore, although apparently we held our own. The poor yacht seemed smothered; and every now and then, from being sheerly overpressed with canvas, we were compelled to down foresail and up tack. To try and get the flood under our lee a little, and so help to draw to windward, we kept on the port tack until we got off Shoreham, where, breaking off another point, we were compelled to lurk. The yacht came up to wind well; but, just at the point of turn, plunged bowsprit and half-forecastle under, stopped dead, fell off again the wrong way, got stern way at a fearful rate, dipped counter under, and then bang over went the mainsail, as it filled, with a noise like a sixty-eight-pounder. Away went the strap of the main sheet, and as the boom struck against the runner, crack it went in two, leaving the crutch half on board, and the other flying about in the air, to the dread of the men, who, by this time, had rushed for safety before the mast—the captain and I (he

held the end of the tiller-rope) under the companion.

It was a fearful position to be in; no room to wear; if we did, the sail and boom to be dreaded. The captain looked over the lea, and said, "We must run for Shoreham," which was close, "to prevent worse consequences;" so, righting the helm, he was able to keep the mainsail from coming over, as it would have done, had he wore as he attempted. It was nearly high water; and, in less time than it takes to tell it, we crossed the Bar, only shipping one sea, and in an instant were in a mill-pond, so to speak, and in two minutes more under the lea of the eastern pier; we got our canvas down, and clear of both piers, brought her head up to wind and tide, spliced the main brace, and fervently thanking Providence that nothing alive or dead was smashed but the main boom, turned in for the night with grateful hearts.

The change from doubt and danger to certainty and security, after so much alarming excitement, was too much for sleep; and hour after hour did I listen to the howling of the wind through the rigging and gentle slap-slapping against the side of the yacht, as the currents of wind, coming, as it always does near land in gusts down the tiny but still noisy waves, home to my ear as it were; pondering on the folly of all sublunary things, inquiring of my

very self what motive had most prevailed with me when I committed myself to actually having a yacht of my own? Was it really the idea of pleasure untellable being in front?—an idea gained from frequently sailing with jolly fellows in their own craft, and witnessing the sort of consequence that seems to attach to them, as being really monarchs of sixty feet of space by some fourteen or fifteen. Was it conceit, arising from a feeling that if their vessels were mine, things ill done should be better done, things apparently wanting supplied, things in bad taste made better? Or was it vanity, or a desire of emulation—an opinion of the consequence attached to owning? Or was it pride? I sifted and sifted, and only arrived at two conclusions: one, that I had done it because “chaffing” chaps said I never would; and the other, that it was, while it lasted, independence. “Independence?” said I; “oh no! it is not that, whatever I may have thought it likely to be—anything but that in practice, however sweet in idea. Independence? Why, I depended on wind for sailing, on tide for getting out when in, and in when out, on the attention of my men when I wanted my boat, on a pilot when the captain was not acquainted, and on the captain’s temper when he was. Whatever my humour struck me to do was thwarted, and unpronounceable sea reasons given

for why my wants could not be complied with. I was dependent on my cook for my meals, and my steward's boy for waiting on me. I could neither get the one nor the other when my majesty thought fit to command their attendance. Oh! no; there was anything but independence;" so I gave that up, and after tossing and tumbling about I dozed off towards morning, heartily satisfied that love of the sea had not part in my motives.

On the following morning the captain came to report the following casualties: the main-sail torn in many seams, and the bowsprit badly sprung: the result was that I was detained in Shoreham harbour for eight and forty hours, and was put to the expence of five-and-twenty pounds for sundry repairs and a new Riga spar. On the third day, the "Highland Lassie" was pronounced ready for sea; the wind right, but southerly and a little west.

"We shall be obliged to have a steamer to tow us out," said Captain Miles, "which, at sixpence per ton, will amount to one pound, three shillings, and sixpence, besides a gratuity to the master and men."

"Another drain upon my purse!" I inwardly ejaculated; "verily, yachting is an expensive amusement!"

While handing out a couple of sovereigns, a fit



of economy came across me, and thoroughly disheartened with my ill-fortune, I fully determined to return to Southampton, pay off my crew, and lay up the vessel for the winter. "I shall be nicely laughed at by my friends," said I, as the master of the steamer hailed my captain to tell him all was right. A confusion of voices followed, which sounded like altercation; when, upon going on deck, I found a boatful of men hanging on to the side of the cutter, eagerly addressing Miles, each putting forward a claim for a "trifle," for services supposed to have been done to me and my vessel. The master of the tug began to get impatient, and not wishing to cause any disturbance, I satisfied the cravings of these harbour sharks, by presenting them with some silver. At length we got out and parted company with the steamer; the day was fine, the water as calm as a sheltered lake, with a nice breeze from the south-south-west. Changeable as the wind itself, my feelings of annoyance calmed down by the splendour of the sun shining brilliantly forth from an Italian-looking sky. Invigorated by the sea air, which was a delightful contrast to the smell of the slimy mud, dense smoke, and confined atmosphere of the harbour, a change came over me, and communicating my intentions to the captain, away we went for Margate Roads.

From this moment all passed pleasantly ; lots of vessels were running up Channel, many of whom we overhauled, hailed, asked news, and told it. We soon passed Beechy Head, where a few weeks afterwards the Viking schooner-yacht was run down by a barque, and cut to the water's edge, and for which carelessness we are happy to find the owners of the merchantman have had to pay the damage awarded by law ; next Newhaven, Folkestone, Dover, South Foreland, all at the rate of eight or nine knots ; through the Downs, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs, anchoring at sunset in smooth water, the wind having westered in Margate Roads. Nothing could exceed the pleasure of this sail, during which we supplied ourselves with whiting and other fish, all alive, from two vessels that came within a cable's length of us.

Landing at this paradise of Cockneys, I strolled through the town, lounged on the pier, and enjoyed an excellent dinner at the Queen's Head, a snug unpretending hostellerie in the market-place, the other hotels and taverns being completely full of visitors. The theatre, with a strong company, and the promenade concert at the rooms, ably supported by that excellent tenor Genge and others, offered great attraction, and I divided a couple of hours between the two, being equally delighted with the beautiful old ballad of "Sally

in our Alley," at the concert, and the modern one of "Ben Bolt," converted into a drama.

My captain having engaged a pilot, we started next day, with the wind at south-west, right across the Thames mouth, for Orfordness—everything, both inside and outside, *couleur de rose*. As we neared Hosely Bay, the wind southered upon us, and before we reached the Ness came out from the south-east and east, dead foul, with the flood tide running strongly; finding we could not weather it, we anchored for the night in Hosely Bay, well in with the land, with Orford Haven entrance open, not a single vessel except our own being there.

In the morning, the wind being strong from the eastward, I went on deck, as was my custom, and found above a hundred colliers and traders, all light and bound north, had brought up near and outside of us. The captain then told me, that before night, if we remained so long, double the number would be down on the ebb, and would go no further, as the custom with them was to follow the leader, never venturing beyond shelter when the wind was foul, as it did not pay to thrash their canvas out for small progress. Hence arose the terrific losses and stranding of vessels, on that shore, from the vast numbers being caught with sudden shifts and heavy winter gales

on a lee I liked it not, neither what I heard, nor my numerous associates; so the pilot being still on board, at high-water we entered Orford Haven, and worked our way with long legs and short ones, right up to Aldborough town, and there made fast alongside the yacht "Sapphire," whose talented owner, Mr. Milner Gibson, after a trip to the Mediterranean, had gone on a visit to his Manchester constituents, leaving his vessel to be caulked, painted, and fitted for an autumn excursion. Aldborough appeared to me a singular place, for although we had come up its narrow haven nearly five leagues, we could, at high-water, from our deck see the ocean breaking some two hundred yards off, nothing but a beach of shingle intervening between us and it. The wind having gone down, we again stood out to sea, passing close to Dunwich old cathedral ruin, part of which is already in the "briny," and over in six fathoms of water where once the celebrated town stood three centuries ago. Passing off Sizewell Gap, between Aldborough and Southwold, I was called on deck by the captain, to see what he called "a bit of a lark." A small smack of about 28 tons, apparently a pilot, running in for the land, had wore to put her head to seaward as soon as she saw us. We were pretty near her, the breeze was steady, and we could see she was very deep.

"She's a smuggler," said Miles, "I'm pretty sure by her goings on; and she takes us for a revenue cutter. Ah! there she hauls up, and sees her mistake; now, if we haul after her like, see if she won't cut away."

We were running free, and under lower sails, only the boom well eased off. No sooner was the helm put down, and the sheet gathered in, than up went the smack's helm, and away went his main-sheet, and at the same moment a large gaff-topsail was set.

"I told you so, my lord."

"Well said," I responded; "he is nothing to us, and I don't see why we should bully him, so keep your own course."

Away went our boom again, as our helm was put up, and as instantaneously down came the smack's gaff-topsail, and up she came head to wind, and round on the other tack, passing a hundred yards or so astern of us.

"Holloa!" says the captain, "What's the matter now?—there's a boat rowing outside of her; and see, down goes his helm again. Another boat coming off from Sizewell. Sure enough the smack was between two fires."

"Heave to," said I, "and let us see what happens."

The smack came round, and again up helm before

the wind, about a four-knot breeze, coming close past us very deep. The cutters pulled hard; we bore up to keep all in view; for some time the chase seemed equal, neither gaining from or on the other. The wind got lighter, and the men in the boats cheer, and gave way like good ones, the officers in the boats firing muskets. The boats gained, the smack was close to us, apparently trying to cross our bows to bother the boats, and get us between them and herself. We had not set our gaff-topsail or eased our sheet—so, going faster, she succeeded; but no sooner had she got a-head of us, and had us between her and the two boats, now close together, than up she jumped, like a cork or bladder, and away she went, as light as a feather, a knot or two faster. Slap went two anchors, one from each quarter; a lot of slap-slaps of some other, and two anchors more, one from each bow.

“Cargo overboard,” said the captain; “that ain’t a bad move.”

I then learnt for the first time that it was the custom to let go all the tubs, with anchors fast to a strong rope at either end, and so to sink the cargo, trusting to a knowledge of their whereabouts to fish them at their leisure, or, as I afterwards heard, to give information to their comrades on shore, who, when occasion offered, did the work



with boats from the land. We yawed out of the way of the boats, but not before the officer hailed that they would fire into us. No sooner, however, did they see the smack again clear of us, and light as a cork, than they knew what had happened, and instantly stopped pulling; the crew of the smuggler giving them two lusty cheers at parting. Again we hove to, to see whether the revenue men would succeed in fishing up the tubs with their creepers, which work they instantly commenced; but while we looked on without success, the tide was drifting us farther and farther away. My captain here remarked that they were too far to leeward, and he thought they were at least a quarter of a mile overrun. We left them creeping, and went our way; the smack by that time being out of sight.

Having thus described the smuggling transaction, and my first interview with a bold Will Watch of the Suffolk coast, I proceed to narrate an adventure of a similar nature, which was recounted to me by a friend, and which occurred to him when he was owner of a small cutter. He prefaced it by remarking that it had happened when he was a youth, just emancipated from Westminster, and that he did not sail under any yacht club flag; and, without palliating his conduct, I cannot but consider that the offence

would have been greater, had he taken advantage of the latitude shown by the Custom House authorities and revenue officers to the burgee of the Royal Squadron, Thames, Western, and other clubs. The anecdote is amusing, as it shows how smuggling was carried on some years ago; I give the incident in the narrator's own words:—

“On a cruise once through the Downs, with a light breeze, one of the small Deal gigs placed herself in our way. My captain asked whether I would buy a half-anker of brandy. I was busy reading at the time, enjoying the sun and the light air from the lee of the mainsail. ‘Brandy!’ said I; ‘where?—how?—by all means; two or three,’ upon which the captain put his hand three distinct times up to his ear, saying, at the same time, ‘Steer close in shore of that gig at anchor, Bill,’ and, in a few minutes, we ranged up close to the gig, had her alongside and under our lee, *id est*, the off side from the shore, from which a light air blew. The lounging men were up and active; one held fast to our channels, while the other whipped the end of a string of tubs or half-ankers, holding five gallons each, with a real anchor attached, to sink and hold the string. In a twinkling, off went three tubs (the number answering to the number of ear-pulls or hand-liftings by the skipper); on to the deck were they

rolled, through the entrance port, which the captain told the helmsman to unship; the whole operation was a rapid one. 'Don't move on, one of you,' said the captain; 'and please, sir, to hand out the rhino, without taking your eyes off your book.' I paid a five-pound note, the boat dropped off, and, as we cleared her, the two men were again lolling like dummies, as they appeared before we reached them, precisely in the same position, and all this close to the preventive station. I gave the crew half an anker, the captain another, and kept the other for myself; all I know is, I never tasted better brandy." Here ends the smuggler's tale: return we to the cruise of the "Highland Lassie."

We passed Southwold or Solbay, famed in history for the hard-fought victory (May 28th, 1672) between the fleets of England and France on one side, and the Dutch on the other, the former commanded by the Duke of York, afterwards James II.; the English lost four ships, and the Dutch three; but the enemy fled, and were pursued by the British to their own coasts. In this obstinate and bloody engagement, the Earl of Sandwich was blown up, and some thousand men were killed and wounded. Away past Lowestoff, and into Yarmouth Roads. During the night—for we had light winds—we thought the

“Highland Lassie” tardy in her progress, and difficult to steer; but at daylight we discovered that we had fouled a mackerel net, and by no contrivance of ours could we clear it until we anchored, when, by dropping weights attached to the two ends of a rope, we succeeded in getting it clear, and brought on board some hundred yards of net, with a fair proportion of fish. In the course of the day we landed the net, and gave it in charge to the boatmen at Bolt’s look out near the jetty, with a present to the owners for the damage we had accidentally caused. The breeze having freshened, we proceeded, with the wind off shore, through the Cockle Gut, passed Hasbro’, Cromer, and, without event of any sort, arrived at Scarborough, and got the vessel inside the pier at high water. Here, at this queen of watering-places (*vide* Bradshaw’s advertising sheets), we made our headquarters for a week, during which we had several good trawling days, getting on each occasion a plentiful supply of fish for vessel and friends. While here, on the change of the moon, the wind flew to the northward, and, not being desirous of a polar excursion, I ordered the yacht away for the common quarters, highly delighted and satisfied with all I had seen since we left Shoreham. After a fine run of thirty-six hours, we again found ourselves well in with Selsey Bill, and a few hours after-

wards brought up in Southampton waters. No peacock that ever trod the earth felt more proud than I did at having braved the dangers of the unknown German ocean—a sealed book to the majority of yachtsmen.

My adventures in the “Highland Lassie” are now concluded ; but, before I lay down my pen, let me remark that the “skits” in which I have indulged when in search of a yacht and afterwards as owner, are levelled against the general system, and not against individuals ; and although writing in the first person for the sake of clearness and facility, I beg it to be distinctly understood that the adventures recorded did not occur on board my own cutter the “Loadstar,” 47 tons, and that the “skipper” alluded to is not my excellent captain, Aaron Wiles, than whom a more trustworthy man or better sailor does not exist.

The system I complain of is fourfold : first, that many persons are as unscrupulous in selling a yacht as they are in disposing of a horse, and that defects are kept back or slurred over, which are not discovered until too late to be amended ; secondly, that the exorbitant demands made by some tradesmen on yacht owners are scandalous ; thirdly, that the wages demanded by men, who really may be called fresh-water sailors, are infinitely too high ; and, lastly, that the idle habits

of some of these overpaid men are highly censurable. The first of these grievances may, to a great degree, be remedied by employing a practical man of character to thoroughly overhaul a vessel before the purchase is completed; the second may be averted by contracting for articles to be supplied, upon equitable terms, from respectable tradesmen, and I shall therefore merely confine my remarks to the two last points. The wages asked by a class of persons that may strictly be called summer sailors, or pleasure-boatmen, are twenty-five shillings a week; they invariably expect a present when the yacht is laid up, in addition to one or two suits of clothes. None of these terms are objectionable where the yacht is really used as a seagoing pleasure vessel, and where the men are competent and willing sailors, ready for all calls, and capable in every case liable to occur; but as the majority of the men who hire themselves at the fashionable yachting ports seem to act and think that the least possible work is enough for the highest possible wages, they look sulky at any pastime that the owner may please to indulge in. Many of them stare if ordered aloft to set a gaff topsail, and turn actually sulky if the pleasure of the owner induces him really to go to sea for even one night. Keeping in their own waters is all they seem to think themselves



engaged for; sailing in those waters some half-a-dozen hours—between breakfast and dinner—and being secured for the night to their own moorings in the same spot, is what they consider an ample return for their services. To expect them to sleep on board, when so near their own homes, would be a stretch of imagination quite out of all routine, and many a yacht owner has to stand the cost of damage done in the night, because there was no deck-watch to move the helm, or no light up, to show the vessel's whereabouts. Many another, having made up his mind for an early start, to get over a good day's run, as from the Wight to Plymouth or Falmouth, has had to wait for hours before his crew could be mustered. The above remarks of course apply to yachts of the smaller class, the owners of which albeit are most in want of protection. Of course, in vessels of 40 or 50 tons and upwards, where captains are annual servants, things are different; there the owner has only to look to his captain, who, if conscientious, as such men universally are, will take care that the men under their command do something more than mere eye-service. They see that the decks are kept clean, the brass-work polished, the sails dried, the boats in order, the water-tank and breakers filled, and the vessel ready for a start anywhere, at any moment it may suit their employer

to give the word, and that, too, without further question than circumstances, nautically speaking, justify, or further loss of time than may be necessary to collect such portion of the crew which this state of discipline has not prevented the captain from allowing to go on shore, when the vessel has been perhaps for days at her moorings, or when he may not himself have been, to use a nautical term, under sailing orders.

Yachting cannot be said to be on the wane; the liking is as strong as ever; the desire to take a turn at it increasing rather than otherwise. But the really unnecessary expenses attached to it—the feeling of all employed in it that, it being for pleasure, any amount of charges are justifiable—have induced many lovers of aquatics to give up this truly English, manly, and favourite amusement. We do not expect of course a yachting Utopia; but we are sanguine enough to think that a few regulations might be started which would be attended with equal advantage to owners and crews; for instance, suppose at all club houses a register was kept of the men employed in yachts—their character and capabilities, the book to be as much open to the men requiring berths as to the employers wanting them; and, in respect of wages, that the secretaries should come to an understanding before the season commences—say

in April—as to the rate, based upon the price of provisions, the current wages of the day in the merchant service, and the period for which the men's services will be required. This system, if universally agreed to be acted upon, would prevent extortion and bickering on one hand, and all that dissatisfaction on the other, caused by different scales or dissimilar arrangements.

## CHAPTER VI.

Amusements of the Months—Winter Shooting—The Scotch Game of Curling—Its Introduction into England—Golfing, Skating, and Sledging—James II. a Distinguished Golfer—Sledging at Vienna and in Canada—The Game of Tennis—The Shooting Gallery—Havoc among the Plaster Images—Hunting—Somerville's Animated Description of the Chase—The Management of Shooting Dogs—Fishing in Scotland—The Yachting Season—Luxuries of the Modern Yacht—The National Importance of Yachting—Salmon Fishing in Scotland—Cricket—The Preservation of Game in France—Angling in Scotland—The Lakes of Northumberland and Cumberland—The Twelfth of August—Bottom Fishing—Pigeon Match Shooting.

A SEVERE frost, which may usually be looked for in the first month of the year, is a matter of the deepest importance to those who have large and valuable studs; for the "frozen-out foxhunter" has not only to complain of and grumble over the high price of oats and hay, which he is called upon to pay for horses standing, but he has also

to contend against a difficulty of no ordinary nature—that of finding work enough to keep his pampered horses in exercise. Should he succeed in accomplishing this, great care must be taken not to subject them to what the “vets.” term catarrhal affections, by a sudden transition from the atmosphere of the overheated stable to the keen biting blasts without. To get rid of this evil, we strongly recommend all owners of horses never to allow their grooms to sacrifice the health of the animals entrusted to their charge for the sake of appearance; far better that they should appear rough and ready for their work than with glossy coats run the risk of catching cold, which will probably hang by them throughout the winter. A moderate temperature within, with the addition of extra clothing without, will tend greatly to ward off the ill effects of an inclement season. Although it does not follow, as a matter of course, that hunting will be stopped by a frost in January, it is, generally speaking, the worst time for the enjoyment of the “noble science.” November (with its slush and mud), December, and February furnish, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, infinitely better sport than the opening month of the year; so the disciple of Nimrod must be prepared to lay aside his hunting whip and spurs, and take to his gun. To those who

can brave the elements there is no sport that can be compared to winter shooting, when woodcocks, snipes, wild ducks, widgeon, teal, swans, and geese visit our shores to seek a milder climate. A punt, a moonlight night, a gun, and a good retriever, with a hardy frame that shrinks not from labour and hardship, will alone be requisite for "a night with the migratory birds."

During a severe frost, when the whole face of the country becomes covered with snow, and the ponds and lakes are frozen, there are few recreations more exhilarating than curling. This game, which is one of great antiquity and popularity across the border, has, within a few years, been introduced into "merrie England," and now takes its stand as one of the most popular of out-door amusements. The method of playing it is as follows:—Sides are selected, and each competitor is furnished with a pair of circular stones, smooth and flat on the under side, with a handle fixed to the upper part, these stones weighing from 40lb. to 45lb. each. Each curler has his feet shod, so as to steady himself on the slippery surface, and carries a broom to sweep away any snow or dirt that may impede the progress of the stones. No sooner is the match made than a large open space of ice, called the "rink," is cleared, and a "tee" or mark made at each end. The object of the



players is to land their stones as near the "tee" as possible, and in so doing to displace those of their antagonists. A line, called a "hogg-score," is made, and any stone falling short of that is set aside, and not counted. To make a good curler a man must possess a powerful arm, a quick eye, and a good understanding; he must be able not only to hurl the stone with precision—the effect of which will greatly depend on the severity of the frost and the thickness of the ice—but, like a skilful general, he has to dislodge a foe; to protect his own forces; and to fire his "forty-pounder" into or as near the "tee" as possible.

In many parts of Scotland, where lakes are not to be found, artificial ones are made by flooding the meadows previous to a frost, and every class, from the peer to the peasant, the head of the clan to the humble dependent, indulges in this truly-exciting national sport. Golfing, which, although a Scotch game, is played in England, and skating and sledging, too, may be had in perfection. The former is a species of hockey on the ice; it is played by two or more persons, two balls being used, one belonging to each party. The object is to strike the ball with a club into a hole at a given distance. This favourite game has been highly patronized by Royalty, the unfortunate Charles I. being much attached to it; and James II.

was so distinguished a "golfer" that it is said "none could equal him save one Patterson, a shoemaker, of Edinburgh, with whom the king condescended to play, and, having fairly beat him, consoled him by a munificent donation."

Skating is too well known to require any comment, except to say there are few more beautiful sights than to witness the Serpentine river during a severe frost.

So uncertain is the weather in our variable climate, that few persons go to the expense of a sledge. The Prince Consort has one at Windsor, and occasionally makes use of it. Nothing, however, can be more delightful than a well-appointed sledge, such as I have seen at Vienna and in Canada. The gracefully-formed carriage, the high-stepping horses, the splendid furs, the tinkling bells, and an agreeable companion by your side, fully come up to the graphic description given by Sam Slick, and make one long for sufficient frost and snow to introduce this pastime into England.

There are days occasionally in January when, as the saying is, "one would not turn a dog out of doors," much less a biped; but even then, if the sportsman should happen to be in one of the "country homes of England," we cannot feel much pity for him, for he will find pleasure without braving the pitiless storm. Warm draughts and

fires *within* will amply compensate him for "rough ice" and cold drafts *without*, and a man must be a very cormorant for out-door amusement if he cannot amuse himself with the tennis-court and shooting-gallery. The ancient and intricate game of tennis, though deriving its origin in France, was played in England before the year 1500. It was a royal pastime in which Henry VIII., when a youth, took great delight. There is a famous match on record between Bluff Hal and the Prince of Orange, which, as a matter of course, was won by the former. To the uninitiated, the "dedans," first, second, and last gallery, "service and hazard side," "chaces," "passes," "tambour," "grill," and "advantage sets," are complete mysteries, and therefore, to them, a game of rackets will be quite as agreeable, and far more easy to carry out in the country.

A visit to the shooting-gallery, to fire away sundry pounds of powder and ounces of lead at small plaster of Paris images, will help to kill an hour or two. Sad will be the havoc created among the fragile heroes! Wellington will probably bite the dust at the first shot; his adversary, Napoleon, having escaped scathless at Waterloo, will be knocked over by a single ball; poor Byron will receive a bullet in that splendid classical

brow of his; the "Magician of the North" will realize the lines of one of his satirists—

"And none by bullet, grape, or shot,  
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott."

The Apollo Belvedere and Medicean Venus will crumble to atoms as the marksman raises his fatal pistol; Paul Pry will not venture to intrude himself for more than a minute; King Charles will again lose his head; Joan of Arc will be pulverized in the twinkling of an eye; while kings, queens, emperors, princes, poets, senators, broom-girls, heathen gods and goddesses, will be mingled in the dust in hapless confusion.

The past hunting season, 1858-1859, which has scarcely been interrupted by frost, has been a most satisfactory one to the Nimrods, although we doubt whether it has been equally so to the equine race; and there are few masters of hounds that cannot give a favourable report of their winter vulpine campaign. At head-quarters, Melton, a gloom was thrown over the sports by the death of the Countess of Wilton, a lady who endeared herself to every class of society by her affability and benevolence. Her demise was a source of universal regret. The Quorn have had some good runs, and the Earl of Stamford has won golden opinions by the discipline he has enforced in the field upon more than one occasion, when

some fast young men, by their reckless riding, seemed determined to catch the fox themselves, without giving the hounds the trouble of so doing. Despite the prognostication that the intersection of the country by railroads would militate much against the "noble science," there never was a period when it flourished more than it does at present. That hunting in its wildest form was the exercise of the greatest heroes of antiquity cannot be denied. By it they formed themselves for war; and their daring exploits against savage beasts were a prelude to their other victories. Xenophon remarks that almost all the ancient men of note—Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, and Achilles—were devoted to the chase, and that they were carefully taught that art, as one that would be highly desirable to them in their military career: and Pliny observes, "those who were designed for great captains were first taught '*certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu.*'" On the monuments that were erected to transmit the actions of the Roman emperors to future ages, the glories of the chase were added to those of their more celebrated triumphs. The Greek and Latin poets, Homer, Virgil, and Ovid—our native bards, Shakspeare and Somerville—have written with the greatest

vigour and fidelity upon the subject; and the latter has in an especial degree proved himself to have been not alone a speculative, but a real sportsman. His description of the kennel, his vivid portraiture of the foxhound, his spirited sketch of the harrier and beagle, his philosophical discussion upon scent, his graphic picture of the fiery courser, his poetical language, his thorough knowledge of the subject he writes upon, his striking vigour in bringing to our mind's eye the Indian mode of hunting, his historical account of the extirpation of the wolf, and last, not least, his lively and animated photograph of fox-hunting, the casting-off the hounds, their working upon the scent, the unkennelling of the wily animal, his breaking cover, and the full cry of the pack, are most exciting pictures, and inspire the greatest enthusiasm for this manly science. One month alone remains in which this noble recreation can be carried on in perfection; for, ere long, "the nasty stinking violets," as Dick Christian called them, the cold March winds and dust (proverbial as the latter may be for its valuable qualities) will sadly interfere with the scent.

A seven or eight months' truce must now be granted to the partridges and pheasants; but, although the birds may count upon a respite, the sportsman will have plenty to occupy his leisure



time during the spring and summer. His first duty will be to send his guns to the maker, to have them thoroughly looked over, repaired if necessary, cleaned, oiled, and put away in a safe place, out of the reach of young children and inquisitive housemaids. The shooting-dogs will be his next care; and here a few words on their management in kennel may not be out of place. The building should be divided into compartments, each having a small courtyard, communicating with each other. A tile basement is the best for the floors, as it is more easily washed, and dries quicker than the common brick. The court should be nicely gravelled, and every water-trough ought never to be without a small piece of sulphur. Thrice a-week the dogs should have fresh straw for their beds; and salt added to their food will prove very efficacious in "ills" that canine "flesh is heir to." It must always be borne in mind that the best specific for condition in any animal is plenty of good nourishment and ample exercise. The dogs should be draughted to their meals, as it teaches them obedience. In summer they should be washed frequently with soft soap, to destroy the vermin; and in hot weather great benefit will be derived from a daily bath. Especial care must be taken that "ticks" do not get a footing in the kennel; if they do, it will be

difficult to remove them, and sometimes it may be found necessary to pull down the building to eradicate the evil. The best precaution is to have the dogs carefully examined, especially after hunting in woodlands or cover, so that no "tick" may be allowed to remain. Sweet oil, well rubbed in, will destroy the few that may escape detection; and in order to keep the faithful companions of your walk in the stubble, across the heather, and through the tangled forest, in fine condition, let them be thoroughly washed and wiped dry after hunting, as horses are, so that the mud be not allowed to harden on their bodies. A prudent sportsman, like a judicious general, will prepare for the next campaign by selecting good dogs to take the field, when hostilities against the feathered tribe are renewed; and first-rate pointers, setters, and retrievers being quite as difficult to obtain as fine old "beeswing" port, much care and wariness must be bestowed on the purchase of them. The best plan that can be adopted is to apply to some friend who breeds dogs, or to some conscientious gamekeeper—the worst is to notice anonymous advertisements in the newspapers, as in nineteen cases out of twenty the dogs will be found as full of faults as the owners are full of trick and fraud. From the experience we have had, we consider

that, for English partridge-shooting, pointers are superior to setters. They are usually milder in disposition, more tractable, closer rangers, and require less water in hot weather. In Scotland we prefer setters, as their feet are better protected by hair, and are not so apt to become lame or footsore by the wet or burnt heather. The Irish setters are very beautiful, both in and out of the field, but are generally so wild and hot-headed that they require the most severe discipline. If, however, the sportsman can hear of a first-class one, we strongly recommend him to promote his immediate emigration from the Sister Isle. Should he fail, a cross between the English and Russian setter will be found to be the best. The Muscovite dogs are close rangers, quarter their ground steadily, and possess the greatest sagacity and the most perfect nose in extreme heat, wet, or cold. A good retriever is invaluable, and the possessor of one ought to think himself highly fortunate; for if there is a thorough drawback to sport, a severe trial of patience, or a great provocative to unbridled anger, it is to find that the tender-mouthed animal you depend upon to recover a maimed hare or wounded bird grips his prey with a jaw like a vice, and in retrieving one head of game scares and puts up hundreds.

The month of March is not one in which the sports of the field can be indulged in with much satisfaction, for hunting suffers greatly from the biting north-east winds or violent gales that usually prevail at this season, and shooting is confined to wild ducks, widgeons, and teal. Fishing has, however, commenced, and we strongly recommend every one that is devoted to this noble amusement to proceed without loss of time to Scotland, where he will meet with it to perfection. To describe the delight of a month's fishing amidst the sublimity and grandeur of its mighty lochs and picturesque rivers would require the pen of a Stoddart; suffice it to say that there is no part of North Britain where the fisherman cannot enjoy the sport to perfection, and, as hospitality is the characteristic of Highlanders, no one who visits the land of mountain and heather will have occasion to find fault with his reception, unless he adopts the system of some tourists who render themselves obnoxious by their poaching propensities and uncourteous manners.

Despite Byron's anathema contained in the well-known lines :—

“ And angling, too, that solitary vice,  
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says,  
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet,  
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it ”—

we are prepared to show that many of the most humane men that this country has produced have been devoted to the "gentle crafte." Walton, Dr. Howell (Dean of St. Paul's), Sir Henry Wotton, Sir John Offley, Gay, Tobin, "the gentle Coleridge," Dr. Paley, Walter Scott, Sir Humphrey Davy, Doctors Babington and Frank, devoted their leisure hours to the rod and line. There are many good and kind-hearted men of the present day, whose names would swell the above list, who, braving the denunciation of the noble bard, and the ridicule of the surly pedant Johnson:—

"A fool at one end and a worm at the other,"

appear at the river side to while away an idle hour in throwing the fly, or "eyeing the dancing cork and bending reed." There is one advantage, at least, that angling possesses over other sports—namely, that it can be participated in through "the seven stages of life," from the "whining schoolboy" to the "lean and slippered pantaloon." The truant urchin first commences his piscatorial career with a bent pin and a piece of packthread, bobbing for sticklebacks, his satchel doing duty for a creel. The lover, too, from the days of the wanton Queen of Egypt, may with her exclaim:—

"Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river! there I will  
betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony ;  
And say, ah, ah ! you're caught ! ”

The “ soldier ” may emulate the angling triumphs of Trojan—“ best of the good,” as recorded by a popular sporting writer of our days ; while the “ justice,” in fair round belly, with “ good capon lined,” may add to his epicurean luxuries the delicate trout, the voracious pike, the well-flavoured eel, the palatable smelt, the “ daynteous ” carp (as the Lady Juliana Berners calls it), and the delicious lamprey. Even in the sixth age the fisherman may, without the slightest exertion, watch the float from his punt, as it dances buoyantly on the stream ; and even in “ second childishness,” may the venerable follower of old Izaak ensconce himself in his easy garden-chair, and deceive a gudgeon or a roach. That fishing has ever been held in high estimation, may be gleaned from the writings of ancient and modern authors, all of whom concur in the sentiment that the study of nature always has been, and ever will be, esteemed by the wisest men as an entertainment worthy of the most rational mind.

One of the most popular of our fishermen writes as follows :—

“ I pity those who haunt the courts for noise and grandeur. Fond of the angling art, I could



silent sit the longest summer day beneath the willow boughs, and, as the current prattled to the shining pebble-stones below, compare its swiftness to the course of time, and fit me for the closing scene." Another describes in glowing terms the health, content, and calm delights of the angler's life; while Theocritus, in his "Idyllia," has recorded the happy state of the fishermen round the shores of Sicily; and Lucan, the poet, gives a most graphic description of the interview between Cæsar and Amilcas, on the banks of the Tiber, when the former sought the fisherman to bear him to Calabria, where Pompey was in arms against the Roman warrior. "Ask what thou wilt of Cæsar," said the chief, as through the strength, courage, and judgment of the boatman, he was landed on the shore of the scene of warfare. "Grant me, then," responded Amilcas, "that I may return the way I came to my peaceful family; for, should they not see me at daybreak, spreading my nets upon the beach, their faithful bosoms will be rent with sorrow."

Cowper must, unquestionably, have had a prophetic vision of modern yachting in his mind's eye when he wrote the following lines:—

"Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float  
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck

With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,  
That no rude savour maritime invade  
The nose of nice nobility."

For, certainly, the refinement to which yachting has been brought quite comes up to the above quoted ideas ; and the luxuries which now await the landsman, who braves the terrors of the deep in a well-appointed vessel, cannot be surpassed on shore. No longer is one obliged to associate junk and weavilly biscuits with a cruise at sea ; no longer is one called to "rough it" upon salt provisions, as the young guardsman is said to have done upon "beefsteaks and port;" no longer is one compelled to prick for a soft plank, as the middies were wont to do ; for in these days downy pillows, soft couches, chintz furniture, easy-chairs, and spring cushions form the *meubles*, or, as Jack Tar calls them, the "movables," of the cabin ; and turtle, venison, grouse, champagne, claret, hock, burgundy, *ponche à la Romaine*, fruit, ices, and liqueurs are most liberally dispensed by the steward.

Such reflections must come across the mind of every rational being who is fortunate enough to have a friend's yacht at his disposal, or who receives an invitation to pass a few days on board. But here, having alluded to the luxuries of yachting, I cannot refrain from adding a few words

upon its real national importance in a maritime point of view; nor can I refrain from expressing my admiration at the spirit manifested by many of the leading nobility of the British empire in supporting an institution which, while it at once affords a favourite amusement, is attended with the most solid advantage to the country at large, by educating and keeping in employment men who, at a moment's notice, are not alone competent to enter our navy, if occasion called for it, but who would prove an ornament to their profession. Yachting may now be said to have commenced; for the members of the Royal Squadron are gathering together at Cowes; the opening trip of the Royal Thames is advertised; and at Lympington, Poole, Gosport, Cowes, and Southampton, the note of preparation is heard in every shipwright's yard; men may be seen in every direction, removing stores, scraping spars, painting bulwarks, polishing brass guns, scrubbing decks, bending sails, and cleaning the copper bottoms from the dirt they have accumulated during the winter.

Many have described the charms of yachting, and to my mind there is not a more brilliant sight to be seen in the world than Cowes on a fine summer's day. If I wished to show a foreigner the wonders of our country, they would be Hyde

Park during the London season, with its splendid equipages and magnificent turn-out of equestrians; Ascot races on the cup day; and Cowes regatta. What can exceed the beauty of the scene as you approach the harbour of the latter place? A fleet of schooners and cutters attract your attention, many of which, scorning to "live at home at ease," court in foreign climes "the dangers of the seas." A whole flotilla of other craft, of every description, are at their moorings off the castle or in the river, while the rapidly-passing steamboats, with their gay streamers floating in the breeze, are flitting about like so many fireflies, burnished by the sun. A genuine Yankee merchantman is at anchor in the roads, with the star-spangled banner of America. Two government revenue-cutters, the terror of the modern "Will Watch's," have taken temporary possession of the Admiralty buoys, while a Dover pilot-boat is beating to westward, looking out for the homeward bound. Some Spanish, Norwegian, Portuguese, Swedish, Dutch, and Danish vessels, dressed in their gayest colours, are also snugly anchored, waiting for a favourable wind; the flags, banners, and standards of all nations are fluttering gaily in the winds, while the union-jack, that for years has "braved the battle and the breeze," floats proudly above them all.

Some one has remarked that there are few finer sights than a horse at full gallop and a vessel under sail; but to my idea nothing is more striking than seeing a well-manned cutter get under way. There is no noise, no hallooing, no confusion, no jostling; all is done in a most seamanlike manner; every thing is ship-shape; the eagle eye of the owner is watching every movement, ready to detect the slightest fault; the captain, worthy the command of such a craft, is doing his duty—as British sailors ever do theirs—coolly and firmly. Then, observe the neatness that prevails—"white is the glassy deck, without a stain"—mark the quickness with which the crew successively follow one another in an apparent race to the masthead, while setting the huge mainsail, by riding down the main and peak halyards. See the graceful way with which the noble vessel bends to the breeze when the jibsheet is hauled aft and the mooring let go. Watch the speed which, as if by magic, is instantly gained as the buoyant vessel, yielding to the propelling power of the wind, shoots ahead, like an arrow from a bow!

But, delightful as yachting is, like all sublunary pleasures, it has its drawbacks. In the first place, there is the difficulty of procuring a vessel exactly to your liking; some are too large,

others too small ; some are built entirely for sailing matches, others are as slow under canvas as sand-barges ; and, even if you are fortunate enough to succeed in purchasing the right size and tonnage, there are many other points to look to which require a man to be very wary in his proceedings. Many yachts are advertised for sale that are in so unseaworthy a state, and so badly found in stores, that they would cost more than they are worth to make complete. We have, however, in a previous chapter, exposed the “artful dodges,” tricks, and impositions of the unprincipled lot who live upon unwary yachtsmen, and trust that the remarks therein offered will have a salutary effect upon vendors and purchasers.

No matter what may be the course our several tastes indicate, and we therefore follow—whether we hunt, shoot, or fish—the same subtle principle it is that actuates all who delight in the pleasures of the field. A deep, unspeakable love of natural scenery (often ill understood, it is true, and but dimly perceived by those who, nevertheless, acutely feel it), and a ceaseless craving after mental excitement, form the chief constituents of the sporting character. This man has a passion for the chase, the next for the gun,



a third for the gentle craft of angling—all of them having the same motives to action. The question, “Whence arises this diversity of pursuits?” here naturally presents itself. The answer is brief and simple. “It was the circumstances under which they were respectively bred; the facilities for the indulgence of one in particular of those sports while the tastes and habits were forming that determined in each his particular bias.”

Such are the reflections of one who delights in all the recreations above enumerated, and who, having summered the hunter, and laid down the gun, takes up the rod with a light and jocund heart, or seeks the pleasures of yachting. June is most favourable for these amusements.

The London angler has his favourite resort, the Thames, opened to him; but to the bottom-angler the early part of the month often proves a blank. Whipping for dace is, however, likely to be successful in sharps and eddies, and occasionally a fine trout may be raised at the same time. On the great trout rivers—the Dove of Derbyshire; the Aire, the Wharfe, and Swale, of Yorkshire; the Eden, Hull, the Driffield, Derwent, the Pyne, and the Coquet, of the North; the Usk, and the ever-winding Powey, of Wales; the Torridge, the Tamar, and the Ex, of the West; on Loughs Inchiquin, Duloch, Schrub, Corrib, Neagh, in

Ireland ; Lochs Lomond, Awe, Laggan, Ericht, Rannoch, Tay, Earn, Lubnaig, Achray, Kattrine, in the land of flood and mountain. The mayfly is now at its height ; and happy is he who can get a good station on the banks of some favoured trout stream. Grayling also, beginning to stir themselves, are often taken alternately with the trout. The patience-in-a-punt angler looks forward to the end of the month to open his piscatory campaign against the barbel and gudgeon, while the more active follower of old Izaak will wield his rod, baited with living insects, for chub, roach, and dace. Perch, eels, and flounders yield certain sport ; in fact, all the white fish will take freely towards the end of the month.

Salmon-fishing is now at its height, and is to angling what deer-stalking is to shooting of meaner description. It requires a dexterous hand and a quick eye to raise and strike this king of the finny tribe ; and, when this is achieved, the sport is only begun at the point where, in other angling—unless in the case of an unusually lively and strong fish—it commenced and ended. The address and strength required to foil all attempts at escape, the hazard of failure, the anxious suspense, all unite to render this sport perfection ; and Wellington after Waterloo never felt prouder

than did the writer of this when, upon a memorable occasion, in company with the late respected and gallant Saltoun, he killed a fine Spey salmon weighing eighteen pounds.

From the mighty rivers of Scotland let us return to the greensward of England, where cricketing is now going on—and among the games of “merrie England” few, if any, have become so popular among all ranks as this has. Its exact origin is unknown, but, according to Strutt, it may be dated from the commencement of the eighteenth century. The first notice of it, which this painstaking antiquary has been able to discover, was in one of D’Urfey’s songs:—

“ Hur was the prettiest fellow  
At football or at cricket ;  
At hunting, chase, or nimble race,  
How featly hur could prick it !”

Whether the game is derived from the chugan of the Persians, the bandy play of the Welsh, the hurling of the Irish, or the golfing of Scotland, we know not; suffice it to say that in England alone, and in her colonies, it was reared and matured, and, wherever our active countrymen have met abroad, bats, balls, and wickets have been invariably introduced.

We ourselves, during a somewhat lengthened pilgrimage, have taken part in the game in Eng-

land, Ireland, Belgium, France, Germany, and Canada. Our first essay was in Tothill-fields—at the time we write of, the play-ground of the Westminster boys; our next was, during the holidays, at the Phoenix Park, Dublin. Our next innings came off at Vienna, during the Congress of 1815, where a chosen few introduced the game on the Prater. We then aimed at a higher flight, and formed one of a celebrated eleven of the Guards and Staff in the park at Enghien, near Brussels, about a month before the grand match between Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo. From Belgium we proceeded to La Belle France, where we pitched our wickets near the Bois de Boulogne; then crossed the Atlantic, and “went in” on the Plains of Abraham, near Quebec, where Wolf died victorious. A few weeks afterwards we were run out within a short distance of the mighty cataract of Niagara.

The above are personal experiences; but the game has not been confined to the places mentioned, for it has flourished under the burning clime of India, in the wild belts of the Cape, amidst the balmy breezes of Italy, on the rugged steppes of the Crimea, on many a palmy plain in Africa, under the rocky mountain of Gibraltar, in the islands of the Mediterranean Sea, near the spicy groves of Ceylon, on the uncultivated soil

of Nova Scotia, near the iron mines of the irregular mountains of the Mauritius. In England the number of matches is on the increase, and the opening meeting at Lord's was most fully attended. This is as it should be, for we look upon cricket as having the strongest claim to patronage, for it is in every sense a game for the million; it excites no envy by its exclusiveness, and is equally open to the peer as to the peasant. Indeed, we have ourselves seen the royal wicket of the Prince Regent bowled down by a well-directed "long hop" of a plebeian player; and the Sailor King, when Duke of Clarence, caught out by the brawny hands of an humble artificer.

As a general rule, wherever this manly game is encouraged, the humbler classes desert the public-houses and beer-shops; it brings them into friendly contact with their more wealthy brethren, and cements that friendly feeling which is so conducive to the interest of both classes; and upon no occasion—and we speak from a tolerably long experience—have we ever witnessed the deference due to rank and wealth in the slightest degree lessened. If Private Sims is run out by the indiscretion of his colonel, he is equally respectful to him on parade; and if the stumps of a ducal magnate fly out of the ground

by the swift and straight bowling of the humble tiller of the soil, the same consideration is shown.

While upon the subject of cricket, we cannot refrain from laying before our readers the account of two curious matches that came off during the early part of the present century, and which created considerable sensation at the time. The first, according to the chroniclers of the day, was for a thousand guineas, and took place at Montpelier, Gardens, Walworth, between the one-armed and one-legged pensioners of Greenwich Hospital. The sport created much diversion, as several lost or broke their wooden walls. The following is the return of the mutilated match of the—

ONE-ARMED PLAYERS.		ONE-LEGGED PLAYERS.	
First innings . . . .	20	First innings . . . .	31
Second ditto . . . .	65	Second ditto , . . .	25
Third ditto . . . .	32	Third ditto . . . .	21
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total . . . .	117	Total . . . .	77

As soon as the umpires declared the match to in favour of the “fewest hands,” the winners drove off to Greenwich in a triumphal car, ornamented with flags, banners, and laurel leaves, laughing (we presume) “in their (empty) sleeves” at the discomfiture of the one-legged fraternity. The losers speedily followed them, and consoled



themselves by “splicing the mainbrace” with prog and grog that had not undergone the scrutiny of the purser, and which left them, to follow out the nautical metaphor, “three sheets in the wind.”

The other was between Lord Charles Kerr and J. Cock, Esq., jun., to play a game of cricket—his lordship backing his servant, James Bridger, and his water-spaniel, “Drake,” against Mr. Cock, with Mr. Wetherell. The match, which was for fifty guineas a side, was played at Holt Pond cricketing-ground, near Farnham, Surrey. The post assigned to “Drake” was that of fagging out for the ball, the only way, indeed, in which his services could be rendered available; but, as he always caught it at the first bound, he proved himself quite as good a fieldsman as many a biped would have done. The following was the result of the game:—

## FIRST INNINGS.

Lord C. Kerr.	J. Cock, Esq.
J. Bridger, 50, caught out by	J. Cock, 6, caught by J.
J. Cock.	Bridger.
“Drake,” 0: instead of “not	W. Wetherell, 0, run out by
out,” we may say “never in.”	“Drake.”

Mr. Cock then added “shy” to his name, and gave up the match. The way in which the canine member of “Lord’s” ran Wetherell out was as follows:—Wetherell hit the ball smartly for a run,

but "Drake" played across the ball so much faster than the former expected, stopped it so well, and delivered it so quickly to his partner Bridger, that the batsman's stumps went down without a run.

As in a former chapter we have entered at some length into shooting in England, we think the following statement of the preservation of game in France may not be uninteresting. During the reign of Louis Philippe, the Citizen King kept the "game alive" in his monarchical domains; and, as a proof of this, to show with what care the forests of France were preserved, we take an extract from the *Journal des Chasseurs*, giving the numbers of the birds of prey and vermin killed by the keepers from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1846:—

Wolves . . . 3	Stray dogs . . . 261	Owls . . . 1737
Foxes . . . 949	Cats . . . 1170	Magpies . . . 3644
Badgers . . . 155	Weasels . . . 5127	Jays . . . 2370
Polecats . . . 1161	Buzzards . . . 743	Crows . . . 3026
Rats . . . 4073	Hawks . . . 1489	Total, 25,098

In the above list we find 1737 owls, and 743 buzzards. Among the former, we believe, were a few specimens of that scarce species, *Strix Passerina*, or sparrow owl, which is about the size of a blackbird, and so uncommon in our country that not more than one in nine or ten years is to

be heard of. Enfield is the spot where they are generally found. Of the latter, there were few of that *rara avis*, the honey buzzard, of whose habits so little is known that naturalists are not even aware where they build their nests. We believe that there are two in this country—one at Cranford, and the other at Sion Gardens. With regard to vermin, the French keepers must have proved the fallacy of the saying, “You can never catch a weasel asleep,” for we find no less than 5127 of these “wide-awake” animals falling under the ruthless hands of the *gardes de chasses*. The lovers of the “noble science” will mourn over the havoc made amongst the vulpine race, and regret that some were not exported to England, no less than 949 foxes having become “martyrs” to this feudal law. The deed was worthy of the days of our Norman conqueror. The stray dogs that were destroyed amounted to 261, enough to melt the heart of every dog-owner in France, from Madame la Comtesse in the Faubourg St. Germain, who pets and pampers her obese spaniel, Bijou, down to the scullion in the most obscure street in Paris, who, on the principle of “love me, love my dog,” turns every one out of the kitchen who does not make much of her turnspit, “Coco.” Return we to the list, where we find 1170 cats put *hors de combat* in twelve months. If the

French feline race have (as our native ones are reported to possess) nine lives a piece, the slaughter must have been tedious as well as awful. The human tabbies ought to have petitioned Louis Philippe against such an invasion upon their household goods. We were about unwittingly to add that the catastrophe ought to have been averted, but the spirit of Joe Miller warned us not to borrow from his pages. 4073 rats, 1161 polecats, 155 badgers, and 3 wolves were among the killed. Verdict, "Serve them right." We have all read the nursery ballad—

"Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;"

and here we find more than 6000 jays and magpies ready to undergo a similar operation —

"And was not that a dainty dish  
To set before a king?"

Joanna Baillie's popular lines, so beautifully set to music by Bishop, "The chough and crow to roost are gone," was fully executed, 3026 of the latter having gone to their long roost.

With the thermometer at 84° in the shade, we own that our idea of out-door amusements would be to extend ourselves at length on the velvet moss under a stately tree, by the side of a mur-

muring river, with a book as our companion, and a refrigerator full of moselle-cup close at hand. We could even go through the fatigue of enjoying a mild Havannah, and a glass of bitter ale and soda-water, under a hedge, while a game of cricket was going on, pitying with all our hearts those encased in flannel suits, wadded leg-guards, and wicket-keeping gauntlets; nay, perhaps, we might exert ourselves sufficiently to sit on the deck of a well-appointed yacht, under a canvas awning, with the steward in constant attendance with "sherry cobbler," "Badminton," and cider-cup. As for undertaking the toil of holding a rod, handling a bat, or steering a vessel, the very thought throws us into a profuse *transpiration*; and yet there are many manly sons of Old England who still delight in fishing, cricketing, and yachting. The present month is peculiarly prolific in such amusements; and to them we may add racing, the Goodwood Meeting taking place towards the end of the month.

In July the angler, to command success, must rise with the sun, and remain out until it sets. The white fish have now fully regained their strength and plumpness, except those that spawned late. Carp and tench which did not spawn during the last month may be expected to have done so the first week of this. Trolling for

pike is yet uncertain, and cannot be pursued to any advantage without a favourable breeze and a hidden sun. Gudgeons are now on the feed, and the trout will become a "triton among the minnows," having somewhat glutted itself with the fly. In this month the unfair practice of night fishing, with a lobworm on the top of the water, for large trout is but too common, and proves highly destructive. The grayling, who has begun to rise at all the trout and dace flies with avidity, will yet take the gentle at midwater, and sometimes prefers it, especially if the water be at all foul. It is now also that by the practice of sinking and drawing the largest grayling may be taken in some rivers, as those of Hampshire. In adopting this practice, a stout rod and a strong line are absolutely necessary. No float is used, but as much lead is put on the line as will just sink it, with a No. 6, 7, or 8 hook. Almost all the coleoptera, or beetle tribe, are greedily taken by the grayling; and the grasshopper is a very favourite bait with them. Before the grasshopper is put on the hook (which should be entered under the head and lodged in the body), the lead and shank should be covered with light green silk, or green and yellow mixed. In dipping for grayling, the fisherman cannot do better than follow the advice of old Izaak Walton, which has



been quoted by a hundred writers, and which will kill in our days as well as it did in his:—"Make a pair of wings of the feather of a landrail, and on the bend of the hook put one or two caddies; the head of the caddie should be kept close to the wings. Angle with a rod about five yards long, the line three, and the hook No. 2, or 3. Let the bait float down the stream just below the surface; then gently draw it up again a little irregularly by shaking the rod, and if there be a fish in the place it will be sure to take it. If you use two caddies with the wings, put the hook in at the head and out at the neck of the first, and quite through the other from head to tail. Two brandlings, or small red worms, may be fished with in the same way."

Roach will also, even in midday, if the sun be not in full vigour, take a gentle on a hook previously dressed with a hackle halfway down it, or the same with a pair of light-coloured wings. Chub may be caught this month, with the grasshopper, all day, but early and late anglings are those principally to be depended upon for the taking of trout. If, however, the day is very warm and gloomy, with occasional moisture, not produced by electrical action in the air, the opportunity must be embraced, as bottom fishing with a lively worm will fill the pannier. With regard to fly-

fishing, it will be found in many rivers that the trout are less inclined to rise than they were in the preceding months; they will, however, if a favourable breeze lends its aid, take the bright-coloured duns as the red spinners. Towards the close of the day, and particularly after a very hot one, they may be taken with the white-winged harl-fly; and still later in the evening the phalænæ, or moths, will prove effective.

The northern sportsmen are now on the alert to complete their summer sport, and lay by the fishing for the ramrod. The grilises, which returned last month, will now take the fly. The salmon and sea trout also afford the angling visitors to the lochs of Scotland a surfeit of sport, and they return home surprised at the magnificent scale on which fishing is carried on in the land of flood and mountain. In the lakes of Northumberland and Cumberland, small perch may be taken in myriads by the tourist. The burn or beak trout will also afford much amusement to the visitor, who will hardly fail to be amused with this dingy and diminutive specimen of *Salmo Fario*, noticed by Ausonius on account of its beauty:—

“*Purpureisque salar stellatus tergore guttis.*”

During his wanderings, the gillaroo trout may probably engage his attention, as well as the char

and gwiniad, which, being scarce, cannot fail to interest him. Char abound in the English lakes of Winander Mere, in Westmoreland; Ullswater, in Cumberland; in Llyn Quellyn, near the foot of Snowdon; and in Merionethshire. In Scotland, in Loch Tay and Loch Inch, and other neighbouring lakes; and in Ireland, in Lough Esk. The gwiniad is almost unknown to the angler; but the vast shoals that approach the shores during spring and summer are as great a boon to the poor of inland counties as the return of the herring is to those who dwell upon the coast; and it is recorded that an Ullswater fisherman took between 7,000 and 8,000 at one draught. It is there called schelly—a name which the inhabitants of Cumberland give also to the chub, from its being a scaly fish. This fish is found in Lough Neagh, Ireland, and is called the pollen; and in Loch Mahon, in Scotland, where it is termed the vangis. The Scotch have a tradition that it was first introduced by their beauteous but ill-fated Queen, Mary Stuart; and as in her time the Court was filled with the French, it is not at all unlikely that the name was derived from the vendoise, a dace, to which, from the whiteness of its scales, it bears some slight resemblance. The British name, gwiniad, or whiting, was bestowed upon it for the same reason. It is a native of the

lakes in Cumberland; and of Wales, in Pemble Meer, near Bala, in Merionethshire. In the lakes of the alpine parts of Europe it is found, as in those of Switzerland (in that of Geneva it is named ferra), of Savoy, and Italy—of Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, where, according to Schœffer, they are caught of the weight of 10 or 12lbs.

Grouse-shooting to the sportsman is what fox-hunting is to the Nimrod. The month of August, therefore, is looked forward to by the gunner with extreme anxiety, and grand preparations are being made for his opening campaign on the 12th in the moors of Scotland. His first duty is to provide himself with a guide who perfectly understands the nature of the locality to be visited, and the necessary requirements to be made for it, in the way of guns, dogs, ponies, ammunition, and personal appointments, for the Southerner must bear in mind, when he visits the North, that, like Bailie Nicol Jarvie in Rob Roy's territory, he cannot "carry the comforts o' the Sautmarket wi' him." His guns will be his primary consideration. We give it in the plural because every sportsman ought to provide himself with two double-barrelled guns in case of accidents, such as breaking a stock or fracturing a spring. His dogs will be his next care, and, in my opinion, two

brace of good steady pointers ought to be procured, regardless of expense, for in the long run they will prove the most economical. What can compensate the gunner for an unbroken brute who will put up every brood and mutilate every bird that falls at his feet? The plan I venture to recommend is, to shoot with one brace of pointers until midday, and then take a brace of fresh ones for a couple of hours in the afternoon, working the four alternately, morning and evening. Daniel — no mean authority — recommends the old English spaniel or setter, as preferable to the smooth pointer, “having,” as he observes, “better noses, and their feet are defended by their long hair from the ling, which, in dry weather, cuts like wire; they also are, for the most part, higher mettled, and hunt with more courage. The only objection to their general use is that they require plenty of water, without which their speed and steadiness are frequently called in question. Upon the moors there is seldom a want of this article, and there they undoubtedly show themselves superior to the pointer.” Upon the hills, where a pony can travel, we strongly recommend one; if undertaken otherwise, it is a constant and hard labour, for the shooter will have to climb to the summit of many an eminence, descend to the valley, ascend another mountain, as the brood

take flight and sweep over the heather-covered moors. As to the habits of these birds, we have usually found them morning and evening on their feeding-grounds, after which, having satisfied themselves, they will commonly take a flight and settle down on some favourite spot, if fine, for basking; if otherwise, they will drop where overhanging banks, or sheltering ling, will protect them. Like all sublunary pleasures, there are drawbacks to grouse-shooting, and many are the circumstances that occur to mar the hopes of the sportsman. Fogs and rain are among those most likely to occur: the early mist, too, may obscure the sight, and later in the morning the broods may have been shot at by the poachers, or been disturbed by some romantic London tourist.

The best time for grouse-shooting is a fine sunny day, from about eight till five, in August or September, and from about eleven till three at a later period of the season, as the birds are then extremely wild, and will only be tolerable during the few hours which are favoured by a warm sun. Unless the weather is very fine, you will see them running and getting up 500 yards before you. In this case let one or two of the party take a wide circle, so as to head them, while the others remain behind to press them forward; and above all things you should, for killing them



at this time of the year, use either No. 1 or 2 shot, in the stoutest double-barrelled gun you can manage, for grouse take a harder blow than partridges, and do not fly quite so steady and regular. Early in the season we recommend No. 3 shot for both barrels, but, if the birds show any wildness, load the second barrel with No. 2. Before we conclude our remarks upon grouse-shooting, let us urge the southern sportsman to be very cautious before he engages a moor, or he will find to his cost, as a friend of ours did, that there were more keepers and gillies to provide for than birds to kill.

During this month bottom-fishing may be pursued with avidity. The summer leisure of the Londoners invites them to the haunts of the fish on the "silver Thames," and the river is studded with anglers of the patience-in-a-punt school, some stationed in the barbel deeps, while others are moored in the gudgeon scowers. The banks will present a daper for chub, a worm-angler for perch, and a general follower of old Izaak, who cares little what fish comes to his hook, so long as he can fill his pannier. The professed angler will, at this period of the year, attend the waters early and late only, unless a lowering, gloomy day favours his views. The whipper for dace will find the prey getting shy, and the roach will look

twice at the well-sunk half-fly with a maggot before he will take it. The trout season is fast waning; but that for grayling is hardly arrived at its height, either at the top with a fly, mid-water with the gentle, or at the bottom by sinking and drawing. They will, however, now take the lead, and yield much sport in rivers where they abound. In the salmon rivers, those who are debarred from the noble sport of grouse-shooting may still capture this noble fish with either fly, minnow, or worm in the rapids; while in the lochs he may be trolled for during a sailing or rowing expedition.

Pigeon-match shooting, which for many years has been out of vogue with the higher class, has again lately come into fashion. This we rather regret; for, as a matter of sport, little or nothing can be said in its favour, when placed in competition with the more noble and manly recreation of the field. The partisans of this tame amusement are loud in its praise, and consider it the perfection of flying-shooting; and, unquestionably, it requires a quick eye, and a ready hand to follow its guidance, in arresting the flight of a bird so notoriously rapid in his motions; but when, in their eagerness to uphold their favourite diversion, they contend that, to become a good shot at game of all kinds, the tyro must

commence with pigeon-shooting, and that, after gaining a certain degree of proficiency in that practice, success in the other varieties will invariably follow, we beg leave to dissent from such a proposition, and shall call to our aid the opinion of one of the best writers upon the subject:—

“Shooting of pigeons and of game is so widely different that a person may almost always strike his bird from the box that scarcely ever makes shift to hit it when rising from the bush, unless a pointer ascertains to an inch from what spot he may expect the bird to spring. No method is so advantageous in learning to shoot well as acquiring it by practising it at game. The pigeon from the trap glides off in silence, and not a nerve is discomposed by the slightest alarm; but in the field, where the partridge or pheasant rises with all the vigour of an animal exerting his powers to preserve life and liberty, the consequent sound of their pinions in their ascent into the air, which is always attended with considerable noise, will perhaps create more of that trepidation (which, when possessed even in a trifling degree, effectually deters from steadiness in shooting) than if the shooter had never accustomed himself to fire at objects whose flight is so dissimilar. Many young sportsmen exercise their skill at swallows, swifts, and martins; but the flight of these is so irregular,

and so unlike that of every other bird which the sportsman pursues, that even a certainty of killing (which, by the way, a despicably bad shot may acquire a knack of doing by seizing a particular moment when they are just upon the turn, and are for an instant stationary) does not at all forward their dexterity in bringing down any other species of game." There are other objections to this sport to which we will briefly refer. It encourages gambling and extravagance, and many a young beginner has found himself what, in the parlance of the fast men about town, is called "pigeoned," by betters and sharpers, to a considerable extent, at the Old Hats or Red House, in addition to the legitimate expenses he has been put to for birds, traps, men employed on the ground, and refreshment. Above all, a manly mind feels some repugnance at the idea of confining and then liberating from that confinement hundreds of domestic birds doomed to instant and often inglorious death, for if the pigeon escape the regular shooter, he is certain to be maimed or destroyed by the numerous irregular gunners who infest and surround the privileged ground.

The present month is most favourable for yachting, racing, and cricketing. The Cowes, Ryde, and Southampton Regattas will shortly take place, and a fleet of vessels, from the stately schooner of

280 tons down to a diminutive ten-tonned cutter of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, may be seen flitting about the waters within the Isle of Wight. Provincial race-meetings are plentiful; and a grand gathering of those who take an interest in the manly game of cricket will assemble at Canterbury for the annual *fête*, and a more delightful one cannot be imagined. The mornings in the cricket-field, to witness the prowess of the wandering Zingari against a chosen eleven of England; the evenings at the theatre, to see the very best amateur performances; the nights at the club, where “the feast of reason and the flow of *bowls*” are happily blended—unite to render a pilgrimage to Cant-wara-byrg, or the Kentish men’s city, as it was called in the time of the Saxons, one of the greatest treats imaginable.

## CHAPTER VII.

A Sporting Baronet—The Battue—Difference between Slaughter and Sport—The Noble Recreation of Deer-stalking—Advice to the Tyro on Fishing—The Perils of Steeple-chasing—Hunting and Coursing—Pheasant Shooting—The High Bred Pointer—Amusements of the Closing Year—Necessity of Caution in the Use of Firearms—Woodcock Shooting—Winter Amusements—An Imperial Sledging Party at Vienna—Coursing—The English Greyhound—The Isle of Dogs.

“ Of all the joys that sporting yields,  
Give me to beat the stubble-fields  
Quite early in September. ”

So wrote the poet-laureate of sporting, Mr. J. M. Lacey, some five-and-thirty years ago; and certainly there is no greater delight than commencing the campaign against the partridges on a fine, bright morning in September, with the stubble and turnip fields well stocked, a brace of good pointers obedient to command, and a friend or two who really love shooting as a sport, not as



a fashion, and who are satisfied with bagging fifteen brace of birds to each gun. While upon the subject of shooting we are reminded of the following paragraph which has lately gone the round of the newspapers:—

“ A Sporting Baronet.—A return of the game killed by the late Sir Richard Sutton from 1828 to 1845 has just been printed. The numbers are as follow:—Grouse, 3,467; pheasants, 12,774; partridges, 22,795; hares, 7,829; rabbits, 4,483; woodcocks, 182; snipes, 166; wild ducks, 35; quails, 14; landrails, 4; plovers, 4; dotterels, 4; total, 51,765.”

Doubtless, it would be interpreted as presumption to attempt intrusion on the free agency of any one who is possessed of game; but we may be allowed to observe that the manner in which the pursuit of it is conducted—if pursuit it may be called—is, in many instances, totally inconsistent with the character of *sporting*.

The *battue*, which took its origin from foreign suggestion, was unknown in England in former days, but at the present time the slaughter of game effected on the estates of some of our great men surpasses the surprising quantities killed prior to the revolution of 1789 on the domains of the French nobility. So tame are game of all descriptions in many modern “home preserves,” so unaccustomed are they to annoyance, that fear

is a stranger to them. Their qualities as *feræ naturæ* seem at least suspended, and to shoot them by wholesale, like barn-door fowls, requires no pains, and but little art or skill—certainly not such as merits commendation or comment. When we separate the ardour, the uncertainty, the occasional inclemency of the weather, and, in a word, all the hardships, as they may be termed, annexed to the chase—when, in order to compass the object, we frustrate all need of exertion in fathoming its resources, and cease to place our reasoning and experience, however unavailing at times, against the instinct of the animal—we take away the means of enjoying that exquisite sensation consequent on victory dearly purchased. To have a spirit of enterprise in the field which nothing can quell; to be patient and persevering under difficulties, however complicated; to feel interest without relaxation in what is going on; to entertain hope under all extremities—this is to have a temper for sporting.

Did any one wish to satirize sporting, he would do it effectually by advocating the present “eagle in a dovecot” system. “Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,” says the poet; so says the sportsman of the old school. Our forefathers, after a substantial meal, usually taken at

daybreak, hurried to the field, where they explored wilds and wastes, their patience and perseverance betokening their ardour, and their efforts continuing often till the period of the setting sun ; and, although their subsequent conviviality was too often carried to excess, recourse was not so often had to the physician as now-a-days. Toil strung their nerves, and habitual exposure steeled their constitutions. What a contrast to the *battue* of our day, when the hour of meeting is midday, when nets are used, and beaters employed to drive the game into a corner, when every gunner has a man to load for him, when luncheon occupies at least an hour during the day, and hen pheasants are indiscriminately slaughtered to swell the returns of the killed !

We remember reading last year of a day's rabbit-shooting at the Earl of Stamford's, where the netting extended fourteen miles, and more than two thousand victims fell before the unerring aim of the noble lord and his flock-destroying friends. We mention this, not with a view of censuring the earl, for a finer sportsman—whether as a master of foxhounds, a preserver of game, a first-rate shot, or a cricketer—does not exist ; our remarks apply to the system, and to the system alone.

Deer-stalking, that noble recreation, has now

commenced, which, with a great portion of sportsmen, is the signal for laying by the fishing-rod until the ensuing spring; yet there are some for whom the laborious exercise on the hills may be too great—some who may have no hills to go upon—some whose nerves may not be equal to it—some from indolence—and others (though afflicted with none of the foregoing calamities or impediments) who may prefer beguiling an hour or two by the river side, or upon a lake, to fagging over the steep and rugged mountains of Scotland and Wales, with “the gun fast thundering” and the “wide-ranging dogs.” For these there is no lack of diversion, nor will there be for some time to come. Lake fishing is now at its zenith, and the salmon are up the rivers. How different is the life of a deerstalker from that of a fisherman! The first dawn of day summons the former upon those hills which the setting sun lights him to descend; then for a hasty dinner; and then to rest after the fatigues of the past day, and regain fresh strength and spirits for the next morning. With the disciple of old Izaak Walton there are none of those noisy preparations, scrambling breakfasts, fluttering anxieties, or maddening disappointments—such as a mizzling rain, commencing just as the sportsman has crawled up one of the highest hills,

or finding that some Cockney tourists have scared away the “antlered monarchs.”

To those, then, who may not be adepts in fly-fishing, I venture to offer a few remarks founded upon practical experience, which I trust may prove serviceable to all who, unlike myself, have not served a long apprenticeship by the river's side. “All is not gold that glitters” is an old proverb, the truth of which is strikingly exemplified in many of the fishing-tackle shops in London and other large towns. I was going to say that the proprietors of these shops, in nine cases out of ten, know nothing about fishing; but I retract the affirmation. They are fishermen, and expert fishermen; they angle with gaudy baits, and they catch *golden* fish. Not only golden fish though—they sometimes catch a gudgeon. For the capture of these fish, their splendid but most useless articles may serve very well, and they are a clear proof who are their best customers—cockney float-fishers, who sit patiently in a punt for hours together, throwing writhing worms into the “silver-footed (or rather fetid) Thames.” In these days of refinement, especially in such a city as London, everything must be made to attract the eye, and were a shop to be opened with merely useful tackle in it, I fear the owner would shortly appear in the *Gazette*. A

plain window, devoid of such attractions as patent umbrellas, walking-sticks, whips, fishing-rods, artificial frogs, mice, beetles, landing-nets, and creels, would not attract the slightest glance, unless from the keen eye of some skilful angler. Nevertheless, I am not going to question the truth of the axiom, that everything which art can produce is to be had in the metropolis; nor do I mean to say that good fishing-tackle is not to be obtained in these London shops; but this I will venture to affirm, that it is so mixed with, and obscured by, the bad as to baffle the ingenuity of a novice to select one from the other. An experienced angler going into one of these splendid emporiums may be compared to Cæsar when he entered Pompey's tent after the battle of Pharsalia. The Roman was astonished at finding everything with more the appearance of luxury and magnificence than of war; and the "Britisher," amidst all the absurd baubles which he would see, would imagine that they were better adapted for showing off than killing.

The first business, then, of a tyro is to ascertain from some experienced fly-fisher the best shops in London for tackle; he will then proceed to select a rod, and the greatest care must be taken to procure one which bends or plays equally in all parts, otherwise it will be sure not to stand.



He must then satisfy himself that the rings are put on a level, and that everything is smooth; lest, when a large fish should run out the line rapidly, it should catch, and a very slight obstruction in that case would be certain to break something. The size of the rod should be regulated according to the strength of the fisherman's arm, and on this point every one ought to judge for himself; after use, the pieces should be carefully strapped together with leather sliders, and care should be taken that they are quite straight, and not crossed over one another; this is most essential, to prevent a rod becoming crooked. The next thing to be considered is the reel, the size of which should be regulated by the object for which it is wanted. If for salmon-fishing, it should be large enough to contain from fifty to seventy yards of strong line; but for trout-fishing, in either river or lake, from twenty to thirty, except in a very few instances, will be found quite sufficient. Of lines, hooks, and flies I shall say nothing, as they must necessarily depend upon the purpose for which they are required, and a general notice would deceive, rather than assist, the young beginner.

The fly-fisher has carefully put away his rod, and books of artificial flies. All that is left him is to recall to his imagination the glorious sport he

enjoyed on the banks of the Spey, when landing salmon of eighteen and two and twenty pounds weight. The angler has laid aside his ground-ash stock with hazel top, his floats and trimmers, and is no longer to be seen on the banks of the Thames, between Richmond and Teddington, eyeing "the dancing cork and bending reed." The cricketer has grasped his bat for the last time for some months, and has stored away his stumps, balls, tubular India rubber gloves, and wicket-keeping gloves. The wandering Zingari have struck their camp and gipsy tents, and ceased for a season to be the terror of "All England." The Kentish Bowmen, the Woodmen of Arden, have unstrung their unerring weapons, while the female archers shoot their arrows at higher game than butts or targets. The yachtman's "occupation's gone;" the raking schooner, the clipping cutter, the seaworthy yawl of the Royal Squadron and other clubs, are enjoying their "mud baths" in the Medina and Itchin rivers. The crews of the Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, and Westminster boats rest on their oars. The pigeon-shooter looks down with contempt upon the "blue rocks" of Hornsey Wood as he wanders over the moors, or through the stubble-fields, after the black game and nut-brown partridge. Fishing, cricket, pigeon-shooting, archery, yachting, and boating have now

given way to hunting, pheasant-shooting, and steeple-chasing.

With respect to the latter (comparatively speaking) modern innovation, animated as we are by no ascetic or austere feeling against the amusements of any class of men, we own that we highly disapprove of this sport. It is one that cannot be warranted by the most simple consideration of humanity; it is one that every English country gentlemen ought conscientiously to condemn, for how can they with consistency, when acting as magistrates, fine a carter for ill-treating his impoverished horses; send a drover to prison (in default of paying the penalty) for outraging humanity in torturing his cattle, staggering on their way to the shambles, with swollen, protruding tongue, distended nostrils, starting eyes, inflamed and heavy flanks; punish a jobmaster for working his posters with sores on their shoulders; or sentence to the treadmill a huckster for driving his donkey to death, if they sanction a system which, for mere amusement, or, worse still, filthy lucre, subjects our most generous coursers to cruelties not less extreme, without even the hackneyed plea of necessity? That we have not overstated the case may easily be seen by referring to the list of "killed and wounded" steeds that have fallen victims to the steeple-chase.

In taking a retrospective view of summer out-door amusements, we are happy to be able to say that the truly manly game of cricket is in a most flourishing state. Many of our most distinguished "pillars of the state," senators, and gentry take a delight in this national sport, which, among its greatest advantages, can boast of being the means of bringing the higher and humbler classes socially and good-humouredly together, of affording an opportunity of the peer and peasant meeting in friendly communion, and cementing that bond of good-fellowship which ought to exist between the wealthy and their less fortunate brethren. The late Baron Alderson, than whom a more enlightened scholar or distinguished judge never lived, addressed the following remarks to the grand jury of the county of Suffolk, in the Summer Assizes of 1844 :—"In a neighbouring county, which I passed through on the circuit this time, I had, what I am afraid I shall not have here, a day of rest; and I went out into the country and had the pleasure of seeing a match of cricket, in which a noble earl, the lord-lieutenant of his county, was playing with the tradesmen, the labourers, and all around him, and, I believe, he lost no respect from that course; they loved him better, but they did not respect him less. I believe that, if the aristocracy associated more with the lower

classes of society, the kingdom of England would be in a far safer, and society in a far sounder, condition. I wish I could put it into the minds of all to think so, because I feel it to be true." Yachting has thrived greatly during the last season. This we rejoice at, in a national point of view, as, in our sea-girt isle, every encouragement given to the blue jackets must prove advantageous to the country. Archery is progressing greatly, and a grand toxophilite meeting is about to take place at Eglinton Castle. Happy are we to find that the noble owner does not think it derogatory to the dignity of the representative of royalty to encourage the good old sports of "merrie England," for we see by the newspapers the name of the lord-lieutenant as forming one of an eleven at a cricket match in Ireland. This is as it should be; it reminds one of bygone days, when the writer of this, as a stripling in the garrison of Quebec, took part in a match in which his father, the late Duke of Richmond, then Governor-general of Canada, surprised the weak minds of the inhabitants of that city by appearing in cricketer's attire, and bowling down five wickets, catching two most difficult balls, scoring forty-eight in two innings, and being returned "not out."

Return we to the month of October, which to

the sportsman is a most delightful period. What can be more exhilarating than a day with the pheasants upon a bright, glorious, bracing morning—a day such as our fathers and grandfathers were wont to enjoy, before the modern battue system was introduced? Let us for a moment revert to the olden time when percussion-locks were not even in prospective existence, and when the “gunner” was up at daylight, to enjoy a good hearty meal before he proceeded to the hedgerows and woods. Breakfast over, the party, seldom exceeding four or five, wended their way, accompanied by the keeper and dogs, to the scene of action, where they commenced operations. Every bit of ground was made good during the day; hedgerows were beat, turnips were walked through, stubbles were tried on the chance of a covey of partridges, and, finally, the woods echoed with the sound of a running fire, as the cry of “Cock!” was heard in the sylvan retreat. A crust of bread and cheese, with a glass of mild October ale at a wayside public or farm house, constituted the refreshment for master and man, who after this homely repast renewed their sport until the shades of evening set in. Returning home, the contents of the game-bags were displayed in the hall, and showed a fair return of cock pheasants (for hens were not indiscriminately slaughtered as they now



are), partridges, hares, and rabbits. Compare the above with a modern battue. At eleven o'clock the party lounge into the breakfast-room, jaded with the late hours of the previous night in the smoking-room, and pamper their appetites with deviled kidneys and broiled bones, aided by draughts of brandy and soda. Cigars then are lit, and the guns, keepers, and dogs having been sent on, the carriages are at the door to convey these degenerate sons of Britain to the place of meeting. There may be seen drawn up in line as many beaters as would form a company in a regiment of infantry, with a suitable number of loaders and men to pick up the game. The sportsmen are then placed in their respective positions, when the pheasants are driven up to them to be killed, very much after the fashion of shooting at doves from a dove-cot. After two hours of murdering fire, luncheon is announced, consisting of hot mutton pies, cold beef, chickens, ham and tongue, potted meats, venison pasty, and baked potatoes, with every sort of drinkable, from pale ale to sparkling champagne. Cigars and short pipes are relit, and the massacre is carried on, with less damage, however, to the "bold pheasantry" than before the epicurean repast. Carriages and horses are announced as daylight departs, and the game, upon the return home, is os-

tentatiously displayed on the lawn, that the ladies may witness the prowess of the knights of the trigger. Hundreds of pheasants, including nearly half of the fair sex, some awfully mutilated; scores of hares, many blown to atoms; dozens of rabbits, a few fit only to bait traps with, are counted over by the head keeper, who takes especial care to congratulate every "gunner" on his skilful deeds, thus insuring "golden opinions" in return for his "soft sawder." In the remarks we have made, our aim has not been to disparage the sportsmen of the present day, many of whom are first-rate shots, but to censure the modern, comparatively tame system of the battue, which is as unlike wild sport as killing the caged tiger at the Zoological Gardens with a rifle and bullet would be to tracking and bearding the African lion in his den with Gordon Cumming. In this instance, measures, not men, are included in our condemnatory remarks.

Although, in the eyes of our volatile continental neighbours, the month of November in England is associated with fogs and darkness, and the bills of mortality are supposed to be considerably increased by suicides, there is no period of the year when sport can be more thoroughly enjoyed. Hunting, coursing, shooting, may be had in perfection; while a few autumnal race

meetings and steeple-chases are reserved for those who require more excitement than the legitimate field recreations can afford them. Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, *the* Tom Smith of Leicestershire, died last October, 1858, at his Welsh residence, Vaynol, situated on the banks of the Menai, near Bangor. "Nimrod" has upon many occasions chronicled the deeds of his mighty namesake; and the stories of the ex-master of the Quorn, Burton, and Tedworth hounds, in charging John White when perched up aloft in a stiff "bull-finch," and ramming him, steed and all, into the next field; of his jumping, during a severe run, in and out, cleverly into a canal barge, merely exclaiming "Shear to!" "Sheer off!" are in sporting circles as familiar as household words.

The coursing fixtures fully prove that this ancient sport is not on the decline; and if our gracious sovereign does not follow the example of the Virgin Queen in keeping greyhounds and deerhounds, and witnessing the pulling down of bucks by the latter, the aristocracy, country gentlemen, and farmers still take delight in the "leash." Partridges, which were plentiful at the commencement of the season, are no longer sought after by the sportsman. The newspapers have teemed with accounts of the havoc made

among these birds during the last two months; and, for a man whose pleasure it is to stand still, or nearly so, in a turnip-field, with a double-barrelled gun in his hand, and another ready in that of his servant, certainly Norfolk and Suffolk are the counties to go to; when the stubble is driven in all directions, and the birds, congregated in a few fields of "Swedes" not far from the house, do not require him to take the field until after luncheon, when two hours will suffice, with a good shot, to fill the bag to overflowing. To the invalid or the sufferer from gout, who dreads the touch of the flinty field or hard clods of earth, it is delightful to be able to procure such shooting; but give us the health-breathing hills and unbounded ranges of the wide-spreading acres, with a brace of perfect pointers, not exceeding twenty inches in height, with small round feet,—they rarely, if ever, become tender; nothing can tire them. They should be light in form, and symmetrical as grey-hounds, with sterns nearly as fine; and when standing at their game, with every nerve and muscle extended, and their very skins bursting with high breeding, what can exceed their beauty? We have frequently paused before taking our shot, delighted with the sight; no slaughter, no overloaded game-carts, can compensate for the pleasure we experience in

watching the action of pointers of this description; and if we get our eight or ten brace of partridges, we would not exchange it for the best battue-shooting England can afford.

The landrail has quitted this country for more genial latitudes; and the delicate migratory quail has been driven away by the keen autumnal blast. But pheasant-shooting has commenced; and when we consider how for many years the stock of pheasants has been thinned by the modern battue, by those who furnish the licensed dealers in game, by the poacher, the prowling fox, and the insidious polecat, it is wonderful to think of the great show that we have had this year in almost every part of the country.

The keen and sporting disciple of the trigger requires no scientific rules for taking the field. If he can *shoot*, he is sure of being able to give a good account of his day's work; but, as we write for the million, it may not be amiss to offer a few suggestions as to the best method of proceeding. We will suppose that he is astir with the lark; the pheasants are then abroad at feed; they will be found on the stubble and among the potatoes. If the night has been wet or stormy, they will be met with nearer home, in the hedgerows, and on the verge of the coverts. Now, should he purpose going forth alone, his best assistant will be a

well-trained old pointer, one that will beat but a few yards wide of him, poking his nose into every tuft capable of holding a feather. The shooter should keep inside the line beaten, that is to say, between it and the woods, as thither the birds are sure to betake themselves as soon as they are sprung. If circumstances interfere with his morning leisure, then towards evening he may calculate upon sport in the open, as the pheasant will be abroad in search of food before the sun goes down. His method of proceeding will be that already described; a steady dog, a quiet march, and a cautious attack will best secure the success of his campaign. During the early part of the season the fields that lie nearest the coverts will afford him the best chances of sport, for his game will not wander far from home until the trees have lost their foliage, and the woods have been rattled by foxhounds, spaniels, and detonators. As, however, the cream of pheasant-shooting lies in covert, and is more peculiarly a woodland sport than any other—save, indeed, woodcock-shooting—the outline of a practical system for drawing springs and coppices may not be an unprofitable study for a November evening, accompanied by a mild Havannah, and a modicum of palatable mulled port. These remarks are, as a matter of course, not addressed to the luxurious



battue-shooter, with his fifty beaters, two loaders, and four guns, who blazes away right and left, at fur, flock, and feather, but to the less cormorant gunner, who is satisfied with a good old-fashioned day's sport, such as gladdened the hearts of his ancestors. If alone the shooter essay "his pleasure in the autumn woods," let him bear in mind the adage that "the early bird picks the worm," and be betimes in the field. Having fixed upon his line, let him beat it upon the principle of flanking the pheasant, the strong woodlands being the points for which his quarry is certain to make. In working the skirts of coverts, should he espy his game at feed upon the open, let him send round his attendant (for single-handed shooting does not imply a necessity of sallying forth literally alone), with directions that, when he has got to the side opposite the point where he himself purposes lying *perdu*, he send in a dog to spring them—pheasants being apt to run from a man, but always rising at sight of a dog.

Better than the most industrious pointer, or the most wary biped companion, the autumn pheasant-shooter will find the society of a keen-scenting and high-couraged retriever. The latter property is essential, as he will have to dash through strong, thorny underwood, among which

a wounded bird runs him at high odds, being able to penetrate the bush with much greater facility. It would, indeed, be worse than time lost to attempt woodland shooting of this description without a retriever, as it could only tend to reduce the head of game, without enabling the gunner to account for a tithe of those he hits. When autumn sport is to be sought in extensive coverts, the team of spaniels, which under such circumstances is essential, can scarcely be too full of tongue or too numerous. Pheasants at all times, in such places, require a brisk stirring to get them on the wing; the old birds will frequently suffer themselves to be coursed and almost run into before they rise. In conclusion, it is well to remember that they are partial to marshy soil—willow, alder, and similar aquatic shrubs being their favourite harbour.

The much sought-after woodcock has arrived on our coasts, accompanied by flights of snipe. Wild-fowl and geese will shortly be within the reach of the more hardy gunner; so that the sportsman has enough on his hands. Before we take leave of these aquatic birds, and, with a view of preventing the possibility of any mistake arising from the culinary hints already given as to the best mode of dressing wild fowl with cranberry sauce, instead of port,

lemon, and Cayenne pepper, we ought to add, that in referring to this fruit we allude to the American cranberry (*Oxy-coccus macrocarpus*), and not to what are called Scotch cranberries (*Vaccinium vitis idæa*); although, according to Loudon, they are quite as fit for tarts as those imported from the United States or Russia. Another gastronomic hint may not be out of place at a period when pheasants are as plentiful as the leaves that strewed the celebrated "Valley of Vallombrosa." This bird, though splendid in his plumage, is dry within. Instead, then, of roasting him, boil, and serve with a *purée* of onions or stewed celery.

The out-door amusements of chill December depend greatly upon the weather. If a severe frost and a heavy fall of snow set in, hunting gives way to skating, golfing, curling, and sledging. Shooting is in all its glory; for, in addition to pheasants, we have snipes, woodcocks, wild geese, and ducks. Hunting, too, if Jack Frost only postpones his visit until after Christmas, may be had in perfection; for the leaves being entirely off the hedges, we have none of those blind fences, or "bull-finches," which so often get the aspiring Nimrod into trouble, by leaving him, like the Merry Monarch, snugly perched up in a sylvan retreat.

Shooting claims our first notice; but before we enter more fully into the subject we will pause for a few minutes to offer a few remarks upon a subject which has lately attracted much attention—namely, as to allowing the lock of a detonator to be down on the capped nipple. A man might nearly as well sit on a barrel of gunpowder with a mild Havannah or short clay pipe in his mouth, as walk with a comrade who carries his gun in the above manner. The least jerk, the slightest strain, an accidental stumble, a sudden movement, will cause the piece to go off, and woe to the wretched victim who happens to be within the line of fire! I recollect some winters ago crossing the entrance hall at Goodwood House, in company with a brother of the late Marquis of Anglesey—now, alas! no more—who was carrying his gun in the way I have referred to. Scarcely had he proceeded three yards when off went one barrel, and before we had recovered from the shock and surprise the other followed; the charges of shot rattling over the marble pavement in every direction. Never shall I forget the effect produced upon my mind by this double fire. Happily no damage was done, as the field piece of ordnance was pointed downwards. Had the young covey of beautiful children, now grown into woman and manhood,

ran out to welcome us back, the result might have been most calamitous. Want of due caution, and thorough carelessness in the management of fire-arms, have been the means of so many fatal accidents, that we cannot too forcibly impress upon the minds of our readers the necessity of carrying out the first golden rule, namely, never to let your gun be pointed in such a manner that if it went off by any unforeseen accident it would endanger the life of any one. Over every sportsman's hall the following law, to be as strictly enforced as those of the Medes and Persians, ought to be emblazoned in prominent characters:—"Any person loading a gun, carrying, or leaving it loaded in the house, will be subject to a penalty of 5*l.*, to be distributed among the poor of the parish." With these hints upon safety, we proceed to our subject. December is a splendid month for pheasant shooting. To ensure thorough good sport there is nothing better than a team of well-trained spaniels, strong in the chest and loins, very short in the legs; they should be steady, keen, obedient, and courageous. Great care must be taken with the breed, for if a taint of the hound, however remote, exists, the produce will be wild babblers, who will put up the game at a great distance, and quit feathers for fluck. As battue shooting is one

of our abominations, we shall not even pause to denounce the dull, tame, unexciting, slaughtering amusement of modern days, but proceed at once to the health-preserving sport of our ancestors. Nothing can exceed the delight of a bright, frosty, winter morning, with good dogs and well-stocked coverts. As pheasants often lie extremely close, winding in among briars and low brushwood, great attention must be paid in beating out every yard. Early in the season they prefer grassy, brambly spots, covered with privet; as the year advances, they will lie in clearer places, especially among pits of water, which are occasionally found in the "woods and forests." When game is not very plentiful, we would advise the sportsman to commence by beating the skirts of the covert, by which means the birds that have been feeding in the adjoining fields will be hit off—he ought then by degrees to penetrate deeper into it. After traversing the wood with beaters and dogs, it will be advisable to make a circuit round the extremities, by which means you get at those birds which may have run or escaped from the interior. A gun or two inside, and the rest outside, will be the best distribution; but especial care must be taken to know the whereabouts of your companions in arms, or you may probably "bag" your friend instead of your game,



a consummation *not* very “devoutly to be wished.”

We will now venture a few remarks upon pheasant shooting. In covert the very greatest care ought to be taken to avoid accidents. The line of guns and beaters ought to advance in strict military order, dressing on the centre; for a man in advance, or a straggler in the rear, runs a fair chance of being shot. In stopping to load, the word “halt” should be given in a loud, distinct tone; and it ought to be repeated by the keepers. “Go on!” is the signal for renewing the attack. Special injunctions should be issued to the whole force never to run forward or back for a dead or wounded hare or pheasant, for, in endeavouring to recover your game, the life of the seeker may be sacrificed; and last, not least, let the muzzle of your gun be always pointed in such a way that, in the event of an accidental explosion, no mischief may occur. To the above important points of advice we would add two of a minor nature, which may be of great avail to the beginner—viz., to take ample time and aim at the head, allowing a moderate advance for the bird’s flight, which is at first very rapid. Secondly, never to draw the trigger until the bird is full thirty yards distance from you; as in the event of your killing, or rather “blowing him up,” you

will assuredly spoil him for "dressing," and will most likely get well "blown up" yourself for your unsportsmanlike proceeding.

Woodcock shooting is a sport that, as the Americans say, cannot be "dittoed" anywhere. These migratory "fly-by-nights" generally arrive among us soon after the Michaelmas full moon, and about Christmas present their "long bills" to us in a far more agreeable shape than other dun birds are wont to do at that festive season. For cocking we should recommend a short gun, as being the handiest to take aim with in strong coverts, where it is difficult to move your arms amidst the branches of trees; and No. 7 shot, which, being small, will fly thicker than large, thus multiplying the marksman's chance, especially with woodcocks, who will fall at a few pellets; this shot will be found equally efficacious with No. 3 or 4 in killing at forty yards. These birds are very locomotive, rarely staying any time in one place; their principal haunts being near rills of water, or amidst the fallen leaves of some close coppice, tall clump, or full-grown wood. Towards evening, especially if the wind is from the south, or south-west, the woodcock, having enjoyed his daily diet of worms, may be found in the wet pasturage of the meres, or on the brooks that skirt the woods, revelling in the luxuries of a bill

and foot bath. The Long-nose, or Lang-nasen, as the Germans call them, are universally diffused, and are to be found in the frigid and torrid zones, in the Old and New World. We hear of them in Greenland, Russia, Norway, Iceland, Sweden, Poland, Silesia, Siberia, Ceylon, Guinea, Barbary, on the Gold Coast, in the islets of Senegal; in England, France, Germany, Louisiana, Illinois, and Canada.

Before we conclude we must throw out a hint to the general reader, extracted from a most amusing gastronomic work; it is greedy and selfish to the greatest degree, and, although we condemn the sentiments, we cannot fail to admire the ingenuity of the writer. The advice is as follows:—"If you have a friend to dinner, plead some excuse and persuade him to carve the woodcock; by so doing you will ensure the best parts, whereas, if you help it yourself, you must, of necessity, give your guest the choicest bits."

Snipes are to be found in more countries of the world than almost any other bird—from Sweden and Siberia to Ceylon and Japan, at the Cape of Good Hope, in the plains of Chile, among the Otaheite islands in the Southern Ocean, Louisiana, Canada, and Europe. No feather-bed sportsman will ever take to wild fowl or goose shooting, because he will be deterred by the discomfort of

being posted for hours by the side of a river, or anchored half a night among the cold wintry winds in a creek; still, if he can make up his mind to rough it, he will be amply repaid for his labour; and we recommend all who are so inclined to study the pages of Christopher Idle, who treats most ably upon the subject, and gives the most graphic description of this exciting amusement. As a contrast to this wild sport may be mentioned the tame decoy, which will, however, *faut de mieux*, pass an agreeable hour or two, especially with the prospect of seeing the produce served up at dinner with the following sauce:—One glass of port wine, one tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, one ditto lemon juice, four grains of Cayenne pepper, and a shalot, to be scalded, strained, and added to the gravy of the bird. A decoy requires a large expanse of water, surrounded with wood; for without this sylvan protection the wild fowl would soon be driven from their quiet haunt during the day by the noise and tumult of the busy country world. We have in an earlier portion of this work treated upon the practice of decoying wild fowl.

There is no month in the year, and no country in the world, in which out-door amusement can be carried out with greater zest than during December. It is true that our islanders cannot enjoy the sports of the ice such as are to be found on the

Neva ; nor can they take part in the splendid sledge pageants of Vienna, or the exciting carriage drives over the the frozen snows of Upper and Lower Canada ; but they have one immense advantage, which is, that if the severity of the season enables them to devote a portion of the winter to skating, sledging, and golfing, it leaves the remainder to be employed in shooting, coursing, or hunting. We have alluded to an Imperial sledging party at Vienna, when crowned heads and all the magnates of the court graced the entertainment ; when the bands of the noble Hungarian Guard accompanied them, and whiled away the hours with their monster concerts—a concord of sweet sounds—and where each guest tried to outvie the other in the beauty of the vehicle, the magnificence of his horses, the costliness of the trappings, the splendour of the furs, and the harmony of the gold or silver bells attached to the arched necks of the high-couraged steeds. We have also formed one of the Quebec Sledge Club, and have paraded the streets and plains of that city, immortalized by Wolfe ; we have driven a tandem on the ice close to the far-famed falls of Niagara—all beautiful sights in their way, and which the mind could dwell upon with pleasure, were it not for the severity of the winter, and the monotonous appearance of the snow-clad lowlands, mountains, and valleys for

more than half the year. In our foggy clime, so quick are the transitions from frost to thaw that a man may skate upon the Serpentine on a Saturday, and have a splendid day with the Pytchley on the following Monday; may take part in a golfing match on a frozen Scotch lake at the beginning of the week, and kill a fox in the open with the Lothian hounds before the termination of it; or drive a sledge through his park the very day that he may rattle away at the pheasants, woodcocks, and snipes.

Having previously referred to hunting and shooting, we shall on the present occasion devote a few lines to the leash. To prove that this sport has not degenerated, we have only to record the fact that nearly twenty meetings are advertised for the present month; and when among the trysting-places we find Newmarket for England, Ardrossan for Scotland, and Cork for the Emerald Isle, there can be but little doubt that the ancient and delightful amusement of coursing was never held in greater consideration than in the present day. The value of the stakes, from the liberal subscriptions entered into by the numerous clubs, is such as to induce the lovers of the "leash" to spare neither pains nor expense to procure the best blood, and to bring their dogs to the slips in the



highest possible condition; without which requisites no man can contend with much chance of success for any of the principal prizes. We have ever been a great admirer of the greyhound; the symmetry of its form and the elegance of its movements render it one of the most beautiful of its species; and we have watched with great delight the improvements which, year after year, have taken place in the regulations at the various meetings in the United Kingdom. Before, however, we proceed to notice coursing as it is, let us go back to bygone days, and we shall find that, among the dogs which attended our ancestors to the chase, none seem to have been more highly prized than greyhounds. They were, indeed, the favourite species during the middle ages. When a nobleman travelled, he never went without these dogs; the hawk he bore upon his wrist, and the greyhound which ran before him, were certain indications of his rank; and, in ancient rolls, payments appear to have been often made in these valuable animals. They were chiefly useful in the pursuit of the hart, stag, and roebuck. Dr. Caius, the able assistant of Buffon, tells us that the *leporarius* takes its name *quod præcipui granus sit inter canes*, the first in rank among dogs; and that it was formerly thus esteemed appears from the forest laws of King Canute, which enacted that no per-

son under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep one ; and this view of the case is confirmed by the old Welsh saying—"Weth ei walch ei earch a'i adwaener bowbeddeig!" which may be thus translated—"You may know a gentleman by his hawk, horse, and greyhound." Froissart gives an anecdote which does not reflect much credit upon the fidelity of this animal, for, when Richard II. was confined in Flint Castle, his favourite dog deserted him, and fawned, like other biped courtiers, on his rival Bolingbroke. We have, however, a set-off to this treachery in Gêlert, the faithful hound of Llewellyn Prince of Wales. How graphic is the description given by William Spencer of the "hound smeared with gore," of the frantic father "plunging his vengeful sword in Gêlert's side," then his remorse after finding his "cherub boy unhurt by the side of a wolfe," tremendous still in death!—

"Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain?  
For now the truth was clear;  
The gallant hound the wolf had slain  
To save Llewellyn's heir."

Henry II., John, the three Edwards, Queen Elizabeth (in whose reign the laws of coursing were established by the Duke of Norfolk), and Charles I., were all devoted to that race.

The Isle of Dogs, now converted to purposes of

commerce, derived its name from being the place where the spaniels and hounds of Edward III. were kept; and this locality was selected as being contiguous to Waltham and other royal forests in Essex, whither His Majesty proceeded from his sporting and hunting quarters at Greenwich, in pursuit of woodcocks and red deer. In the days of Queen Bess, when the Virgin Queen was not disposed to take an active part in the pleasures of the chase, she usually stationed herself at the window to see the deer coursed; and among the records of Kenilworth Castle, immortalized by the Magician of the North, we find that Her Majesty witnessed from a turret "several bucks, all having fayre law, pulled down by greyhounds."

The English greyhound of the present day differs greatly from the alant or wolf-dog (called by Chaucer "alaun") of former times. He no longer possesses the ferocity of that race, but has become gentle and passive. Some years ago, however, the Earl of Oxford, who looked upon the present breed as deficient in game and perseverance, introduced a cross of a bulldog; the result was that, after a certain number of generations, all trace of the latter animal was lost except his courage, and up to the present day the system is almost universally adopted. The noble lord, to

whom we have above alluded, may literally be said to have held "the ruling passion" for coursing "strong in death;" for on the morning that his favourite Czarina—who had started forty-seven times, and had always proved victorious—was matched in a heavy stake, the sporting patient eluded the care of his medical adviser and appeared on the course. The greyhounds were in the slips—the owner of Czarina was all anxiety. Again was she successful; but, at the moment this fresh honour was heaped upon her, her kind though eccentric master fell from his pony, and, pitching upon his head, was killed. The late Lord Rivers's kennels at Strathfieldsaye were the finest in England, and at one time his lordship carried off every prize; but breeding too much in and in, and looking for speed more than stoutness, during the latter years of the noble lord's life his greyhounds often suffered defeat.

Strange as it is that while all the ingenuity of man has been exercised in bringing the breed of greyhounds to the greatest perfection, so as to acquire speed, courage, and resolution, and that no experiment has been wanting to train and break in the dogs, the hare, left to nature, continues to beat its pursuer single-handed. There are exceptions to every rule; and we well recollect upon one occasion the following circumstance taking place

not far from Stoke, in the county of Sussex. A brace of hares were started by the finders exactly at the same moment, one making for the right, and the other for the left, of the valley under Bow Hill. The greyhounds happened to be a little wide of each other, and in consequence of this each dog only saw one hare. Away they went gallantly after their respective game, and the field of sportsmen separated, following their favourite dogs. After a beautiful course, or, strictly speaking, two courses, the running being strong, both Luath and Loyal succeeded in killing their hares.

A greyhound, according to an ancient authority (Wynkyn de Worde, 1495), ought to answer the following description :—

“Head like a snake,  
Neck like a drake,  
Foot like a cat,  
Tayle like a ratte,  
Syde like a teme,  
Chyne like a breme.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

Sea Fishing—The Abundant Provision of Food for Man in the Ocean—Cod Fishing on the Coast of Newfoundland—The Admiral of the Fishermen—Mackerel Fishing on the West Coast of England—The Dutch and English Herring Fishery—The Whiting and its Varieties—Rules for Angling—Dibbing and Float Angling—The Habits of the Salmon—Qualifications of a Salmon Fisher—The Haunts and Habits of the Trout—Voracity of the Pike—Its Longevity and Rapid Growth—River Carp—Manner of taking Tench—Varieties of the Eel Tribe—The Various Methods of Catching Them—Sniggling, Bobbing, &c.

THE sea carries off from the lands which it washes a vitriol and bitumen that disperse and incorporate with the smallest particles of the water. It is in this nauseous element that an Allwise Creator has thought fit to improve and bring to perfection the flesh of those fish which the lovers of gastronomy prefer before the choicest fowls. In this water, one would imagine that the number or fertility of the inhabitants would not be considerable; yet, what a prodigious quantity of muscles,



lobsters, crabs, and other fish of an enormous size; what piles of oysters, whose whiteness and fat give keenness to the appetite; what a profusion of turbot, brills, plaice, flounders, soles, and all the various species of flat fish, does it furnish us with! We observe, in the season, whole fleets of vessels freighted with herrings; and, at other times, shoals of mackerel and whittings present themselves voluntarily before us upon the coasts; insomuch that many towns are supplied with a sufficient number of them by the bare capture of a single day. Legions of smelts and flounders forsake the salt waters in the spring, and begin to swim up the rivers; shads follow the same track, and grow to full perfection in the fresh water. Salmon continue till September to enrich the sport of fishermen, and regale the public. Every season furnishes us with new delicacies, from the saline and fresh water regions, without the least interruption; such as lamprey, eels, perch, pike, and trout, to which we shall presently refer.

Our immediate subject is sea fishing. Cod is caught everywhere on the coast of Great Britain; but there are particular times of fishing in particular places, where they are found in greater plenty. Thus, from Easter to Whitsuntide, is the best season at Allanby, Workington, and Whitehaven, on the coasts of Lancashire and Cumber-

land ; on the west part of Ireland, from the beginning of April to the end of May ; on the north and north-east of Ireland, from Christmas to Michaelmas ; and on the north-east of England, from Easter till Midsummer.

But the chief support of the cod fishing are the banks of Newfoundland, which are a kind of submarine mountains, one of which, called the Great Bank, is 450 miles long, 100 broad, and 75 from Newfoundland. The best, largest cod are those taken on the south side of it ; those on the north side being much smaller.

The best season for fishing for them is from the beginning of February to the end of April, at which time the fish, which have retired during the winter to the deepest part of the sea, return to the bank and grow very fat.

Those that are taken from March to July keep well enough ; but those in July, August, and September soon spoil. The fishing is sometimes over in a month or six weeks, sometimes it lasts six months.

When Lent begins to draw near, though the fishermen have caught but half their cargo, they will hasten homewards ; because the markets are best at that time, and some will make a second voyage before others have got a sufficient cargo for the first.

Each fisher can take but one at a time, and yet the most expert will catch from 350 to 400 in a day. They are all taken with a hook and line, baited with the entrails of other cod, after the first has been caught. This is very fatiguing, both on account of the heaviness of the fish and the coldness of the weather; for though the Great Bank lies from  $41^{\circ}$  to  $42^{\circ}$  of latitude, yet the weather in the season of fishing is very severe.

The process of salting cod on board ship is as follows:—They cut off the head, open the belly, and cleanse the fish; then the salter ranges them, side by side, at the bottom of the vessel, and head to tail, a fathom or two square; when one layer is complete, he covers it with salt, and then lays on another, which he covers as before; and thus he disposes of all the fish caught in the same day, for care is taken not to mix those of different days together. After the cod has thus lain, for seventy-two or ninety-six hours, they are removed into another part of the vessel and salted afresh; and then they are suffered to lie till the vessel has its burthen.

The principal place for fishing for cod, which is designed to be dried, is along the coast of Placentia, in Newfoundland, from Cape Race to the Bay of Exports, within which limits there are several commodious ports for this fish to be dried in.

In this fishing, vessels of all sizes are used ; but those are most proper which have large holds, because the fish have not a weight proportionable to the room they take up.

The time of fishing is during the summer season, for the convenience of drying the fish in the sun. On which account, European vessels are obliged to set out in March or April ; as for those that begin their voyage in June or July, their design is only to purchase cod that are already caught and prepared by the inhabitants of the English colonies of Newfoundland and the neighbouring parts, in exchange for which, we carry them meal, brandy, linen, molasses, biscuits, &c.

The fish which they choose for drying is of a smaller sort, which is the fitter for their purpose, because the salt takes more hold of it.

When the fishing-vessels arrive in any particular part, he who touches ground first is entitled to the quality and privileges of admiral, has the choice of his station, and the refusal of all the wood on the coast.

As fast as they arrive, they unrig their vessels, leaving nothing but the shrouds to sustain the masts ; in the meantime, the mates provide a tent on shore, covered with branches of fir, and sails over them, with a scaffold fifty or sixty feet long and twenty broad. While the scaffold is building,

the crew apply themselves to fishing, and, as fast as they catch any fish, they open and salt them on movable benches; but the main salting is performed on the scaffold.

When the fish have taken salt, they wash and lay them in piles on the galleries of the scaffold to drain; after this they range them on hurdles only a fish thick, head against tail, with the back uppermost. While they lie thus, they take care to turn and shift them four times in every four and twenty hours.

When they begin to dry, they lay them in heaps, ten or twelve a piece, to retain their warmth, and continue to enlarge the heap every day till it is double its first bulk; at length they join two together, which they continue to turn every day as before, and when they are thoroughly dry, they lay them in high piles as large as haystacks.

Besides the body of the fish, there are the tongues, which are salted at the same time with the fish, and barrelled up. The roes undergo the same process, and are of service to draw fish, especially pilchards, together. The oil is used for dressing leather, and for other purposes, in the same manner as train oil.

When cod leave the banks of Newfoundland, they go in pursuit of the whittings; and it is

owing to that the return of the latter is frequent on our coast.

At Buchan, on the coast of Scotland, a small kind of cod is caught, and is highly prized; the fishermen salt and dry it in the sun upon the rocks, or sometimes in the chimney; but it is principally used for home consumption.

Mackerel are found in large shoals in divers parts of the ocean, but especially on the coasts of France and England. They enter the English Channel in April, and take their course through the Straits of Dover, insomuch that in June they advance as far as Cornwall, Sussex, Kent, Normandy, and Picardy.

They are taken either with the angle or with nets. When they are angled—for it must be out of a boat or vessel that lies at anchor, or goes through the sea a few knots an hour—the best bait for them is a piece of herring put upon a strong hook; when that is wanting, a shrimp, or a bit of any other fish, or even a piece of scarlet cloth, will do; for they bite so freely that there is no fear of having bad sport; when you have taken one, their own flesh will serve for a bait. There is no occasion to be curious about your tackle, for you may dispense with a rod, and fish with several hooks at a time.

In the west of England they fish for them with



nets, near the shore, in the following manner:— One man fixes a pole into the sand near the sea, to which he makes fast one end of a long net. Another, in a boat, takes the other end of the net in his boat, and rows round in a circuit as far as the length of the net will permit, and then back towards the shore; when his boat turns round, he steps into the water, and taking the cord of the net with him, drags it towards the shore; then, upon a given signal, both the men draw the net out of the sea, and by this method often catch three or four hundred fish; they are immediately carted and carried away by horses, which are in waiting for that purpose. The quantity of mackerel taken upon that coast sometimes is almost incredible; and when they are so cheap, they are not worth carrying away.

The herring is a fish everywhere in esteem, as appears from the vast quantities that are taken, and consumed, as well salted, dried, and pickled as fresh.

It was a question, formerly, whether herrings fed upon anything besides water? But Luwen-hœck has made it evident that they come every year in pursuit of worms and small fish, which, at the time of their arrival, abound in the Channel; for when they have cleared the northern seas of their stock of provisions, then they travel southward in search of a fresh supply. Their most

constant abode seems to be in the seas between the North of Scotland, Norway, and Denmark, from whence they make annual excursions through the British Channel, as far as the coast of Normandy.

The Dutch begin their herring fishery on the 14th of June, and employ thousands of vessels, of from forty-five to sixty tons each therein. None of them are allowed to stir out of port before they have made a verbal agreement, which has the same force as if it was in writing. The principal government regulations enforced are:—That no fisher shall cast his net within a hundred fathoms of another's boat; that while the nets are cast, a light shall be kept on the hind part of the vessel; that when a boat is by any accident obliged to leave off fishing, the light shall be cast into the sea; likewise, that when the greater part of the fleet leave off fishing, and cast anchor, the rest shall be obliged to do the same.

The best times of fishing on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, near Yarmouth, Lowestoff, and Southwold, are from the middle of September till the middle of October. The nets in use are about five yards deep, and twenty-five long; sometimes the number of nets fastened together will make a mile in compass.

The fishermen judge whereabouts the herrings lie by the hovering and motion of the sea birds

which continually pursue them in expectation of prey; they then row gently along, let their nets fall into the sea, taking their course as nearly as they can against the tide, that so, when they draw their nets, they may have the assistance of it. As soon as any boat has got its load, it makes to the shore, and the herrings are delivered to the men who are to prepare them for salting; they are then put into a tub of brine, where they lie for twenty-four hours. Those that are intended for drying are taken out, put into wicker baskets, and washed; after this they are spitted on wooden spits, and hung up in a chimney built for that purpose, at such distances that the smoke may have free access to them all. When they have filled these places, which will hold ten or twelve thousand, they kindle the billets which are laid on the floor, in order to dry them; this done, they shut the doors, all other air holes being stopt before, and immediately the place is filled with smoke. This is repeated every quarter of an hour, insomuch that a single last of herrings requires five hundred billets to dry them. A last is ten barrels, each barrel containing near a thousand herrings. These, thus prepared and dried, are called red herrings.

The pickled herrings are best done by the Dutch, who take them for that purpose about the

summer solstice. The usual method of pickling them is this:—As soon as the herrings are taken out of the sea, they are cleaned and washed; then they are immersed in strong brine, made with water and sea-salt, for fifteen hours; after this they are taken out and well drained, and put in regular order into barrels, with a layer of salt at the bottom of the barrels, and another at the top; care then is taken to stop them up with caution, that no air may get in, nor brine out, either of which would be prejudicial to the fish.

Herrings always swim in shoals, delighting to be near the shore. They spawn but once a year, and that is about the autumnal equinox, a little before which, like many other fish, they are highest in season.

It has always appeared to us a national disgrace that so little is done to draw supplies of food from the deep waters that encircle our sea-girt isle. Great Britain, Ireland, and the Islands present a coast of about 4,000 miles, much of which is excellent fishing ground, teeming with cod, brill, halibut, skate, turbot, and herrings, and yet the capturing of them is conducted on the most feeble scale. In a country which carries speculation even beyond the bounds of prudence, we are greatly surprised that no gigantic concern has been suggested under the title of the United

Kingdom Deep Sea Fishing Company, which, we feel assured, would yield a more handsome return than any other joint stock association. All that would be required would be a tolerable large outlay on the onset, for boats, nets, and tackle. Large stationary ships for curing a portion of the fish, steamboats for tugging the boats to their stations, conveying all that is caught at once to the shore for transmission to the markets, or direct to Billingsgate, could be advantageously employed, while, by means of the latter, fresh provisions, bait, &c., could be taken out to those engaged in the deep sea. In this way, thousands of our unemployed poor might be speedily relieved; such a plan, too, would have the effect of procuring cheap food for the rich as well as for their more humble brethren, and would prove a boon to the agriculturist, inasmuch as the refuse would be the very best manure that could be used on the farm. In conclusion, it appears that while our country offers peculiar facilities for prosecuting a most useful and remunerative branch of industry, it is either entirely neglected, or left to a few laborious but poor men—persons who have not the means of prosecuting it beyond procuring a daily scanty subsistence for themselves and families, or, at most, of making a few shillings, at the cost of much labour and risk of their lives.

The whiting is one of the smallest of this kind of fish, it being seldom met with above a foot in length; the flesh is sweet, tender, and in universal esteem.

There is another sort of whiting, not above seven inches long, which is very common in the Mediterranean Sea, and is called, by the Venetians, Mollo, and, by the people of Marseilles, Capelon. It is doubted by some whether they are found in the ocean or not, and yet it is probable that this is the same fish which our countrymen corruptly call Capeling, and which they catch upon the American coast for a bait in cod fishing. It is of a darker colour than a common whiting, and has a barb at its nose like a cod.

The fishing for whittings in a boat is diverting enough, because they bite very freely, and require no very nice tackle to catch them. You may know where to cast anchor by the sea gulls, for they never fail to hover over the place where the whittings lie, and if they seem to dip into the water every now and then, you are sure not to lose your labour. At Portsmouth, and other places on the coast of Hampshire and Sussex, you may find good diversion with the whittings; a small smelt, a muscle, a herring, a hairy worm, a cob, or a marsh worm, are good baits. You need



not use a rod, but a paternoster line, with half-a-dozen hooks, eighteen inches from each other. The line may be fastened to the inside of the boat, by which means you will have but little trouble, except in drawing up your fish, and putting on fresh baits. The time of waiting before you examine your hooks need not be long, for they are a very greedy fish.

Pollock.—This fish has the English name of Whiting Pollock bestowed upon it from its likeness to a whiting. It is, however, larger, proportionably broader, and not quite so thick. Its flesh is well tasted, nourishing, and flaky, like that of a cod. He lives upon fish, particularly sand eels, and is frequently taken near Penzance and St. Ives, in Cornwall, and is likewise often caught in rock fishing. He struggles hard for his life, and yields the angler good diversion.

Proper baits in rock fishing are small smelts, a live shrimp, a cockle, a periwinkle, a lob worm, a marsh worm, and a hairy worm that is found under the sand at the time of ebb. This last, as it is the most natural, is the most successful bait; besides, it has the advantage of requiring no scouring, as other worms do.

If you fish out of a boat, you will need no rod, and your line may be sixty yards long, with three or four hooks, one above another, and baited

with different baits. Some inches above the highest hook, must be fixed about half a pound of lead. When you fish, you must coil your line in several rings in your left hand, and, holding your lead in your right, throw it as far into the sea as you can, taking care to hold the loop of your line fast in your hand, lest you lose it.

The best time for sea fishing is in warm weather, and early in the morning, or after sunset, provided the tide has been ebbing near an hour.

Some, in this kind of fishing, choose to place themselves under the cover of a rock, where they shelter themselves, and sit secure from the inclemencies of wind and weather; and this, in a proper sense, may be termed rock-fishing. In this case, a rod and float are necessary. It is common to use two hooks, one to lie at the bottom, and one to hang about mid-water; and if a little mischievous fish, called a miller's thumb, should happen to carry your bait into the clefts of the rocks, you must have patience till he thinks proper to come abroad, for there is no dealing with him by force.

Whiting Pont.—The Whiting Pont is remarkably broad in proportion to his length, by which it is distinguished from all other fish of this kind. Its size is generally about eleven inches long,

and three and a half broad. It has small scales, and is of a silver colour on the body, like a whiting.

### ANGLING.

“ At latest eve, at early dawn,  
The angler quests the scented lawn,  
And roams to snare the finny brood,  
The margin of the flowing flood.  
Now at some osiers wat'ry root  
The chub beguiles, or painted trout ;  
No cares nor noise his senses drown,  
His pastime ease and silence crown.”

In all kinds of angling, there are some general rules to be observed, which will conduce greatly to the fisherman's success ; as not to angle in cold weather, when the east or north winds blow, for it is a common observation that the south-west and westerly breezes are most favourable for the sport.

The usual months for angling are from the beginning of May to the beginning of September ; when you attempt it before or after these times, the warmest part of the day is always best. On a hot summer's day, early in the morning and late in the evening will be the most seasonable, and likewise dark, cloudy, gloomy weather. Nor will a gale of wind hurt your sport, if it does not blow

too hard. In all sorts of angling, it will be best to keep out of the fishes' sight, and as far from the river's bank as possible, unless the water be muddy, and then you may come as near as you please. For the same reason, the angler's clothes should be of a grave, dark colour, and not bright and glaring, for that would frighten away the fish. To invite them to the place of angling, it would be proper to cast in suitable food, such as boiled corn, worms, and garbage; but to keep them together, it will be advisable to throw in the grains of ground malt. For salmon and trout a composition of fine clay, blood, and ground malt will be best. Greaves, which are the sediment of tallow, cut into small pieces, are an excellent ground bait for barbel, gudgeon, and many fish, if thrown in the night before you angle.

After floods or rain, angle at ground. When the streams are beginning to clear, or after a shower that has not mudded them, but only beaten down the flies and gnats, or in the shower, if you are inclined to brave it, use a fly.

Improper times for angling are in a strong east or cold north wind; after a long drought; in the middle of days that are excessively hot and bright, especially in muddy or clear shallow rivers; when there has been a white frost in the morning; in days of high wind; where they have been long

washing sheep; just after fish have spawned; upon rising of any sudden clouds that portend rain; the days following dark, clouded, or windy nights; when rivers, especially small ones, are pent up by floodgates or mills, and run low.

The proper times are, in calm, clear weather, in a brisk south or west breeze, if you can find shelter, no matter how high it be; when, in the hottest months, it is cool and cloudy; after floods, when the water fines, and is of a whey colour; after a hasty, violent shower has a little muddled and swelled the tide, especially for ground-fishing; when a river is very much swelled, and it runs violently into any still pit then by its sides; the mouth of any slow creek running into it, and the ends of bridges where the water runs calm and quiet, if not too deep. There is admirable sport when flashes are let down, or mills set a-going, if you follow the course of the water.

BLADDER ANGLING.—This is as much for diversion as anything else. It is usually practised in large ponds, with an ox's bladder, and a bait fixed on an armed or snap hook. The quick rising of the bladder, after it has been pulled under water, never fails to strike the fish as effectually as a rod; and let him struggle ever so much, the bladder eventually gains the victory.

DIBBING, OR FLY ANGLING.—This is generally performed on the surface of the water, with a line about half the length of the rod if the day be calm, or with one almost as long as the rod if the wind is so strong as to carry it from you. The fly must always be in motion as near the bank side on which you are as may be convenient, unless you see a fish rise within your reach, and then it will be best to guide it over him; and if you can keep out of sight by kneeling or otherwise, you may be almost sure to take him. Sometimes the bait is suffered to sink some two or three inches into the water, but this is but seldom. You must always dib in a clear water, without either lead or float, and your line strong, as by this method you will usually lay hold of the largest fish. When you dib for chub or dace, which are usually to be found under some tree or bush, let your fly drop into the water as if it fell from the boughs, then raise it to the surface, and with one finger of your right hand gently tap the end of your rod, and when you hear a rise, give the fish time, that he may gorge the better. The best place is a still deep, on a hot, calm day, or in the evening of a hot day. If you dib in a stream, it is best when the water is clearing after a flood, in which case the horse-fly is the most proper bait.



FLOAT ANGLING.—In this the line should be longer than the rod by two or three feet; let the pellet that is put upon it, be neither so heavy as to sink the cork or float, nor so light as to hinder the smallest touch from pulling it under water. In rivers it will be best to make use of a cork, but in standing waters a quill will serve well enough.

FLY-ANGLING.—Let the rod be light, and the line twice as long as the rod, very strong at top, and so gradually taper till you have only a single hair at the hook. You must contrive to have the wind at your back, and the sun, if it shines, to be before you, and to fish down the stream. You must carry the point of your rod downward, by which means the shadow of yourself, and the rod too, will be the least offensive to the fish, for the sight of any shade scares it, and spoils sport.

In March or April, if the weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy, the best fishing is with the palmer worm, which, with the may-fly, is the ground of all fly-fishing.

Until you are a proficient, every throw will go near to cost you a hook; it will therefore be advisable to practise for some time without one, or have your flies dressed on silkworm gut, and they will not so easily smack off.

The best times to use a fly are when the river has been a little discoloured with rain, and is again clearing, or on a cloudy, breezy day. When the wind is high, choose the still deeps; when there is little or none, the running streams, and use then the natural, in boisterous weather the artificial fly. In clear streams, use a small fly; in less clear, one larger; a light coloured fly in a bright day, a dark fly for dark waters, and an orange fly in muddy ones.

LEDGER BAIT-ANGLING is when the bait always rests in one fixed place. To perform this the line must be leaded, as usual, with a hole made in a bullet large enough to let the line draw easily through it; and about nine inches above the hook, fix a shot to prevent the bullet slipping down to the bait, and let the float be taken off. Within half a yard of the top of the line must be wrapped a thin plate of lead, about an inch and a half long, and an inch broad; this will serve to discover by its motion when you have a bite. You may either hold the rod firmly in your hands, or stick the thick end of it into the side of a bank.

RUNNING-LINE ANGLING is with one or two small pellets of lead to your line without a float. The lead should be just so much as will sink the bait to the bottom, and let the stream carry it

down without much stopping or jogging. It is necessary to begin at the head of the stream, and let the bait drive downward as far as the rod and line will permit. It is advisable frequently to raise your bait a little from the ground, and let it drop gradually again. The line must be kept as straight as is consistent with letting the lead drag on the ground, and when there is a bite it will easily be felt, as well as seen, by the point of the rod and line. When the fish bites, the line should be slackened a little, that he may more easily swallow the bait, and then you should strike gently and directly upwards. When your lead is rubbed bright, you ought to cover it thinly with shoemaker's wax. When you angle thus for trout, in small brooks, you frequently find very good holds grown over with weeds; in such cases, wrap your line about your rod till it comes to the hook, and then you will easily get the top of it under any bough; this done, loose as much line as will reach the bottom by turning your rod the contrary way; keep the end of your rod as high as you can, until you have line enough unwrapped; then suddenly let it drop into the upper part of the hole, and if you have a bite, let the trout have liberty to gorge, and by this method you will frequently take a fine fish you would not otherwise come at.

**SNAP-ANGLING** is with two large hooks tied back to back, and one smaller to fix bait on. Your tackle must be very strong, and your line not quite so long as your rod, with a large cork float leaded enough to make it swim upright. Your bait must not be above four inches long. As soon as ever you perceive the cork to be drawn under water, strike very strongly, without giving the fish time ; otherwise he will throw the bait out of his mouth. When you find your finny prey is hooked, master him as soon as you can, and with your landing net get him out of the waters. Some prefer a double spring hook, and put the bait on by thrusting the wire into the middle of its sides and through its mouth, sewing up the mouth afterwards. This kind of angling is only made use of for catching pike, for which there are two ways of snapping, the live and the dead snap.

**TOP-ANGLING** with a worm requires a line without float or lead. The bait must be drawn up and down the stream, on the top of the water. This method should only be used when the weather is fine, and the water clear ; it is sometimes successful in fishing for trout.

**TRIMMER-ANGLING** is very useful in a meer, canal, or pond, and even in the still part of a river. This requires a round cork, six inches in

diameter, with a grove on which to wind up your line, except so much of it next the hook as will allow the bait to hang about mid-water, and likewise so much of the other end as will reach to the bank, or a bush, where it is to be fastened. In this position you may leave it to take its chance, while you are angling elsewhere. As soon as the pike takes the bait, and runs away with it, the line unwinds itself off the trimmer, without giving him the least check. When, however, you come to take up your line, give it a jerk, as in other fishing, and then your prey will be more secure. This is rather a poaching proceeding, but it is not a bad way of fishing at night, when you wish "to have the pleasure of the pike's company at dinner." With a boat on the water, it will be unnecessary to fasten the trimmers, as they will easily be found, generally under the flags or weeds where the captive has sought shelter.

TROWLING is a method of angling chiefly used to catch "the tyrant of the watery plains." This requires strong tackle, and no very slender top, with a ring fixed to it for the line to run through. When you perceive a pike lying in wait for his prey, put three or four rings, one larger than another, upon a gudgeon-rod; and then put your trowling-line through the tops of the rings, and

you will soon have sport. The best baits are roach, dace, or bleak, newly-taken, if the water is thick, or day cloudy ; and nothing is comparable to a gudgeon in a clear day and streams. Great baits invite him most, but little ones are most sure to take him ; your line must be of silk, at least two yards next the hook, and thirty long ; there must likewise be a reel to wind it upon. The hook must be leaded, that the head of the bait-fish may hang downward. When you throw your bait into the water, take care to avoid stumps and weeds, for they will do it as much damage as the bite of a pike. Give your bait time to sink ; then let it sink again ; then slowly raise it by degrees, higher and higher, till you see your bait, and so on, drawing it gently towards you. If a pike takes the bait at first, it is across his mouth, for he seldom or ever swallows it until he gets into his harbour. Therefore, as soon as you perceive you have a bite, if he goes down the stream with your bait, it is commonly a small fish ; if up, you may expect a large one ; but take care not to check him until he has time to pouch the bait.

Trowing in ponds is performed with a long line, which must reach from one side to the other. It should have as many armed hooks and baits, about three yards asunder, as the line will allow.



This method requires an assistant, who must hold one end of it, and help you to keep it in a gentle motion until you find you have a bite, and then strike with a jerk the contrary way to the motion of the first.

The salmon may be called the king of fresh water fish ; its size is much the same in most parts of Europe, and the largest weigh from thirty-six to fifty-four pounds, one of the latter weight having been caught at Latchford Causey in the year 1763. The salmon chooses the river for his abode about six months in the year ; they enter the fresh water about December or January, and are sometimes caught in the Mersey in November, February, or March, where they continue till the autumnal season, at which time they cast their spawn, and soon after return to the sea. But directly the contrary of this is reported of the Ex, in Devonshire, and the rivers Usk and Wye, in Monmouthshire, where the salmon are said to be in season during the other six months.

There is nothing relating to this fish which has been more talked of than its agility in leaping over the obstacles which oppose its passage either to or from the sea ; for they are frequently seen to throw themselves over cataracts and precipices many yards high. They sometimes make several essays before they can gain their point, and when

they have succeeded, it has often been to their own destruction, for they have leapt into baskets, and occasionally into a cauldron of hot water, placed there on purpose to catch them, the latter by some *gourmet*, bent on tasting the fish fresh from the element.

There is a remarkable cataract on the river Tivy, in Pembrokeshire, where people often stand wondering at the strength and sleight which they practise to get out of the sea into the river; on which account it is known in those parts by the name of the Salmon Leap. On the river Wear, near the city of Durham, there is another of the same kind, which is accounted the best in England; likewise at Old Aberdeen, in Scotland, there is another, where such a quantity of salmon have been caught, that they have been accounted the chief trade of the place.

Whenever their passage to the sea is intercepted by wears, or any other impediment, they soon grow sickly, lean, and languid, and are totally unfit for the table, being tasteless and insipid; in the second year they pine away and die.

It is worth observation that the salmon is not only desirous of returning back to the rivers, but to that very river where it was spawned, as has been proved by an experiment made by fishermen and others, who have caught them when very

small, and have run a small tape, ribbon, or thread through the tail fin; by this mark they have been able to indentify the fish, and discover that it is one of very quick growth, much more so than any other of the finny tribe.

The chief rivers in England that yield this piscatory luxury are the Severn, Usk, Wye, Dee, Christchurch, and Woodmill. The London markets are, however, principally supplied from Scotland, where they are not only more plentiful, but in season before those of the southern rivers.

Having thus given a brief account of the nature of this noble fish, we shall now proceed to the method of taking them; the first duty of a fly-fisher is to provide himself with a rod, lines, hooks, artificial flies, landing-net, and a pocket-case, containing materials such as Gay describes as necessary for the art of imitating nature:—

“ To frame the little animal, provide  
All the gay hues that wait on female pride;  
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire  
The shining bellies of the fly require;  
The peacock's plumes the tackle must not fail,  
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail;  
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,  
And lends the growing insect proper wings;  
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,  
And every fur promotes the fisher's art,

So the gay lady, with expensive care,  
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, of air ;  
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,  
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays."

A salmon rod should be about seventeen feet in length, the stock of ground ash, the top of hazel ; it should be well looped with strings made of fine wire, and placed upon it, from one end to the other, in such a manner as that, when you lay your eye to one, you may see through all the rest. Through these rings your line must run, which will be kept in due position by that means ; and you must have a brass winch or wheel affixed to your rod, about a foot above the end, by which you may carry out the old proverb, "Give him *line* enough and he will hang himself." Of flies, natural or artificial, lines, and hooks, we will content ourselves with saying that they must depend upon the river, month, and hour. No book can teach a man to be an expert fly-fisher ; a day's practice is worth hours of theory, and we strongly recommend every tyro, who aspires to kill his salmon of eighteen pounds weight, to study under some experienced disciple of old Isaak, who will soon point out that instruction is almost a hopeless affair, for such is the caprice of the fish that often the best rules are set at nought. "Sometimes they will tak' wi' the

thoom o' your mitten, if ye would throw it in," says a canny Scot, "and at ithers they wadna look at the lady o' Makerstoun and a' her braws" (that is a particular artificial fly so called).

The state of the weather is another perplexity defying all calculations. "Ye needna fash yoursel' the day wi' your lang wand," said a rustic to a southerner adjusting his tackle by Tweedside; "I wadna gie a pinch o' snuff for a' ye'll get there; there are ower mony pouthered lawyers aboot." The Englishman's surprise terminated in his discovery that "pouthered lawyers" are white puffy clouds indicating a state of the atmosphere unfavourable to fishing. Personal qualities also come in for a large share of what leads to success. "A salmon fisher," remarks Mr. Scrope, "should be strong in the arms, or he will never be able to keep thrashing on, for ten or twelve hours together, with a rod eighteen or twenty feet long, with ever and anon a lusty salmon at the end of his line, pulling like a wild horse with the lasso about him. Now he is obliged to keep his arms aloft, that the line may clear the rocks, now he must rush into the river, then back out with nimble pastern, always keeping a steady and proper strain of line; and he must preserve his self-possession, even in the very tempest and whirlwind of the

sport, when the salmon rushes like a rocket. It is indispensable to have a quick eye and a ready hand; your fly, in its exact position, should never be lost sight of; and you should imagine, every moment of the live-long day, that an extraordinary large salmon is coming at it." One way or other there are many impediments to fishing, which render it the dearer to the true votary. Let no one, however, suppose for a moment that the art can be attained without patience, labour, and perseverance; those that believe to the contrary will come under the severe denunciation of the surly lexicographer, Johnson, "A fool at one end, and a worm at the other."

Trout generally delight in the cooler and smaller rivers which descend from hills and rocky mountains; and they seem to take pleasure in striving against the stream. It is really wonderful to see with what force and agility they will surmount all difficulties in travelling towards the source of rivers, let the descent of them be ever so rapid; and several authors tell us that they are found among the Alps, in waters so very cold that no other fish can live therein.

The trout loves rapid currents, and clear, swift streams, with gravelly, sandy, stony, or chalky bottoms; upon which account they are found to abound in the river Stour, Wandle, Dart,



Kennet, and in many of the rivers and rivulets of Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Gloucestershire. The larger rivers, as the Thames, the Severn, and the Trent, have also excellent trout near their sources, and where their streams are small and divided ; but when these rivers become large and deep, this fish is but rarely to be met with in them. There are, likewise, good trout in the swift currents and the clear streams of most of the other counties ; in the lakes and meers, very few are to be found.

Trout are supposed not to attain their full growth till they are four or five years old. At this time some measure thirty inches, but the generality much less. For three years after, they continue nearly of the same size, and retain the same degree of goodness, but in about two or three more they grow smaller.

The usual baits are the worm, the minnow, and fly, either natural or artificial. The proper worms are the brandling, two upon a hook, lob, earth, dung-worm, and maggot, but especially the two first ; and, indeed, in fishing at the bottom, the lob-worm is preferable, nor is any other often used.

This fish, as before observed, delights in the swiftest streams, at a stream-tail in spring and latter end of summer ; in May he keeps the

upper end ; and on the shallows in summer ; he is particularly fond of a hole covered with boughs, where the roots shoot down to the water's edge, and where he can find a good hold. In such a place you may meet with the largest, and, consequently, you must angle for them near such places. When they watch for their prey, they generally shelter themselves under a bank or a large stone, or in the weeds, where they are often seen lurking entirely covered, all but their heads. As soon as you discover any in this situation, go a little above the stream, and, with great care and caution, muddy the water, putting in your bait immediately in the very place troubled ; then, keeping yourself as far from the bank as you can, in order to be out of sight, follow your bait, and success will attend you. Trout may be taken in this manner, either with a minnow, or two well scoured lob-worms. When you use two worms draw them close together, that they may seem to be knotted, for they are often so on the banks of rivers, and sometimes fall into the water, where they become a prey to the hungry fish.

This is, likewise, a good bait when you angle in the morning twilight, or in the dusk of the evening, or even during the night, if it be dark. In this case you must put no lead on your line,

but throw your bait as gently as you can across the stream, and draw it softly towards you on the top of the water. This is the best method of catching the oldest and largest trout, for they are very fearful and shy in the day-time, but in the night they are bold and undaunted, and generally lie near the top of the water, in expectation of meeting with food, for if they see anything in motion, let it be what it will, they will certainly follow it, so it does but glide gently along the muddy stream.

If you angle for a large trout, it requires some art in baiting your hook, either with a dew-worm or minnow; if the latter, take especial care that it moves quick in the water.

A water-clearing after a flood, or dark, cloudy, and gloomy weather, March, April, and September, and early in October, the warmest sunshiny weather, and the middle of the day, are best.

The following is a very killing method:— Make a pair of wings of the feather of a landrail, and point your hook with one or more caddis; your hook should be bristled, and the head of the caddis kept close to the wings, and angle with a rod about five yards, and a line about three. Cast your bait up the stream, which will drive it down under the water towards the lower part of

the hole, then draw it up the stream a little irregularly, shaking your rod, and in a few casts you will be sure to hook your trout, if there is one in the hole. You may angle the same way with two brandlings.

When you angle with a fly, let your rod be rush-tapered, with a very slender top, that you may throw your fly with greater certainty and ease, for if the top is too stiff, the fly will be soon whipped off. Your line should be three times the length of your rod.

In this kind of angling, you should place yourself so that the wind may be upon your back; or, at least, you must choose such a time and place that the wind may blow down the stream, and then it will assist you in laying your fly upon the water, before your line touches it, for if the latter touch the water first, it will cause a rippling that will frighten the fish away.

The time of the trouts' biting is from sunrise till nearly eleven in the morning, and from two in the afternoon until sunset; and yet the most certain times are nine in the morning and three in the afternoon, especially if the wind be south. At that time, if you angle with a loach, about a quarter of a yard deep in the stream, you are sure of catching fish.

As the trout may be deceived almost by any

fly at the top, so he seldom refuses any worm at the bottom, or small fish in the middle, for which reason he is sometimes caught when trowling for pike.

You may, likewise, dib for trout in the following manner:—Let your fly drop as gently into the water as possible, and keep it easily gliding along the surface; let it sink a little, and suddenly take it again with a strong rod and a short line, but you must be sure to keep out of sight, for the shadow of your rod, or the flight of a bird over the river, will make them fly almost as swift as the bird, and it will be some minutes before they will show themselves again. The green drake fly is one of the most practicable for dibbing for trout. There is a titillating process of taking this fish; but, as we have never tried it, we feel it a too “ticklish” theme to dwell upon.

The pike is a very voracious fish, and often grows to an enormous size. In a ditch near Wallingford, two were caught, one of which, being the milter, weighed fifty-one pounds, and the spawner fifty-seven. The ditch runs into the Thames, and they had retired thither to spawn. It is called a jack till it becomes twenty-four inches long, after that a pike. The fish is of so voracious a nature that he will swallow another

fish almost as big as himself. There are several stories related by Gesner, and others, concerning his ravenous disposition. Certain it is, they will not spare their own kind; and if the perch fares better than other fish, it is only on account of its prickly fins, for they will sometimes take it cross-ways in their mouths, and when it is dead, and the fins laid flat, they will swallow it head foremost. The growth of a pike is very rapid; one weighing four ounces was put into a pit, and the year following proved to weigh twenty ounces. It is said to live to a very considerable age. A pike will sometimes clear a pond of every other fish. A gentleman in Cheshire had stored a pit; but when he let off the water, in expectation of catching a great number of fish, to his disappointment he found only a large pike, which had devoured all the piscatory store, and had in his stomach a waterwagtail and a young throistle.

The pike usually feeds on fish or frogs, and sometimes on a weed of his own, called pickerel weed.

The pike is fond of a quiet, shady, unfrequented water, and lurks in the midst of weeds, flags, or bulrushes. Yet he often makes excursions from thence, ranging about in search of prey. In winter and cold weather he lies deep, and near the bottom, but as the weather grows warm he



frequents the shallows. In a very hot, clear, sultry day, he may be seen lying on the surface of the water, but then you cannot tempt him with any bait, and the only way to take him is by snaring. To accomplish this, fix a running noose of wire, after the fashion of a lasso, to the end of a strong pack-thread, a yard and a half long, and the other end of the pack-thread to a long pole that is manageable. Your snare being open, place it over the head and gill fins, and with a quick and smart jerk hoist your prey to land. It is observable that a pike generally swims single, as they prey upon each other, and all other fish, except the perch, fly from them. His best biting time is early in the morning, and late in the evening, when there is a brisk wind, and where the water is clear. If they bite at all, they will take the bait at first; it is, therefore, needless to throw it often into the same place. He will take any sort of bait except a fly; but the principal are young roach, dace, gudgeons, minnows, tenches, and bleak. In July young frogs are proper, and in winter the fat of bacon. Your baits, in general, should be fresh, sweet, and clean; and if you expect to catch large ones, let not your baits be too small, otherwise you may spend a great deal of time to no purpose. The best of the water-frogs for a pike is the yellowest that you can get,

for that he will soonest take. There are several ways of fishing for pike, but the principal are trowling, trimmer, angling, and snap-angling. In trowling, a rod must be used, adapted to the purpose, being provided with a winch and rings. The line should be made of green silk, or thread, and should be forty yards long, or more if the river be broad. Very great care should be taken that your line may run freely out, for if it knots or tangles, and by that means checks the motion of the pike as he runs away with the bait, he will let it go, and will not be prevailed upon to take it again very soon, unless he be hungry indeed. When you have fixed your bait on your hook, with as little damage to it as possible, cast it up and down such places as you imagine the pike frequents, letting it sink a considerable depth before you pull it up again. When the pike comes, you may sometimes perceive it by a motion in the water, or at least you may feel him, which is the same thing. When this happens, your business is to give him time enough, that he may have free scope to go where he pleases, without the least check, for the reasons above mentioned. When he has got into his hold, there let him lie till you perceive the line move, and then you may conclude he has pouched the bait; then wind up your line till you think it is almost straight, and

with a nimble jerk, contrary to the way the pike takes, hook and land him as soon as you can.

A trimmer is made use of in a still part of a river, or in a pond, meer, or canal. Your bait, which should be a young roach, dace, or gudgeon, may hang about mid-water, and may be left to itself while you are fishing elsewhere. We have already alluded to this poaching practice, and to snap-angling, in the former part of this chapter. Choose to trowl in clear, and not in muddy water, and in windy weather, if the wind be not easterly.

The pike is also to be caught with a minnow, for which method follow the following directions:—Get a single hook, slender, and long in the shank; let it resemble the shape of a shepherd's crook; put lead upon it, as thick, near the bent, as will go into the minnow's mouth; place the point of the hook directly up the face of the fish; let the rod be as long as you can conveniently manage, with a line of the same length; cast up and down, and manage it as when you trowl with any other bait; if, when the pike has taken your bait, he runs to the end of the line before he hath gorged it, do not strike, but hold still only, and he will return back, and swallow it; and if you use that bait with a trowl, it is preferable to all others.

When you have struck him, be sure to have

your line ready and slack, that he may take as much liberty as he will; for when he finds himself trepanned with the hook, he will exert all his might and cunning to get loose. As you will feel him come easily towards you, you may still be drawing, till you feel him make resistance again; then let him have his swing till his fury is over; after which, gather your line to you again, till he starts away; and if you can get him to the top, you will soon tire him; for the more he strives and throws himself from you, the sooner will he be weary. After this manner, by drawing him up, and letting him lose again, you may tame him, till you bring him to shore, and land him by the net. Beware of laying hold of his gills your fingers may be injured with his bites, which are venomous.

The carp grows, sometimes, to the length of a yard and a half, and a proportionable thickness. In 1739, one was caught in the Thames, near Hampton Court, which weighed thirteen pounds. Willoughby affirms that the largest weigh twenty pounds. The river carp is not fond of a rapid stream, but delights in a still, deep water, with a marly or clayey bottom, especially if there be green weeds; a carp exercises the angler's patience as much as any fish, for he is very sly and wary. They seldom bite in cold weather; and in

hot, you cannot be too early or too late for them. When they once bite, there is no fear of their hold.

Proper baits are the red worm in March, the caddis in June, and the grasshopper in July, August, and September. In hot weather he will take a lob worm at top, as a trout does a fly; or, between the weeds, in a clear place, sink it without a float, about eight inches in the water, with only one large shot on the line, which is to be lodged on the leaf of some weed; then retire, keeping your eye upon the shot until you see it taken away with about a foot of the line, and then you may venture to strike, but keep him tight and clear of the weeds.

In ponds, the best method is to throw six or eight slices of bread, to be carried with the wind, and in a short time, it is probable you will see many fish feeding on them; if not, crumble a little very small, and cast it where the slices rest, which will be a means to make them find the pieces at top. When you have suffered them to feed on these some little time, take a very long rod, strong line, middle-sized hook, and one shot fixed just above the hook, and baited with about the size of a large horse-bean of the upper crust of a rasped French roll, and you may pick out what size and quantity you please, by dropping

your bait before the largest fish as he is feeding on the slices at the top.

As before observed, this fish is very cautious; and, therefore, your float must be small, and you must be sure to keep out of sight. And because, when hooked, he struggles in a violent manner, you must take care that your tackle is very strong and good, otherwise he will break from you.

When you have found a place which you think a likely harbour for carp, you should plumb your ground over night, in order to find the depth of the water. Likewise, at the same time, bait the place with small bits of boiled malt, wheat, or rye, mixed with bran.

The next morning early, repair to the spot, as gently as you can, taking care to keep out of sight; when you have a bite, let the float sail away before you strike, and then do it strongly, and the contrary way to the motion of the float, by which means there will be less danger of pulling the bait out of the fish's mouth. When you have hold of him, if your tackle is good, you need not fear losing him, for he seldom or never breaks his hold; and, if possible, prevent him from stretching your line along his back, lest he cut it with his saw fin, which is there situated.

If you are desirous of angling with a paste, the following is as good as any:—Take fine flour, a



bit of lean raw veal, a little honey, and cotton-wool, sufficient to keep the ingredients together, and beat them in a mortar to a paste; or white bread, mixed with cotton-wool, and worked into a paste with some of the water where you are fishing, is not a despicable bait. Carp will take red currants, green figs, or almost any sort of bait. When you fish with a grasshopper, you must take off its wings, and let it sink into the water without lead or float. Gentles, two upon a hook, throwing in at the same time crumbs of white bread, is a good method to angle for carp, especially in a pond. In an old newspaper of the year 1798, we find the following recipe for "making this fish as good a dish as can be set before a prince,"—we think it more suited to the palate of the Prince of Catoland, of nursery lore, than to that of a human epicurean—take a carp, rub him clean with salt and water, but do not scale him; then open him, and put him with his liver into a small kettle; then take sweet-marijoram, thyme, and parsley, of each a handful, a sprig of rosemary, and another of savory, bind them into two or three small bundles, and put them to your carp, with four or five whole onions, twenty pickled oysters, and three anchovies. Then pour upon your fish as much claret wine as will cover him, and season your claret well with salt,

cloves, mace, and the rinds of oranges and lemons; cover your pot, and set it on a quick fire till it be sufficiently boiled; then take out the carp and lay it with the broth into the dish, and pour upon it a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, melted and beaten with half-a-dozen spoonfuls of the broth, the yolks of two or three eggs, and some of the herbs shred; garnish your dish with lemons, and so serve it up."

Tench are generally met with in England of about five or six pounds weight; they delight in standing waters and ponds, and the still parts of rivers, wherever they are to be found, for they seem to be the natives of standing water. However, they are said to breed in the river Stour, in Dorsetshire, and the Tiber, in Italy.

Many anglers declare that this fish bites best in the three hot months; and yet some have found that they will bite at all times, and at all seasons, unless after a shower of rain, but most of all in the night.

The best baits are a middle-sized lob or red worm well scoured, a gentle, a young wasp-grub boiled, or a green grub. They bite almost in the same manner as the pond carp, and will run away with your float; but when once you have hooked one, you are in no danger of losing him, if your tackle is but strong enough. The ground bait

should be the same as for all pond fishing—that is, every sort of corn boiled soft, grains washed in blood, dried, and cut to pieces, snails, chopped worms, liver of beasts, and inside of fowls.

When the weather is very warm, you must fish about mid-water, gently pulling your bait almost to the surface, and then letting it down as slow as possible. Be not too eager in striking him when he bites, for as he delights in sucking the bait, allow him time, and he will not quit it; use a strong grass or gut, and a goose-quill float, without a cork. Fish very near the ground, and if you bait with gentles, throw in a few at the taking of every fish; which will draw them to your hook, and keep them together. When you angle with worms, let a little tar-water or fennel be mixed with them. Tench bite best one hour before and after the sun rises and sets. In hot weather, you may snare them at the top of the water, as the pike, with a double-wired link, not over twisted, hung in a noose, tied to a line on a long rod. Let it fall softly before him on the water, without touching him, till you have brought it over his gills; then fall gently, and you will be sure to have him.

Tench and aspers, or newts, are usually found in the same pond; if the latter begin to bite, it is time to leave the place, for it is a certain sign they have for that time done biting.

Eels sometimes grow to a very considerable size in ponds. In the year 1750, one was taken in Lancashire which weighed six pounds. Upon being opened, a half-digested eel of about a pound weight was found in its stomach. In some rivers in Cheshire they are so numerous that a ton weight has been caught in one night by door nets.

There are four sets of eels : the silver, greenish or grey, the red-finned, and the blackish eel ; this last has a broader, flatter, and larger head than the rest, and is counted the worst. But whether these distinctions are essential or accidental will admit of a doubt. In the Thames the fishermen give them particular names ; but the most usual are the silver eel and the grig ; this last is thicker and shorter than the other sort, and of a darker colour.

Though eels love to lurk and hide themselves in the mud, during cold weather, yet they are averse to muddy water, because they are liable to be suffocated by it. They are caught in nets, in the time of a flood, at mill-dams and such places. In the day time they skulk among weeds, under stones or the roots of trees, or among the planks, piles, boards of weirs, bridges, or mills. The proper baits for an eel are small gudgeons, roach, dace, or bleak. They are likewise fond of

lampreys, lob-worms, small frogs, raw flesh, salted beef, and the inside of fowls.

The best time to angle for them is on a rainy or gloomy day, especially after thunder. Your rod must be strong, your line the same as for trowling, with an armed hook, and your bait must lie ledger.

Some catch eels with spears, one of which (a cord having been first fastened through a hole bored at the top) being darted into the mud, in the middle or deepest part of a pond, where they lie in hot weather, will so disturb them that they will swim to the sides, where they will again strike into the mud, which will make a circle in the water, and guide the fisherman where to strike with another spear, by which means he may catch many of the slippery tribe. Another way to take eels is by laying baited night hooks, which are to be fastened to a tree, or the bank, in such a manner that they may not be drawn away by the eels; or a string may be thrown across the stream, with several hooks fastened to it. The line must be tied to a large plummet of lead or stone, which must be thrown into the water, with the line, in some remarkable place, so that it may be found readily in the morning, and taken up with a drag-hook.

Snigglng for eels is another remarkable method

of taking them, and is only to be practised on a warm day when the waters are low. This requires a long line of silk, and a small hook, baited with a lob-worm. Put the line into the cleft of a stick, about a foot and a half from the bait, and then thrust it into such holes or places, before mentioned, where he is supposed to lurk; and if there be one, it is great odds that he takes your bait. Some put that part of the line next the hook into the cleft; but whichever way it is managed, it ought to be so contrived that the line be disengaged from the stick, without checking the eel when he takes the bait. When he does swallow it, he is not to be drawn out hastily, nor until he is pretty well tired with pulling, when you may make him an easy prey. When you sniggle under a bridge with a boat, take care it does not strike against the piers, nor disturb the water; either of which will drive the eels into their holes so far that they will scarcely ever bite.

To bob for eels, you must provide a large quantity of well scoured lob-worms, and fasten them with thread to a small cord, or part of a trowling line, about four yards in length. Above the worms there should be a small loop to fix them to, and for a lead plummet to rest on. The plummet should weigh about half a pound, according to the stream, the smaller the line the



less the plummet ; it should be made in the shape of a pyramid, with a hole through the middle for a line to pass through ; the base of the pyramid should be towards the worms, because they will keep it more steady. When you have put your plummet on your line, you must fasten it to a strong, stiff, taper pole, of about three yards long, and then the apparatus is finished. Being thus prepared, you must angle in muddy water, or in the deeps or sides of streams, and you will soon find the eels tug strongly and eagerly at your bait. When you have a bite, draw them gently up towards the surface of the water, and then suddenly hoist them on shore, or into your boat ; by this means you may take up three or four at a time. Sometimes, when I have been angling for other fish, I have thrown a long line into a likely place, with several eel hooks on it, placed about a yard and a half asunder, and a heavy lead to sink it (the hooks being baited with lob-worms and small fish), I have not only caught eels by this method, but also pike and tench. A bundle of hay, loosely bound, stuffed with liver and insides of fowls, cut in long shreds, sunk overnight, will in the morning be bedded with eels : a rope must be attached to draw it up.

## CHAPTER IX.

Angling for the Barbel—The Flesh of the Bream—Chub Fishing—Dace—Flounders—Use of the Fluke-rake—Grayling or Umber—The Gudgeon—Guiniad and Loach—The Roach Fishery about London—Angling in the Thames—Mullet—Smelt in the Mersey—The Sturgeon—The Preparation of Caviare—Shad—Abundant in the Severn—The Bleak, or Fresh Water Sprat—Rules for Fishing—Observations to be Attended to—Fish Ponds—The Food of Fishes—The Rivers of England—Lines and Line-cases.

THE Barbel is bred in most rivers, and the Thames in particular abounds with them. In the summer he haunts the swiftest and shallowest streams, where he lurks under the weeds, and works and routs with his nose in the sand like a hog. Sometimes he retires to bridges, floodgates, locks, and weirs, where the waters are

swift and deep. This fish is generally found with his own kind, for where you catch one you may find more if you have patience. They so seldom change their haunts, that "once a barbel hole, always a barbel hole" is a common expression with fishermen.

He never feeds off the ground, and will take any sort of worm, bits of bacon, old cheese, or new, if kept in a linen rag dipped in honey two or three days to make it tough; but the best bait for him is the spawn of salmon or other fish. The watermen who attend you when you fish in their boats sometimes provide greaves from the tallow chandlers for a ground bait over night; yet most commonly they use the same worm that you bait with. They are a very subtle, strong fish, and struggle hard for their lives, and will often pick off your baits.

In August, 1771, an angler began to angle in Walton Deep, and found such sport that he left off before noon tired with fatigue, and found that he had caught 280lbs. weight of large-sized barbel. This gentleman usually had the deeps baited with worms over night, and in the morning fished from a well boat, with a perfumed paste on his hook.

The time of his biting is early in the morning, in June, July, and August till ten o'clock, and

from four in the afternoon until sunset; but I prefer September and October before any other months, because they then retire to the deep holes. In the summer they come to the shallows about sunset, where they may be easily taken with a scoured lob-worm.

Your rod must be very strong, with a tough whalebone at the end. You have no occasion for a float, but must put a large bullet on the line, that your bait may lie ledger. You must have ten hairs next the hook, but the remaining part must be silk. If you make use of a wheel, as in trout-fishing, it will be so much the better.

The most famous places near London, for barbel angling, are Kingston Bridge and Shepperton Deeps; but Walton Deeps, Chertsey Bridge, Hampton Ferry, and the holes under Cooper's Hill are thought to be in no wise inferior. You may likewise meet them at the locks between Maidenhead and Oxford.

BREAM.—The flesh of the bream is in no great esteem, and yet makes a tolerably good dish if well cooked. The fresh-water *gourmets* prefer the tail of a pike, the head of a carp, the back of a tench, and the middle part of a bream, and *de gustibus, &c.* They breed both in rivers and ponds, but delight chiefly in the latter, for which reason they are

never found in swift, rapid streams, but only in such parts of the river as most resemble standing waters, with muddy or clayey bottoms. The Mole, in Surrey, as far as experience reaches, is the best-stocked with this fish of any river in England, but in the Thames there are very few. They swim in a herd, as if they loved society, and at least fifty brace have been seen together at Esher Bridge.

Gesner tells us that he saw one that was a yard long and two feet broad. In 1781, one was caught in the Latchford Fishery, in Cheshire, which was two feet long, and nine inches broad; another was caught in the Mersey, which weighed nine pounds.

They spawn in May, and are in the highest season in March and April, but eat well in September. This fish is slow in growth, but in a water that suits its nature breeds very fast; in some ponds they multiply so exceedingly as to overstock them, to the destruction of other fish.

They naturally feed upon slime, weeds, and dirt; but will take any sort of paste, the brood of bees or wasps, flies under water, and cod baits. A short, well-scoured marshworm, a large red worm, two or three brandlings, or the tail of a dewworm, will prove most successful, while a grasshopper under water is a very killing bait.

They bite when there is a breeze of wind, and require a great deal of ground baiting to keep them together. When the water is rough, your bait must be placed within a foot of the bottom. The likeliest place to meet with them is in the deepest and broadest part of a river, early in the morning, and from three or four in the afternoon till sunset, when the weather is warm. They bite very slow, and the larger they are, the slower. As soon as you have struck one, he will immediately make to the bottom, and stay there some time; if he stays too long, give him a gentle touch and he will immediately rise, and give him two or three strong tugs; but when once you have turned him, he will soon yield.

The best method for angling for him is as follows:—Seek a shallow, sandy bottom, that leads to a deep hole; then throw into the shallow part of the stream four or five handfuls of marshworms cut into pieces, which will soon drift down into the hole. Use a long rod, and of good strength, with a line proportionable, a small hook, and no float. The hook must be tied to silkworm gut, on which put a cut shot, six inches from the hook, and next to that a small bullet. The use of the shot is to prevent the bullet from slipping lower. This done, bait your hook with a short, well-scoured marshworm. Throw it into the shallow,



and the stream will drive it into the hole. By this method you may catch more in two hours than you can well carry away.

Another method, often attended with success, is to seek a deep hole near the bank, plumb the depth over night, and bait it at the same time with grains well squeezed, and mixed with blood. In the morning, early, visit the place again, and take your stand out of sight, bait your hook with a large red worm, and then drop it gently into the hole. With these precautions you will ensure sport. But remember always, when you have occasion to plumb the depth of a place the night before, to take notice at your return whether the water be risen or fallen, and make an allowance accordingly.

You may have very good sport if you ground bait with white bread, and angle with gentles, or the brood of wasps, but then you are not to use so long or strong a rod or line, and a smaller hook.

The chub is of a longer make than a carp, and has a longer and a flatter head than a dace. The back is of an obscure green, like an unripe olive. It is bred in rivers, and delights to conceal itself in holes, and, under the shade of trees, in a clayey or sandy bottom, where cattle come in fords during the hot weather. They generally swim in droves, and keep to one spot, like the barbel,

especially if there is plenty of wood. They grow to a considerable size; some have been met with that have weighed eight or nine pounds. They spawn in May, in sandy or gravelly places, and in the very midst of the stream. They are most in season in spring, when they are full of spawn. In August, and during the cooler months, a yellow paste—made of the strongest cheese, and pounded in a mortar with a little butter, and as much saffron, beaten small, as will turn it to a lemon colour—is a very good bait. Some make a paste for this season of cheese and turpentine. He will also bite at a minnow as well as a trout. But take this for a rule in chub-fishing, that in hot weather he is to be angled for towards the mid-water, or near the top; and in colder weather, nearer the bottom. And if you fish for him near the top with a beetle or fly, be sure to let your line be very long, and to keep out of sight. The chub is fond of a very large bait. In the summer, at mid-water, five or six cabbage, nettle, or cattle-dock grubs, or a mixture of all, or any of the above with flies, are very good baits. He commonly swims in mid-water, and sometimes at the top, and therefore is best taken by dibbing. From the beginning of May to September, you may angle for him before the sun rises till nine, and in June, July, and August, from five till

dusk, and with the white moth all the night long; but in the winter he lies lower, and then you may fish for him at the bottom, in the middle of the day, with bullocks brains, mixed with a little water. They will, however, take almost every bait; in March and April, worms; in May, June, and July, flies, cherries, or beetles; on the top of a swift stream a grasshopper is a killing bait. In August, and during the cooler months, paste is used. In dibbing, the chub will take a black ant fly, small butterflies, with the wings cut off, oak worms, ash flies, and green caterpillars; in short, there is scarcely anything comes amiss to him.

It is but a dead-hearted fish, and, when once turned, yields speedily. But yet you must master him as soon as you can, because, when he is hooked, he does not make to the middle of the stream, but to the banks, which may endanger your tackle. When you throw your bait into the water, they fly swiftly from it, but return immediately to see what it is, and, if they like it, they swallow it without hesitation, if you keep yourself out of sight. This fish will afford you good sport if you can do as follows:—Go to one of their holes, where, in most hot days, you may find a number of them floating near the surface of the water. Get two or three grasshoppers, and place yourself secretly behind a tree, remaining

as free from motion as possible. Put a grasshopper upon your hook, and let it hang a quarter of a yard short of the water, to which end you must rest your rod on the bough of a tree. It is likely the chub will sink down towards the bottom of the water at the first shadow of your rod, they being the most timid of fish, and are apt to do this if but a bird flies over them, and makes the least shadow on the water; but they will presently rise up to the top again, and there remain soaring till some shadow frightens them afresh. When they lie thus on the surface, fix your eye upon the best chub you can single out, and move your rod gently towards him. Let your bait fall easily upon the water, three or four inches before him, and he will infallibly take it; and being one of those leather-mouthed fish of which a hook scarcely ever loses its hold, you will be certain to catch him. When a grasshopper cannot be found, any sort of natural fly will usually do as well.

When you angle for him with a fly, let it be a very large hackle, and point your hook with four or five gentles, or botts, *id est*, whitish maggots, which are always to be found under cow-dung; cast your line, which ought to be fourteen or fifteen yards long, across the stream, and let the current carry it down, as he will take a fly much better a little under the water than at the top.

When you see your line draw, strike pretty smart. Your rod should be six yards, and not too slender. An old writer states that "the spawn of this fish is excellent meat; and the head of a large chevin or chub, the throat being well washed, is the best part of him. The flesh is white, soft, and insipid, and is but in very little esteem among the generality. In the winter months, and early in spring, it is accounted best; especially if it be baked, and that while fresh." We own that a chevin's head, even if cooked by a Francatelli, would not come up to our idea of a piscatory luxury.

The dace is not unlike a chub, but proportionably less; his body is whiter and flatter, and his tail more forked. He is not so broad as a roach, and is a leather-mouthed fish. He breeds almost in all rivers, and generally lies near the surface of the water in summer. He is a very swift and lively fish, and swims like a dart, from whence probably he derives his name. The authority above quoted remarks that "the flesh of the dace is sweet, soft, and of good nourishment, but is in no great esteem. If broiled soon after it is taken, it then eats best." They spawn in February and March, and are fit to eat in April and May; but their highest season is from September to the latter end of February. They delight in gravelly and sandy bottoms, and in the

deepest part of the river, under the shade of trees and dock-leaves. They are a very simple fish, and will often bite when you least desire it. However, their darling bait is a gentle at the bottom, and a small fly at the top. In the summer places, an ant's fly is best. They will likewise take any paste, as well as all sorts of small worms.

Angle for him with a very slender rod, a line of single hairs from top to the hook, which ought to be a very small one; one small shot, a float made of two sea-gull quills cut within about half an inch of the feather, one of the open ends being thrust into the other, and then whipped fast with fine waxed silk. This makes the very best float, and is drawn under the water without danger of pricking the fish. When you are so provided, get some white bread, and throw it into the water in small pieces; then bait with gentles, and you will have good sport. Or you may fish with boiled malt, and bait with grains, and you will frequently catch chub, bream, and many other sorts of fish. He will likewise take any kind of fly very well. If you point your hook with one gentle in the spring; he takes an earth bob readily.

If you angle where two mill streams are going at one and the same time, let it be in the eddy between the two streams; first make use of your



plummet, and if the water is deep, you must angle so as to graze the bottom, and perhaps you will find but little sport. But if it proves to be shallow, that is, about the depth of two feet, or not exceeding three, then bait your hook with three large gentles ; use a cork float, which ought not to be a foot and a half from the hook, and have a quick eye to strike at the first bite ; for if there happen to be any large dace in the mill pool, they will resort to the eddy between the two streams.

The flounder is in shape much like a plaice, only the body is somewhat longer, and when it is full grown it is thicker. The colour is of a dirty olive. Sometimes they are beautifully spotted, but we never met with any of these, except far up the river Thames. The flounder is both a river and a sea-fish, and will do very well in a pond, but the former are not so black, and are more soft than the latter. But this difference seems to arise only from the nature of the food. They are in season all the year, except in June and July, which is their spawning, and then they are sick and flabby. The flesh is white and nourishing, and excellent in water zuchie, as cooked at Quartermain's at Greenwich. It is the nature of all flat fish to lie and feed at the bottom ; some indeed are fond of mud, but flounders avoid it

as much as possible, delighting to lie on sandy or gravelly bottoms, especially on the declivity of a deep hole, near a bank, and in an eddy. They may be angled for either with a float or a running bullet, but the latter is preferable. The bullet should rest at least a foot from the hook, that the bait may have liberty to be put in motion by the water. If you use a float, let it be flat on the water, and when you perceive it move along slowly, and soon after become upright, then strike, and you will be sure of your prey. But always remember that he is some time in sucking the bait into his mouth before he gorges it. The best baits are red worms, white grub, or very small marsh worms put on a small hook. You should bait the ground with them. Flounders may be angled for all the day, but early in the morning is the most likely time. In the year 1782, one of these fish was caught at Barnes, by angling, which weighed a pound. During the hot months there are great quantities caught with the fluke-rake, an instrument about two yards long with seven sheers. Going to the shallow parts of the water, where it is the most sandy, as you move along, keep thrusting the rake into the sand, which you can easily do by setting your foot upon the frame; this method can only be used with success in the tide's way after it has gone down.

The grayling is in proportion neither so broad nor so thick as a trout, and in size seldom exceeds eighteen inches; they weigh about half a pound, but in some places they are said to be three times as heavy. While small or middle sized, it is called a grayling; when large, an umber. They delight in rivers that glide through mountainous districts, and are to be met with in the clearest and swiftest parts of those streams, particularly in the Hodder, Dove, Trent, Derwent, Humber, Wye, and Lug. This fish may be eaten all the year; but its principal season is in December, at which time head, gills, and the lines that runs down his back are all black. The time of spawning is in May, and the best time for taking the grayling in rivers is from the middle of August to November. The flesh is accounted by some to have the most agreeable taste of all river fish; it is firm, white, cleaves like salmon, and is reckoned very wholesome. It is a brisk, sprightly fish when in the water, and swims as swift as an arrow out of a bow; but when he feels the hook he is dead-hearted, and yields rather too soon for the angler's diversion. Notwithstanding, if you lose a hook in a grayling's mouth, there is every probability that in five minutes you recover it, by using more caution the next time he bites, which he generally does shortly after. He feeds upon grasshoppers,

flies, worms, and other insects, and therefore such sort of baits must be used in order to take him; but a well-scoured red worm is preferable to any, if used about four inches from the bottom.

The same rules that are laid down for taking the trout will also serve for the grayling, only let your tackle be somewhat finer. Some anglers, when they make use of a fly, fasten their hook to two hairs, but as they are apt to tangle in the weeds, the silk worm gut is preferable, which should be well rubbed with virgin wax, to hinder it from fraying. The grayling has so quick an eye that he will discover and take the bait six inches under the water; you may likewise observe that he is a much simpler and bolder fish than the trout, for if you miss him twenty times he will still continue to rise at your fly, and as this is his peculiar property, to rise more than to descend, your bait should never drag on the bottom, and for the same reason it will be more proper to use a float than a running line; but when you adopt the latter, the best ground-baits are the brandling, gilt-tail, tagtail, the meadow worm well scoured, caddis bark, and flagworms; and at the top he may be taken with natural or artificial flies, or with the white grub or chub bait.

The gudgeon is generally five or six inches long,

sometimes, in the Mersey, eight or nine, of a smooth body, with very small scales. The back of it is dark, but the belly pale. Its sides are marked with black spots. They are to be met with everywhere in rivers, but in some they grow to a larger size than in others. This fish spawns twice in a year; the first time about the latter end of April, and the second in November. His flesh is very well tasted, of easy digestion, and very nourishing, insomuch that some think it no way inferior to a smelt. He delights in sandy, gravelly bottoms, gentle streams, and small rivers. In the summer time, he resorts to the shallows, and in the winter, to the deeps. He bites all day from the end of March, until Michaelmas, but not until an hour after sunrise, nor longer than an hour before sunset. You may, however, sometimes have as good sport an hour after sunset as at any time in the day, especially if you angle in some place about a yard and a half deep, with a sandy bottom, below some scower, or near the place he bites at in the middle of the day. The principal baits are the small red worm, gilt-tail, brandling, and a meadow worm. He will likewise take a gentle, caddis, or brood of wasps. If you can find a bridge or plank over a small river, angle from it, underneath, for gudgeons, for they love the shade, and are so far from being shy,

that you may not only appear in sight, but even if you drive them from their place of resort, they will immediately return. A single hair line, a fine taper rod, a float, and a small hook are most in use. When you angle for them in the shallows, rake up the sand or gravel with a rake or pole, and it will draw your gudgeons about your bait; but when you have no such convenience, throw in some handfuls of earth. Use a float, and let your bait always touch or drag on the ground. Be not too hasty with them when they bite, because they will sometimes nibble a little before they take it, although they commonly bite pretty sure. When you angle for them in a boat on the Thames, let the waterman rake the gravel up, to draw the gudgeons about you; then plumb the ground, and bait your hook with a small, well scoured red worm; by this method you will seldom fail of good sport. Your tackle as for dace, with a gilt-tail. He is caught in deeper water morning and evening than at mid-day. You may use two hooks, and two rods are not amiss; and then you may sometimes take perch or trout, instead of gudgeon.

Guiniad is a Welsh name for a fish that is bred in Pemblemeer, in Merionethshire, and is the same with the Ferra of Rondeletius. The shape is not very much unlike that of a salmon, and the usual



length is about twelve or thirteen inches. The scales are of a middle size, the upper jaw is somewhat more prominent than the lower, and the mouth is much like that of a herring. This fish generally lies at the bottom of the lake, among water gladiol, a plant peculiar to those mountains. It is called guinead from the whiteness of its body, the word signifying much the same as whiting in English. There is one thing worthy of remark, which is, that though the river Dee runs through this lake, yet they are never found in its streams; and, on the contrary, though salmon are caught in the river, they never enter the lake; so strictly does this specimen of the finny tribe keep to the haunts that nature has provided for it. They are in season during the summer months; the flesh is white, and yet the taste is not much unlike that of a trout; it is in the higher esteem because it is a kind of rarity. This fish is likewise an inhabitant of Lake Lemman, near Geneva, among the Alps.

The loach resembles a gudgeon in colour; the shape is not unlike the barbel; he has seven fins, and seldom grows to be above three inches in length. They are generally found in small, swift, clear brooks, and lie under stones and pieces of wood, which they use as a harbour. You may angle for him, close to the ground, with a very

small hook, and a proportionable red worm. There is no art in taking them, for all you have to do is to prevent them from running under such places as will endanger your tackle. They are only fit when caught for baits for pike, perch, eel, and large trout, and are particularly good for the latter.

The roach is a less fish than the bream, and about one-third as broad as it is long. The back is of a dusky colour, and sometimes bluish, with the belly pale. The iris of the eyes, as well as the tail and fins, is red; the lateral lines run parallel to the belly, and the tail is forked. About the gills it is of a gold colour. The mouth is round, but void of teeth, it being a leathern-mouthed fish. Angle as for dace, with one gentle. Roach breed both in rivers and ponds, but those caught in the former are best; they spawn about the middle of May, and recover their strength in a month's time. When they are out of season, their scales lie very rough upon their backs, but when in season, they are flat and smooth. It is in general so sound and healthy a fish, that "as sound as a roach" has long been a proverbial expression. When you angle for roach in a pond, throw in a little white bread, and let your bait, which ought to be one large gentle, lie within an inch of the

bottom, and you will not only take much larger, but treble the quantity you would by any other method. In winter you may fish for him with paste or gentles; in April with worm or caddis, but in very hot weather with very little white snails, earth bots, new cheese, or with flies under water, for he seldom takes them at the top, as the dace will; and this is the principal thing in which they differ. Roach, sometimes, are caught which measure from twelve to fourteen inches. One was taken out of a gentleman's pond in Cheshire which weighed four pounds within two ounces, and, being dressed in the manner of carp, proved to excel that fish in taste. In August, the roach fishery affords much pleasure about London, where it is thus performed. Any waterman will provide a boat with rip hooks to fix it in the middle of the stream; he will, likewise, prepare your ground bait, and lodge it at the bottom. Not more than three can conveniently fish in one boat, which is usually hired at the rate of one shilling an hour. Your tackle must be strong, your float large and heavy loaded, to sink the quicker. The constant bait is a well-scoured gentle—three, at least, on your hook—which must swim one inch, at most, from the bottom. The best times are from half-ebb tide to low

water. In Thames angling, you must beware that you make not your attempt when the land-floods come down, or the water is thick. In by-gone times there was excellent sport about the piles of Old London Bridge, when the tide was low; gas refuse and the filth of London have turned the "swiftly flowing Thames" of the poets into a fetid sewer.

The mullet is in shape much like a dace, and has a flat head with a sharp snout, and when he is largest his size is about a foot and a half long. He is said to live upon weeds and mud. It is, however, certain that he abstains from fish.

In the beginning of the summer he comes into the rivers in the south of England every tide, and returns back with it. The river Axe, in Devonshire, and Avon, in Sussex, are famous for this fish. In the Mersey they continue all day, and in hot weather several days, even at neap, or no tides. They are commonly seen about large sandbanks, in shallow water, in very great shoals, and will even leap out of one hole into another that is surrounded with sand, and will spring over a net two feet above water, as the fisherman are drawing for them in the Mersey. They never swim farther up a river than where the tide runs salt. They are in season from May to September, and are reckoned excellent food.

The Italians make a pickle with the spawn (which they call Botargo) in the following manner:—They take the whole roes, and cover them with salt for about four or five hours, then they press them between two planks for a day and night, after which they wash them and set them in the sun to dry for thirteen or fourteen days, taking them in during the night-time. They stimulate the appetite, provoke thirst, and give a true relish to wine. Mulletts are bold feeders, and are to be caught with most flies that allure the trout. Within two feet of the bottom they will take the lob-worm, or the marsh worm; but your tackle must be strong, for they struggle hard for their lives.

The smelt is in shape not much unlike a trout, only longer in proportion to its bigness. Its common size is about six inches long, but near Warrington these fish are often caught measuring twelve or thirteen inches. The back is of a dusky colour, but the belly and sides shine like silver. Those who examine them attentively will find small black spots on the head and back. The body is covered with scales, which fall off with the least touch. The skull is so transparent that the lobes of the brain may be distinctly seen through it. The eyes are of a silver colour. The lower jaw is a little more

prominent than the upper, but they are both well furnished with teeth, two of which in the upper jaw, and as many in the lower, are longer than the rest. The flesh is soft and tender, and of a delicate taste; it is so high in esteem that they are generally sold at an extravagant price. It is a fish of passage, and visits the Thames and other great rivers twice a year; that is, in March and August. In former times they advanced up the river as far as Mortlake, but now they are seldom seen west of Gravesend.

In March, if the spring is mild, large quantities of smelts make their appearance in the river Mersey, and are eagerly caught by the fishermen. They are called sparlings in Cheshire, and are double the size of those found in the Thames. They are seldom angled for. If, however, you adopt that plan instead of a net, we recommend a paternoster line, with a small shot to sink it under water. Your baits should be earth-bobs, gentles well scoured, paste, or the fish itself cut into small bits sufficient to cover your hook.

The sturgeon is a long pentagonal fish, that is, has five rows of scales, which divide the body into so many angles. The belly is plain and flat. The upper row of scales, which is in the middle of the back, are larger, and rise higher than the



rest; the number of these is not determined, being in some eleven, in others twelve or thirteen. This row reaches to the back fin, and there terminates. The lateral rows begin at the head, and end at the tail, consisting of about thirty prickly scales. The lower rows, which bound or terminate the flat part of the belly, begin at the foremost fins, and end at the second pair; each of these rows contains eleven, twelve, or thirteen scales. Every row of scales in general has prickles on their tops, which bend backwards. Besides these five rows, it has only two scales in the middle of the belly below the vent. The head is of a moderate size, and rough, with very small prickles, as is the rest of the body between the rows of scales. The eyes are very small in proportion to the bulk of the fish, and are of a silver colour. The snout is long, broad, and slender, ending in a point. In the middle of the lower part of the snout, which is extended beyond the mouth, there are four barbs, or wattles, placed in a right line, which cross the snout transversely. The mouth is small, void of teeth, and placed over against the eyes; it is a kind of small pipe, which he can thrust out and draw in at pleasure. He has no jaws, whence it is plain he takes no nourishment but by sucking. The tail is forked, but in such a manner that the upper part stands

out much farther than the lower. The colour of this fish is of a dusky olive, or dark grey on the back, but on the belly of a silver hue; add to this, that the middle part of the scales is white.

They are brought daily to the market at Venice and Rome, whence it is evident that they abound in the Adriatic and Tuscan seas; but they are small, as indeed they all are that keep constantly in the salt water. They are sometimes taken in the Thames, and brought to London. In rivers they increase to a monstrous size, some having been taken from fourteen to eighteen inches long; and Cardan saw one that weighed a hundred and eighty pounds; in the Elb they sometimes amount to two hundred pounds. A German prince once took one of two hundred and sixty pounds weight.

Of the spawn of this fish there is made an edible which is called caviare. Shakspeare alludes to it. "Caviare to the multitude;" it forms a considerable merchandize among the Turks, Greeks, and Venetians. It is likewise in high esteem throughout Russia, a considerable quantity of it being imported to this country from Novgorod. It is made after the following manner:—They take sturgeon's spawn, and free it from the little fibres by which it is connected, and wash it in white wine vinegar, afterwards

spreading it upon a table to dry ; they then put it into a vessel and salt it, breaking the spawn with their hands, not with a pestle. This done, they put it into a fine canvas bag, that the liquor may drain from it ; last of all, they put it into a tub with a hole at the bottom, that, if there be any moisture still remaining, it may run out ; they then press it down, and cover it close for use. The Italians settled at Moscow drive a vast trade with caviare, sturgeons being caught in great plenty at the mouth of the Volga, and other rivers that empty themselves into the Caspian Sea. In Holland they cut these fish into small pieces, and having pickled them, they put them in kegs, and send them abroad. Unquestionably this is the best method of dressing them ; and, to our taste, pickled sturgeon is superior to salmon. The common method of killing them is with a harping-iron, for they take no bait ; and when they feed, they rout in the mud with their snouts, like hogs. In the Mersey and Severn they are frequently caught with nets, but often prove too strong to be stopped by such entanglement.

The shad is in shape much like a herring, but a little broader. It grows to the length of a foot and a half, and is much of the same colour as a pilchard, that is, of a bluish black on the back, and the belly and sides of a silver colour. The

shad enters the Severn in March and April, at which time they are fat and full of spawn; but in May they return back to the sea, very lean, and prodigiously altered; in some rivers, as the Thames, they remain till June or July. The flesh is well flavoured, but it is so full of small bones that it is little valued; the Severn shad, however, is much better than those caught in the Thames.

The bleak is a very small fish, scarcely ever attaining to be six inches long. His body is covered with thin silver scales, which easily come off. He is slender, and of a fatter make than a chub, and his head is proportionally less. He has large eyes, and the lower part of the iris is spotted with red. The inside of the mouth is like that of the carp, and provided in the same manner. Large ones are to be found in the Thames, and in many other rivers. This fish is always changing its situation, and seems to be ever restless and in motion, upon which account it is sometimes called the fresh water sprat, or river swallow. The best method for angling for him is with a paternoster line. The best baits for him in the cold months are gentles and small red worms, and in summer you may catch great numbers with an artificial fly, or very small gnat. There is no better sport than whipping for bleak, in a boat or on a bank, in the swift water, on a summer's evening, with a

hazel top, a line double the length of the rod, and the hook pointed with a small gentle.

In all sorts of angling be sure to keep out of the fishes' sight, and as far off the river's bank as possible, unless you angle in muddy water, and then you may approach nearer.

Angle always, if you can, on the lee shore, and observe that fish lie or swim nearer the bottom, and in deeper water, in winter than in summer. They also get near the bottom upon cold days, and on the calm side of the water; and in the winter they are caught best at mid-day, and in sunshiny weather.

When you angle for perch, chub, tench, carp, dace, bream, gudgeon, and ruff, and having hooked one, he makes his escape, you will not often have any great sport at that standing for one or two hours after such misfortune (except you cast some ground bait into the water immediately, which may preserve your sport), because the fish is so frightened that he chases his companions out of that place. Therefore, after some trial, it is best to remove, and try some other standing.

Cast into such places where you angle, once a week at least, some ground bait, remembering that you cannot feed too often or too much. This course draws the fish to the place you desire, and then keeps them together.

In clear water, when you use worms, bait with one only; in muddy or discoloured water, use two at a time. As in clear water, the colour of your line must be a darkish white, or grey, so in water that is discoloured, your line, for two yards next the hook, ought to be of a sorrel, brown, or chestnut, and the upper part of it white.

When you angle in a very clear, stony river with the running line, the stones are apt to rub the pellets bright, which scares away the fish; when it does so, remove the bright lead, and put on another that is black.

Let your apparel not be of a bright or shining colour, which will reflect upon the water, and frighten away the fish; but let it be of a dark brown hue, and made to sit close to the body. Fish are terrified with the least sight of motion. To keep out of their sight, a long rod at ground, and a long rod and line at artificial fly, are absolutely necessary. Neither ought you to move much on the banks next the water you angle in, especially for trout, chub, or carp.

When you angle at ground in a clear water, or dabble with natural flies, angle up the river; but in muddy water, or with dub fly, angle down the river.

When you have hooked a large fish, let him play and tire himself within the water; and take



special care to keep the rod bent, lest he run to the end of the line, and break either hook or hold. Draw him not too near the top of the water, lest by flouncing he break your line.

Where any weeds, roots of trees, stones, wood, or other rubbish are, it is often good but troublesome angling; for to such places fish resort for warmth and security. The same may be said of whirlpools, which are like pits in rivers, and seldom unfurnished with good fish; likewise at weirs, weirpools, mill-streams, piles, ports, pillars of bridges, mill-gates, cataracts, and falls of water. The conflux of rivers, the eddies betwixt two streams, the returns and the sides of a stream, are generally good places to angle in.

If you angle at any place you have twice or thrice baited, and find no sport, if no one has been there before you, or no great impediment in the season or water appear, you may be assured that either pike or perch, if they breed in that river, have taken up their quarters there, and scared all the other fish from thence, for fear of becoming their prey. Your only remedy is to angle for them with suitable tackle and baits; and when they are caught, the others will repossess themselves of their former station.

Keep the sun, or the moon, if you angle at night, before you, provided your eyes can endure

it; at least, be sure to have those planets on your side, for if they are on your back, both yourself and rod will, by the shadow, give offence, and every creature sees farther and clearer when it looks towards the light than the contrary.

Let all baits and flies whatsoever fall gently at first into the water, before any other part of the line, with as little of the line as possible, and without any disturbance, plunging, or circling of the water, which scares mightily and frightens fish.

Never raise a large fish out of the water by taking the hair to which your hook is fastened, or indeed any part of the line, into your hand; but either put a landing net under him, or, for want of that, your hat. You may, indeed, in fly-fishing, lay hold of your line to draw a fish to you, but this must be done with the greatest caution.

Your silk for whipping hooks and other fine work must be very small; wax it, and indeed any other kind of binding, with shoemaker's wax, which of all wax is the toughest and holds best.

Enclose the knots and joints of your lines in a small pill of wax, pressed very close, and the superfluities pinched off; this will soon harden, and prevent the knots from drawing. It is better to whip your knots with fine silk.

If for strong fishing, you use grass, which, when you can get it fine, is to be preferred to gut; remember always to soak it about an hour in water before you use it; this will make it tough and prevent it breaking. Whenever you begin fishing, wet the ends of the joints of your rod; which, as it makes them swell, will prevent their loosening. And if you happen, with rain or otherwise, to wet your rod, so that you cannot pull the joints asunder, turn the ferrel a few times round in the flame of a candle, and they will easily separate.

Before you fix the loop of bristle to your hook, in order to make a fly, to prevent its drawing, be sure to singe the ends of it in the flame of a candle; do the same by the hair to which at any time you whip a hook.

Make flies in warm weather only; for in cold your waxed silk will not draw. Moderate weather is best.

If at any time you happen to be overheated with walking or other exercise, avoid beer or water as you would poison; and rather take a glass of brandy; the instantaneous effects whereof, in cooling the body and quenching thirst, are amazing. After the above "modern instances," we will conclude with two "ancient saws."

“Never fish in any water that is not common without leave of the owner, which is seldom denied to any but those who do not deserve it.”

“Remember that the wit and invention of mankind were bestowed for other purposes than to deceive silly fish; and that, however delightful angling may be, it ceases to be innocent when used otherwise than as a recreation.”

OBSERVATIONS NECESSARY TO BE ATTENDED TO  
IN ANGLING.

When the night proves dark, cloudy, or windy, and the moon shines little, or not at all, there will be little, or no sport next day, except for small fish; for pike and other ruthless tyrants of the rivers range about to devour others.

In small, clear, and shallow brooks, where the mills stand and keep up the waters, you will seldom catch fish at ground, or with a fly, except about the pen; for fish, especially trout, dare not then come out of their hold, by reason of the shallowness of the water, and as the water then brings no aliment with it.

Observe that when you angle in a clear water, either for trout, grayling, or salmon smelts, if you have sufficient dexterity to do it with a single hair for two links next your hook, you will certainly catch three fish for one, against any that

angle with three hairs next the hook ; and though you may now and then lose a large trout by his breaking your line, yet, if you had not been so small tackled, ten to one that he had ever bit, and the number of bites will compensate the loss. You may fish with less hazard at bottom than at top with fine tackle, because a trout at fly shoots with a rapid agility at your bait, and from you when he has taken it, with his head generally downwards ; but at the ground, or in mid-water, he takes the bait gently, and glides away far more leisurely.

Fish take all sorts of bait most eagerly and freely, and with the least inspection, when you present them in such order and manner as nature affords them, or as the fish themselves usually take them. Some baits are peculiar to certain countries and rivers, of which every angler may, in his own place, make proper observation. Several of the foregoing may be taken in some particular rivers, and not in others ; and the same baits are taken earlier in some rivers than others ; and sooner or later in some years than others.

Whenever you can find large shoals of fish (except about their spawning time), they will bite if you use proper baits. Fish with a fine line in a strong current, which will require a less quantity of lead. If you angle for small fish at

ground, use a line of single hairs, and a float made of sea-gull feathers. While you are angling, do not give them more baiting than will keep them together; but when you intend to angle in the morning, bait well the evening before, and likewise in the morning, if you intend to angle in the evening.

The best hours in general esteem to angle, in a clear day and water, from about the tenth of April until the end of August, is from sunrise till half an hour after ten o'clock, and from half an hour after two o'clock until sunset. But if the day be dark, cloudy, gloomy, or lowering, especially if at such a time a gentle breeze blow from any quarter but the north or east, you will not fail to catch fish in any hour of the day. In March, the beginning of April, September, and all the winter months, you may angle all day, from about one hour after sunrise until about half an hour before sunset, either in a muddy or clear water; and you may even angle all day in a muddy water from the middle of April until the end of August, though early in the morning and late in the evening are best.

When trout leap out of the water, and pike shoot in pursuit of other fish, they will bite well if you angle with tackle and baits proper for the season and fish.



When floods have carried away all the filth that the rain has washed from the higher grounds into the river, so that the river keeps its usual bounds, and is of a wheyish chestnut brown or ale colour, it is then good to angle at ground.

A little before any fish spawn, they come into the sandy, gravelly fords, and then and there they bite well.

At the conflux of rivers, and where they ebb and flow, fish sometimes bite very well, but in the ebb most usually, and also at the pointing of a tide.

In February, March, the beginning of April, September, and all the winter months, fish bite best in the sunshiny, warm, and middle parts of the day, no wind stirring, and the air clear.

Fish rise best at the fly after a shower that has not mudded the water, yet has beaten the gnats and flies into the river. You may, in such a shower, observe them to rise much, if you do not mind a wet jacket, or are provided with a water-proof suit.

In calm, clear, and starlight nights, especially if the moon shines, large fish, trout in particular, are as wary and fearful as in dark, gloomy, and windy days; but if the next day prove dark, cloudy, gloomy, and windy, and the water in order, you may be sure of sport, if there be plenty of fish in the river.

Morning and evening are best for ground line, for trout or other fish, in clear weather and water; but in dark, cloudy weather, or muddy water, you may angle at ground all day.

Great fish, trout in particular, feed most in the night, especially if it be dark or windy; and they will not bite the next day, unless it proves dark or windy, when they may bite a little in the afternoon only.

All fish bite keener and better, especially in summer, in swift, rapid, stony, and gravelly rivers, than in those that run gently, and glide on slime and mud.

In little brooks that fall into large rivers, where the tide comes up only in fresh waters, or waters a little brackish, if you begin at the mouth of such brooks, just as the tide comes in, and go up with the head of it, returning with the ebb, you may take many good trout; and if the tide do not foul the water, they will rise at the fly; or if you come immediately after a shower that has raised the waters, or just as any mill water begins to come down, and so proceed with the course of the current, trout will bite eagerly, because, expecting the water to bring down food with it, they go forth to seek it.

When rains raise the rivers, and keep them for some time above their ordinary height, trout

leave the largest rivers, and retire into such small brooks as are almost dry in hot summers; and in such brooks you should then angle for them, and in the river where such brooks discharge themselves; at the fall of a flood you will usually have good sport. They generally quit the great rivers at Michaelmas, and go into small rivulets to spawn, and are frequently there destroyed by idle and disorderly fellows, with groping or otherwise, which does more injury to the breed of fish than all the summer's angling.

In making fish-ponds, a principal regard ought to be had to the choice of a fit place and proper soil. It is now generally agreed that healthy land, inclinable to moorish, and full of springs, is the best. Let the situation, if possible, be at the bottom or side of a hill, that any sudden shower or continual rain may wash down worms, insects, and other things fit for the nourishment of the fish. This likewise will be a means of filling and refreshing the pond, if it has not the advantage of a brook or rivulet.

The head of the pond should be at the lowest part of the ground, and the trench of the flood-gate or sluice should have a pretty swift fall, that the water may not be too long in running out when it is to be emptied. If more ponds than one are to be made at a time, it will be advan-

tageous to have them placed one above another, in such a manner that the head of one may be next to the reverse of the other.

If the pond carry six feet of water, it is sufficient; but it ought to be eight feet deep, that there may be room enough to receive the rains that may fall into it. In some places there should be shoals for the fish to spawn upon, and sun themselves in; as likewise, holes, hollow banks, and roots of trees, to serve for retiring places. Trees should not be planted so near the pond as to damage it by the falling of dead leaves, because they spoil the water, and render it disagreeable to the fish.

In stocking the pond, if the fish are designed only for store, they should be all of one sex, that is, either milters or spawners; by this means, carp will become large, and exceedingly fat, in a short time.

In stocking the pond for breeding, two or three male should be put in, to one female. The best carp for breeding are those from five to seven years old, and such as appear to be in good health and free from blemish. The larger the size of the fish, the larger will be their produce.

The most useful fish which ponds are stocked with are carp, tench, bream, and pike. Of these, carp and tench agree well enough together, but

any other fish will devour their spawn. The pike admits of no companion but the perch, and he is not always safe, if not very large. However, it is usual to put roach, dace, bream, chub, gudgeon, and minnows into the same pond with him, that he may have wherewithal to satisfy his voracious nature, and grow fat the sooner. Likewise care should be taken that all the pike which are put in the same pond, should be nearly of a size, because a pike of thirty inches will devour another of fifteen. Some grow more in length, others in thickness, which latter sort are the finest fish; for a lean, slender pike, though he seems to advance in length, is generally in a decaying condition, by reason of some outward wound from the otter, or those of his own kind that are stronger, or from an inward pinch by the hook, or some other casualty; yet, even in this condition, he will be as hungry and greedy as ever.

It is observed by some that tench and eels delight in those ponds chiefly whose bottoms are full of mud; whereas the carp likes a sound, gravelly bottom, where grass grows on the sides of the pond, for in the hot months, if the water happens to rise, they will feed upon it.

Some make a square hole in the middle of their ponds, three feet deep, and cover it with a sort of door, supported at the corners by four strong

stakes, driven into the ground. This provides the fish both with a place of shelter and retreat, and likewise preserves the ponds from being robbed, for the doors and stakes would tear the nets of poachers.

In the winter season, during a hard frost, it will be necessary, from time to time, to break holes in the ice, in order to give the fish air, without which they will all die.

Fish ponds should generally be drawn every three or four years, and the fish sorted. If it is a breeding pond, good sized fish should be taken out to start other ponds with; and in feeding ponds, all the fish should be kept as nearly as may be of a size, for the larger and the smaller never thrive well together. When this is done, the ponds should be cleaned, which is not attended with much expense, as the manure will nearly prove an equivalent for the money laid out. If convenience permits of it, there ought to be three ponds for carp, viz.:—the spawning pond, the nursery, and the main pond; and care should be taken that the young fish are removed into the nursery in March, or April, on a fine, calm day. The best seasons for stocking the main pond are Spring or Autumn. To secure a large stock, it will be necessary to kill the “thousand foes” that chase “the finny tribe,” and drive away the de-



vourers of their spawn; such as herons, cormorants, sea-gulls, king-fishers, water-couts, bitterns, wild ducks, water-rats, and others, if they frequent the ponds; likewise tame ducks, who are great devourers of spawn and the young fry of fish.

It is surprising that, considering the benefit which may accrue from making ponds, and stocking them with fish, it is not more generally put in practice in this country of speculation; for, in addition to the advantage of furnishing the table and raising money, the land would be vastly improved by it. Suppose a field to be worth forty shillings an acre, four acres converted into a pond would return a thousand well fed carp every year, of from fourteen to sixteen inches long, besides pike, perch, tench, and other fish. The carp alone may be reckoned to bring, one with another, sixpence, ninepence, and perhaps a shilling a-piece, amounting at the lowest rate to twenty-five pounds, and at the highest to fifty, which would be a very considerable return for the money invested.

The best feeding spot for all sorts of fish is a shoal place, near the side, of about eighteen inches deep, and this will be a means of keeping the other parts sweet and clean. Besides, whatever is thrown into the water will be more readily picked up by the fish, and nothing will be lost.

Any sort of grain, boiled, forms proper food, especially peas and malt coarsely ground. Also the grains after brewing, while fresh; but one bushel of malt will go as far as two of grains.

Raspings and chippings of bread, or almost any scraps from the table, placed under a cask of strong ale or beer, in such a manner that the drippings of the liquor may fall among them, are excellent food for carp. Two quarts of this are sufficient for thirty; and if they are fed morning and evening, it will be better than once a day.

From October to March, thirty or forty carp may be kept in one stew-pond without feeding; but from March to October, they must be fed as constantly as fowls in a coop, and they will turn to as good an account; and it must be always remembered that constancy and regularity in feeding fish will conduce very much to their thriving. The best food to render pike extremely fat is eels.

It has been observed by some that pike in all streams, and carp in hungry springing waters, if fed at stated times, will rise up and take their meat almost from the hand. Besides the food already mentioned, there is one sort which may be called accidental, and that is when pools or ponds receive the wash of large commons where flocks of sheep usually feed; for the water, being much enriched by the dung, will maintain a much

greater number of carp than otherwise it would do. For the same reason, it is an advantage for cattle to stand in the water during hot weather, for it nourishes the fish very much.

Some feed carp and tench with the short mowings of grass, bullock's and sheep's blood, and the interior of fowls, which helps the growth of the fish, and fattens them likewise. Great care should, however, be taken not to supply them in larger quantities than they can devour, otherwise the food will rot and putrify, thereby rendering the water unwholesome, and greatly endangering the fish.

The principal rivers in England are the Thames, the Severn, the Humber, the Trent, the Medway, the Tweed, and the Tyne. Into these a great number of smaller ones empty themselves. The Thames takes the lead of all the others, not only for its size, but for the quantity, variety, and goodness of its fish; there being but few sorts, such as the char, the mullet, the grayling, and the lamprey, with which it does not abound. The following are the places in the Thames most usually angled at:—At Battersea Bridge, roach and dace are to be met with in plenty. In Mortlake Deep there are great numbers of fine roach, particularly when the weeds are rotten; and you will sometimes meet with good carp.

From the Aits, opposite Brentford, Isleworth, and Twickenham, there is excellent angling for perch, roach, dace, and gudgeons. Formerly good carp and trout were taken here, but steam-boats and gas refuse have driven them away.

Teddington Banks are famed for the gudgeons caught there, likewise for roach and dace.

At Hampton and Sunbury, Walton Deep and Shepperton, there is good angling for barbel, roach, dace, chub, and gudgeons.

About Windsor there is a great variety of all sorts of fish.

The rivers which empty themselves into the Thames, or lie adjacent to it, are—

1st. Ilford River, in which are roach and dace, with some perch.

2nd. Woodford River, which is stored with perch, chub, roach, dace, and pike.

3rd. Stratford River, with the same.

4th. Bow River, with the same.

5th. The River Lee abounds with remarkably fine pike, trout, barbel, eels, and gudgeons. There are likewise chub, roach, dace, and lampreys. Most of the foregoing rivers have good store of fine pike, and some carp.

6th. The River Brent has pike, chub, roach, dace, carp, and perch.

7th. Colne River abounds with the foregoing fish, and likewise with trout.

8th. Uxbridge River is famous for its large trout.

On the south side of the Thames are—

9th. Lewisham River, which has some good trout, together with large roach, gudgeons, perch, and dace.

10th. The Windell is well stored with gudgeons, dace, flounders, perch, pike, trout, carp, and large silver eels.

11th. Mitchell River; the principal fish here is trout.

12th. Merton River—the same.

13th. Carshalton River—the same.

14th. Moulsey River yields perch, jack, roach, dace, chub, gudgeons, flounders, barbel, and trout.

15th. Esher River—the same, with eels.

16th. Cobham River, good trout in plenty, also perch, dace, chub, pike, and gudgeons.

17th. Weybridge River, large carp, likewise pike, roach, dace, flounders, barbels, gudgeons, and large bleak.

18th. Byfleet River abounds with very large pike, tench, perch, flounders, bream, roach, dace, gudgeons, chub, eels, and carp.

The following statement, which I quote from the appendix to “Cotton’s Angler,” will give

some faint idea of the success that may befall an experienced fisherman. It is, to be sure, an ancient document, but since population, according to Malthus, has increased two-fold within the last eighty years, we see no just cause or impediment why the fish should not fructify in the same ratio. If an angler then, in about eleven years, spent principally beside Welsh streams, could catch 47,120 fish, by a simple process of arithmetic it will be easy to calculate how many might be hooked at the present day, averaging the piscatory population at two-fold.

Ten years, one month, and five day's angling:—

Fish taken in the counties of Caermarthen and Glamorgan, commencing April 16, 1753, to April 10, 1754, inclusive . . . . .	6,272
Ditto, in Pembroke, Caermarthen, Glamorgan, and Derby, from April 11, 1754, to October 24, following . . . . .	3,758
Ditto, 1756, in York, Salop, and Glamorgan . . . . .	3,739
Ditto, 1757, in Glamorgan . . . . .	9,272
Ditto, 1758, in Glamorgan, Brecon, Radnor, Hereford . . . . .	7,762
Ditto, 1759, same counties . . . . .	3,490
Ditto, 1760, in Glamorgan . . . . .	2,150
Ditto, 1761, in ditto . . . . .	2,522
Ditto, 1762, in Glamorgan and Caermarthen . . . . .	3,183
Ditto, 1763, in Caermarthen . . . . .	3,158
Ditto, 1764, in ditto, to July 23, being my last day's angling in the principality . . . . .	1,814
The whole given to the public . . . . .	<hr/> 47,120



“In the first few months of the year 1751,” adds this keen sportsman, “I took, in the counties of Pembroke and Caermarthen, above a thousand trouts.” The rivers Cothey, Talley Pools, and Clyn-y-Van, in Caermarthenshire, are nearly as famed in the present day as they were in those of the worthy writer whose prowess with the fly we above quoted.

Although the Cambrian fishing is not as good as it was in the days of Cotton, the angler will still find excellent sport in many of the rivers we have mentioned, and to those who wish to pass a few weeks in rural retirement, we strongly recommend a visit to the village of Talley, a romantic spot situated in the most sequestered part of South Wales.

These lines made of sorrel, chestnut, or brown coloured hair are best for ground angling, especially in muddy water, they being not only the colour of the gravel or sand, but of the water itself. The white and grey, or duskish white hair is best for clear rivers and waters. Your hair thus suited is not discernible by the fish, and consequently will not scare them from your bait, if your lines are but of a just and due thickness.

It being impossible always to have natural hair of a colour suitable to the season and water, anglers supply this defect by dyeing it. To make a

brown, boil walnut leaves in saline water, or mix strong ale and salt. In either of these soak the hair well.

The inner bark of a crab-tree, boiled in water, makes a pure yellow colour, which is good when the weeds rot, for thereby the line looks like the weeds.

Another yellow can be made with two quarts of small ale and three handfuls of walnut stamped therein. Let the hair remain until it is as deep as you desire it.

The hair you use for dyeing should be the best white you can get; and observe that, as the weeds rot away in the autumnal months, September, October, and November, the yellow is then the best. The russet, or brown, serves all the winter, and the bright natural hair suits best for summer.

You must furnish yourself with an instrument for twisting your line; then cut off near a handful of the bottom part of the hair; turn the top of one hair to the end of another, which will cause every part to be equally strong; knot them at one end, and divide them into three parts; twist every part by itself, and knot them together, then put that end into the cleft of your twisting instrument, four inches shorter than your hair; twine your warp one way alike, and fasten

them in three clefts, alike straight, then take out the other end, and let it twine which way it will; then strain it a little, and knot it before you take it out. When you have prepared as many links as will suffice to make your line long enough, you must then tie them together in a water knot, Dutch knot, or weaver's knot. Then cut off the short cords about the breadth of a straw from the knot, and thus the line will be even and fit for fishing. You may make the top of your line, and indeed all of it except two yards next the hook, of a coarser hair. Always let the top of your line, whether in muddy or clear waters, be made of white hair, because the motion of the line, when the fish bite, will be far more discernible. Never strain your hairs before they are made into a line, for then they will shrink when used.

To make the line handsome, and to twist the hair even and neat, gives it strength; for if one hair is long, and another short, the latter receiving no strength from the former, consequently breaks; and then the other, as too weak, breaks also. Therefore twist them slowly, and in twisting, keep them from entangling, which hinders their right plaiting together; twist them neither too hard nor too slack, but even, so that they may twine one with another, and no more. When

you have tied your lengths together with the water knot, cut off the short ends, about the breadth of a straw from the knot, that it may not undo in the using.

Do not arm, fix, or whip hooks to any line, either for ground or fly angling, that consists of more than three or four links at the most. The top of the uppermost link having a small loop, or water-noose, you may fix it to any line, and as easily remove it, there being another water-noose at the bottom of your line.

To angle for trout, grayling, and salmon smelts with the dubfly, let the first two links next the hook be but of one hair a-piece, but the hair must be strong, and of the thick ends only, and chosen for the purpose. The next two links of two hairs, and next to these one of three hairs ; at the top of which have a loop to put your line to, which lowermost link consists of three hairs, and has another water-noose at bottom, or hook fly to fix your fly to. Then let two of the next links of your line be four hairs, and so proceed, by increasing one or two hairs, till you come to six or seven hairs at the top. Let the single hairs, for three and four of the next links, be of a white or light colour.

The artificial line should be very strong at the top ; by this means, any young angler will cast a

fly well, and quickly become an accurate artist; and if he chances to fasten his hook, and cannot manage to loosen it, he will not be deprived of above one link, or two at the utmost, though he pull to break it. You may angle with stronger lines at the cast-fly than at ground in a clear water for trout. In a clear water at ground, for trout and graylings, never use a line made otherwise than with a single hair at hook, and so on, as above directed, only bear in mind never to have above four hairs in any one link of the line. At the bottom of every line have a small loop, that you may hang on a hook of any size, whipt to a line consisting of two or three links. In a muddy water, or one discoloured by rain, the running line should be half the length of the rod, more or less, and the two lowermost links of three hairs a-piece. Next should be a link of four hairs, with a loop to fasten it to another of the same number, having likewise a water-noose at its bottom. Then proceed with links of five or six hairs a-piece to the end. The three lowermost links should be of a sorrel, brown, or chestnut colour.

The line should have more lead in a great, troublesome, rough river than in one that is smaller and more quiet; as near as may be, always as much as will sink the bait to the bottom, and

permit its motion without any violent jogging on the ground; carry the top of your rod even with your hand, beginning at the head of the stream, and letting the bait run downwards as far as the rod and the line will permit, the lead dragging and rolling on the ground. No more of the line must be in water than will permit the lead to touch the bottom. When you have a bite, you may perceive it by your hand and the point of your rod and line, then strike gently, and straight upwards; first allowing the fish, by slackening the line a little, a small time to take in the bait. In a clear water, indeed, it has been found best to strike at the first biting of the fish, when you angle for trout or grayling.

LINE CASES.—The most convenient are with twelve or fourteen partitions within, made of the finest thin parchment, and a flap to cover over the edges, to prevent the losing of any thing out of them. In the several partitions keep hooks ready whipt to lines of two or three links in length, and ready leaded. Likewise lines of all lengths and sorts, silks of every colour, single strong hairs, and spare links.

These cases take but small room in the pocket, and yet in one of them you may put all your tackle, ready fixed for the running line in a muddy or a clear water; in another, which must



be large, the angling tackle for great fish, as chub or barbel; in another for pike, which must likewise be very large, so that, when you travel from home, you may angle anywhere for most sorts of fish at ground, if you carry with you a good rod made of hazel, and the pieces put into each other, which will serve you also for a walking staff.

THE END.



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